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The Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine.

Portrait: REV. J. ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MEMORIAL SKETCH OF MR. AND MRS. TAVERNER, OF LEIGH, LANCASHIRE. By Rev. Jabez Marrat	481
PATIENCE BAKER. By Rev. J. A. Macdonald	486
CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN. By Rev. William Spiers, M.A.	488
RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By J. Fuller Higgs	494
AN ITALIAN PESSIMIST. By Rev. W. L. Watkinson	498
WOMAN'S WORK IN INDIA. Medical Missions. Concluded. By Rev. William Arthur, M.A.	505
BUDDHISM IN CHINA. First Paper. By Rev. F. J. Masters, of Canton	512
POETRY: Fate, Law, and Christ. By Rev. A. H. Vine	519
THE TWENTY-THREE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CONFERENCES HELD AT LEEDS. Third Paper: 1789-1795. By Rev. John Nayler	520
TEXTS FOR THE TIMES: 'Life Worth Living.' By Rev. Eustace R. Conder, D.D.	528
A GLIMPSE AT SAMOA. First Paper. By C. F. Gordon-Cumming	534
SKETCHES FROM LIFE: Simon Jasper. Chapter VIII.—Simon tells of His Conversion. By Rev. Mark Guy Pearse	543
NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE. By Rev. W. H. Dallinger, F.R.S., F.L.S., etc.	550
SELECT LITERARY NOTICES: Morison's 'Practical Commentary on the Gospel According to St. Mark'—Mellor's 'The Hem of Christ's Garment,' Etc.—Van Oosterzee's 'Theology of the New Testament'—Griffith's 'From Sin unto Salvation'—Robinson's 'Led by the Spirit: Memoirs of Mrs. Caroline E. Walker'—Memorials of the Rev. John H. Atherton—Charles James Finney—Dorchester's 'Problem of Religious Progress,' etc., etc.	553—557
OBITUARIES: Mrs. Charlotte Perkins—Mrs. Dickinson—Mr. Richard B. Potts—Mrs. Thomas—Mrs. Jane Whitehouse—Mrs. Bowyer—Mr. Thomas Wordsworth	557—560

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THE FOLLOWING EDITORIAL ARTICLE APPEARED IN

The 'CHRISTIAN GLOBE,' of May 11th:—

CONSUMPTION v. Mr. G. T. CONGREVE'S TREATMENT.

'A VERY interesting and remarkable case of a young lady restored to perfect healt under Mr. Congreve's Treatment, after all hope had been abandoned, has recently com under our notice. We believe she was induced to apply to him on the recommendatio of Rev. H. W. Jackson, B.A., of Bow.

'When this patient first consulted Mr. Congreve (of Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London the history and statement of her case contained the following particulars:

'She had first been prostrated by rheumatic fever. This left a cough for years (th father and mother and other relatives had died of chest complaints). Severe hemorrhag set in. Since then she had been gradually failing, and when she first applied to Mr. C she was rapidly getting worse. Hectic fever and flushings prevailed. There was dark greenish-yellow expectoration; spasmodic breathing; severe palpitations; loss of flesh all over the body; swelling of the feet and ankles had been followed by extreme weakness of the legs and general debility. In fact, there was every sign of a speedy breaking up

'In this emergency her sister (Mrs. M.—, of North Bow), wrote saying: "We have tried allopathic and homeopathic treatment without benefit: but we have heard of *such a vast amount of good derived from yours in* DIFFICULT CASES, we are anxious to do our utmost

'The "utmost" *was* done; for she commenced with Mr. Congreve's medicine, accompanied by the use of a tonic and outward applications to the chest and side, and in the first month gained much strength. In every month afterwards there was progressive improvement. In six months Dr. Brown examined her at Coombe Lodge. The cavity in the right lung had healed, but the left lung was weak. She continued under Mr Congreve's care till the Autumn of last year—the result being as testified in the following letters written to Mr. C., and which we have seen ourselves:

"*December 12th*, 1881.

'"DEAR SIR,—I can never thank you enough for your valuable medicine. It has done wonders for me, in God's hands. I began it when *all hope for me was given up*; and now, after a little more than a year, I am so well I seem to wonder, *Can it be possible that I am the same person.*' May God spare you for many years.—Yours ever gratefully, S. A. S."

'The patient continues well. In a letter dated April 14th, she says:

'"Thank you very much for your kind enquiry. I have cause to be deeply grateful to you. *It seemed once impossible I could ever recover*, but God blessed the means used. *I am now better than I was before, and persons who knew me can hardly believe that I am the same.*"

'We can vouch for the genuineness of this case, having investigated it ourselves, and recommend every consumptive, and every person of weak lungs, or delicate habit, as well as those who are far gone in chest disease, to obtain Mr. Congreve's book.'

N.B.—Mr. Congreve's work on Consumption, Sixpence (post-free); or Large Edition, cloth, 1s. 3d. (post-free), may be had from his residence, Coombe Lodge, Peckham, S.E.; or from E. Stock, 62, Paternoster-row, E.C. [100

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MEMORIAL SKETCH OF MR. AND MRS. TAVERNER,

OF LEIGH, LANCASHIRE.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

MR. AND MRS. TAVERNER were highly esteemed in Leigh and the neighbouring townships for the purity of their character and their generous labours in the cause of God. From the beginning to the close of their married life they were thoroughly in harmony as to religious thought and activity. In both there was the like forgetfulness of self, in desire for the honour of the Master; and as with one heart, they endeavoured to maintain and exemplify the high principles and attractive graces depicted by the Holy Ghost in the New Testament. They were the Aquila and Priscilla of the Leigh Circuit, and are affectionately remembered by many Ministers as their faithful helpers in the Gospel.

MARK TAVERNER was born at Stamford, in 1816. Notwithstanding the many years he spent in Lancashire, he always retained a lively interest in the town of his birth and boyhood. The quiet streets, the gray old churches, the grassy banks of the Welland, and the baronial stateliness of Burleigh House were indelibly photographed on his memory. Gifted with uncommon skill in graphic description and lively narrative, he often reproduced the scenes with which he was familiar, and the customs he witnessed in his early days. Those who were intimate with him can never forget his vivid representation of the bull-running which annually disgraced his native town. The rude sport seemed to be going on before their eyes as he pictured the eager crowds, the street barricaded at either end, and the animal purposely infuriated, hurling a too adventurous tormentor into the air. So brutalized were the spectators, that he said they were scarcely satisfied if the bull did not show its spirit by nearly killing two or three men. He was present when the last attempt to perpetuate the barbarous holiday was interrupted by soldiers.

For some years he was in utter ignorance of spiritual religion, and indulged freely in worldly amusements. His grandmother, with whom he lived, saw that he regularly attended church, but at that time the service was to him a mere ceremony; he responded to the prayers without any feeling as to his condition as a sinner. When he reached the due age, he

was confirmed by the Bishop of Lincoln, but so slightly was he affected by the solemnity of the rite, that, with other Stamford boys, he amused himself, while waiting for the commencement of the service, at the expense of the country boys. Loving excitement, he became a frequenter of the theatre, and once, at least, was drawn into a subordinate part on the stage. Other follies also engaged his heart; and he was in danger of growing up to manhood with nothing but worldly gratification as his aim in life. But by the mercy of God, he was saved from a career of recklessness. Some of his youthful companions having given their hearts to God, he was induced by them to attend the services in the Methodist chapel. The influences which had given a new bias to their life affected him also, and accepting Christ as his Saviour and Master, he was able to rejoice in a lively consciousness of the Divine favour. He was surprised the first time he attended a Methodist Prayer-meeting by hearing the people pray without a book, and wondered by what method they had obtained such command of thought and words. Feeling that he ought to take part in the meeting, yet unable to offer an extemporaneous petition, he repeated the Lord's Prayer. It was a simple but a right beginning of devotional exercises in which he became remarkably powerful.

His grandmother was highly indignant when he began to meet with the Methodists in their mean chapel and dingy vestry. She thought him mad, and frequently persecuted him, until she was converted under a sermon preached in one of the Stamford churches by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel.

With becoming enthusiasm young Taverner engaged in works of Christian love; and, manifesting vigorous thought in conjunction with considerable oratorical power, was called to officiate as a Local Preacher. He was often opposed when announcing the glad tidings of salvation. Open-air services were interrupted by rude shouts and ignorant laughter; and stains on his clothes, honourable as the medals on a soldier's breast, showed that the village folk did not always confine themselves to contempt and ridicule. Even when holding service in a room or small chapel, he was not always allowed to proceed in peace. Boys intent on mischief put out the lights, or disturbed the congregation by letting loose birds which they had brought in their pockets. An old friend of Mr. Taverner writes of him as he knew him in the Oundle Circuit, in which he spent the early years of his married life:

'How well I knew him, and how much I loved him. I never shall forget the happy times we spent together in honest labour in Church work and social intercourse. How we used to sing and pray, and worship the Lord in His temple at Oundle and other places. He was always kind and pleasant, cheerful and true. He met in Class under the leadership of Mr. Shelton, a holy man of God, the father of the late Rev. Edward Shelton. At that time my dear friend was fully employed in the work of the Lord, acting as superintendent of the Sunday-school, as well as taking numerous appointments as a Local Preacher.

Alike in the Stamford and the Oundle Circuit, Mr. Taverner laboured

for Christ in the spirit of generous self-sacrifice. After preaching and holding a Prayer-meeting in a chapel or farm-house kitchen, he had frequently to walk eight or ten miles through dense darkness and along roads heavy with mire, or over fields on which the plough had not left the faintest trace of a path. At times he was so exhausted as to be ready to faint by the way, and feared he would not be able to reach his home. But he did the work cheerfully, and felt himself more than recompensed when he had been instrumental in shedding light on dark minds, and carrying peace to agitated hearts.

In 1846 Mr. Taverner removed to Leigh. A few years after his settlement in Leigh his heart was saddened by the death of his wife. Writing to a friend of his 'late espoused saint,' he said:

'I am compelled in the order of Divine Providence to communicate to you the most painful circumstance of my life's history. I know what your feelings will be when I tell you that your dear companion, Mary Taverner, is no longer an inhabitant of this lower world. It has pleased the Great Ruler of events to translate her to a world of glorified spirits by a sudden and awful stroke. This painful dispensation took place on Friday evening about eight o'clock. She had been remarkably cheerful all day, indeed, better than usual. She had been singing with Eliza (a little daughter) in the sitting-room, and after that had enjoyed some delightful spiritual conversation with a dear female friend to whom she had become sincerely attached. She then went upstairs to put the children to bed, and had got the baby to sleep, when she felt a difficulty in breathing. She told Eliza to call me; I ran upstairs; she seemed to be fainting, and tried to speak, but all that she could say was, "O Lord!" In five minutes she was a corpse in my arms. Judge of my feelings when I saw myself bereft of my dearest earthly friend; but O! what consolation to my mind to know that she was fully prepared for the sudden change. I am quite assured that the great end for which she has been for years preparing is now realized by her in all its beatific fulness.'

Mr. Taverner delighted in preaching to others the religion which sustained him in the time of trouble. His visits to the villages in the Leigh Circuit were highly appreciated, for he went with a warm heart and with words of wisdom and grace. He was also listened to with pleasure and profit by the congregation in the town. While he left his unconverted hearers without excuse, he was specially happy in giving encouragement to the people of God, expatiating with deep feeling, and in a fine strain of natural eloquence, on the mysterious movements of Providence, and showing how the darkness which at times gathers over life is followed by a broader sweep of heavenly light. The bright, cheery words he uttered in the pulpit were often effectual in raising up downcast souls, and sending troubled pilgrims along their path with new determination and hopefulness. Appointed to the charge of a Class, he gathered a number of youths 'whose hearts God had touched.' He watched over them with affectionate solicitude; and when he heard of one and another rising to honour and becoming useful in the Church, he used to exclaim with thankfulness and exultation, 'He was one of my lads!' A few years before his death, he invited those who had met with him as young men to spend an evening at

his house. The meeting was memorable; and his heart overflowed with joy as he looked round upon them and thought how, under the influence of religion, they had made their way in the world, and were able to stand worthily in the front of Leigh Methodism.

He officiated as a Leader for many years, and while feeling the responsibilities of the office, rejoiced in it as a position of honour in the Church, and as enabling him to exert an influence on the spiritual life of men and women struggling up to the light of God. There was nothing formal or monotonous in the meetings which he conducted. He ensured freshness and variety by going to the vestry in the spirit of prayer, and by having his mind stored with words and illustrations drawn from Holy Scripture. His heart overflowed with kindly feeling for his members when they were in trouble, and his sagacious counsels were frequently helpful to them in the time of perplexity. He watched over them with loving solicitude, and they repaid his care by growth in grace and Christian knowledge.

He enjoyed in a high degree the confidence and esteem of the people and Ministers of the Circuit, and was twice elected to the office of Circuit Steward. In that office he did his utmost to ensure the prosperity of the Circuit and the comfort of the Ministers. He was the advocate of generous measures; and did much by influence and example to raise the Circuit to a good position. Though his early manhood was spent in Lincolnshire, and though he had an ardent affection for that county, he entered heartily into the spirit of Lancashire Methodism, and especially as to sympathy with its deep interest in Sabbath-school work, seemed as much a son of the soil as if he had been born in Leigh. He was specially proud of the eminent men who had been raised up for the work of God in the Leigh Circuit. To say nothing of excellent men still toiling in the Methodist Ministry, he rejoiced in such men as Wright Shovelton and Richard Smetham.

About the year 1852 Mr. Taverner married Miss Mary Hooper. She was born at South Molton, in Devonshire, converted in youth, and drawn by a chain of providential circumstances from the lovely landscapes of her native county to a home in Lancashire. She was 'a perfect woman, nobly planned,' and at once became a mother to Mr. Taverner's motherless daughters. Her deep love and kindly thoughtfulness made their girlhood bright and happy; and as they grew up they in part repaid her affection by deference to her judgment, by endeavouring to imitate the loveliness of her character, and by showing that they had for her a true daughterly feeling. It was to her cause of great thankfulness to see them walking in the fear of the Lord, and two of them while yet young consecrating their gifts to the leadership of Society-classes. The sympathies of Mr. and Mrs. Taverner were as closely and beautifully interknitted as the branches of trees in a tropical forest, and with glad hearts and free they united in the work of the Lord. They were thoroughly in earnest as to the great matters of salvation. Their looks and tones betokened a desire to sing of God's

goodness rather than to complain of trial and difficulty. The Rev. C. W. L. Christien writes: 'They knew what they believed, and why they believed it; and they strove to turn their conviction into a consistent and holy life.'

Their generosity and hospitality were proverbial. They regarded it as at once an honour and a pleasure to entertain the servants of Christ. In all parts of the country there are Ministers who have in their memory pictures of the faces of host and hostess beaming with friendly light. Nor can the rare charm of the talk be forgotten. Mr. Taverner had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes illustrative of life in Lincolnshire and Lancashire; and often recounted with high enthusiasm the triumphs of the Gospel he had witnessed in the villages and townships with which he was familiar.

For several months in the year 1880 domestic affliction pressed heavily on Mr. Taverner. He saw that disease which could only end in death had fastened on the dear companion who had been the light of his home for nearly thirty years. His heart was overwhelmed as he witnessed agonies he could not mitigate, and thought of his prospective bereavement. Happily for him he had not to experience the latter trial. On October 26th, 1880, he had an acute attack of his old complaint, bronchitis. The present writer, to whom he had long been a faithful, affectionate friend, found him in a prostrate condition on the 28th, but trusting in God. On the following morning he passed away, resting from his labours in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The words of the Psalmist were beautifully verified in the closing scene of his history, 'So He giveth His beloved sleep.' Rarely has the death of a man been felt more keenly beyond the limits of his own family. In many hearts there was a sense of personal bereavement; and at his funeral the general esteem and affection were demonstrated in a remarkable manner. Whatever honour came upon him in life, he ascribed to the influences of religion; and could he have seen the crowd of mourners in the streets, and have witnessed the service in the chapel, and have known the sorrow which smote the hearts of the large company when the dust fell on his coffin-lid, he would have said: 'This also is owing to the grace of God.'

When Mrs. Taverner, who was then in extreme suffering, was informed of the death of her husband, she went into the room, and looking lovingly on his face, said, 'My poor Mark, so you have gone before me.' By an effort which surprised the family, she gave directions in her usual calm manner for the interment, and then feeling that her work was done, composed herself for death. The day she died one of her daughters said, 'Mother dear, is all well?' 'Yes.' 'Is it light?' 'Yes.' 'You are trusting in Jesus only.' 'Yes.'

She entered into the joy of her Lord, Nov. 2nd, 1880. She was buried in her husband's grave, and many hearts instinctively reverted to the words, 'In their death they were not divided.'

PATIENCE BAKER.

BY THE REV. J. A. MACDONALD.

PATIENCE BAKER was born at West-Waldham, Hants, in 1816. Her parents were godly, and connected with the Established Church. From childhood she was remarkably tender-hearted, averse from profanity and disposed to goodness. When fourteen years of age she went to service. In her diary she mentions the kindness of her mistress, but remarks: 'She did not watch for my soul as one that must give an account; but, thank God, I did not forget what my mother taught me.' At this period she was under deep conviction, read good books, repeated the commandments, and hymns and prayers, before going to sleep. She was 'confirmed' at the age of fifteen, but 'felt no better;' and was 'overwhelmed with the sense of her state as a sinner.' Her religious impressions were deepened through the death of a sister, who had found salvation under the ministry of the Rev. Baptist Noel. After this she entered into service in a family where sixteen servants were kept; and there, 'to her sorrow,' as she expressed it, 'got to laugh, sing songs and joke, and restrained prayer, because she could not kneel before them.' In 1840 she entered the service of Mrs. Nash, and came under different influences. In 1842 she had a fever, and on her recovery visited the Isle of Wight, went to see the tomb of *The Dairyman's Daughter*, and read Legh Richmond's memoir of her. This had a very salutary effect upon her. Thence she went to her brother's at Staines, where, hearing an account of some one being converted in the Wesleyan chapel, she was induced to attend worship there. Her reference to this is: 'Hearing these people preach and pray, I became so thoroughly convinced of sin, that I feared every step I took I should sink into hell.'

On the 27th of May, 1843, Patience and her brothers and sisters gathered round the death-bed of their mother. One of her brothers was a Methodist. She went to reside with him in 1844, and was induced by him to meet in Class. Not being able to relate her experience she stayed away; but one evening, passing the door, heard her brother pleading with God for her. The prayer was answered. She instantly resolved, 'This people shall be my people, and their God my God.' On the 29th of the December following, while her Leader was explaining the nature of saving faith, she apprehended it gloriously. The grass now looked greener than ever, the birds sang more sweetly, everything seemed invested with new loveliness. She began immediately to work for Christ, visiting the sick, distributing tracts, and speaking to her neighbours. She invited a friend from Farnham to stay a few days with her, during which time her friend found salvation and went home rejoicing.

Miss Baker came to London in 1849, and connected herself with the Liverpool Road Society. Her leisure time was spent in visiting the sick and dying; and she would walk miles to speak for Christ to the inmates of

hospitals and workhouses. In 1859 she removed to Stoke Newington. She helped her Leader in visiting absent members. She was constant in attendance at Class, and rejoiced to testify what God had done for her soul. She was a collector for the Wesleyan Seaman's Mission.

In 1865, Miss Baker had a blank Class-book placed in her hands, and she set about raising the Class, which she continued to lead to the day of her death. A member of her Class says, 'The first conversation I had with Miss Baker was ten years ago, when she asked me, "Do you love the Lord?" and related the way in which He had led her. I heard her say, "If I had the choice of giving up my religion or being led to the stake, I would rather die for Christ."' This member lived with Miss Baker during the last three years of her life. She remarks, 'Very blessed years they were. Returning from her Class she would sometimes exclaim, "O, what a glorious meeting we have had! The Lord has made the place of His feet glorious." Often in the night she would praise the Lord. She greatly enjoyed a series of sermons on the Resurrection, preached in Stoke Newington chapel, remarking that they gave her what she had wanted for years. The last Sunday evening she attended chapel, she partook of the Lord's Supper, and on the Saturday following, April 17th, 1880, she sat down to tea, intending to go to the Minister's Bible-class. She was found dead. The Lord had taken her.'

She was indeed one of the excellent of the earth. Her worth will be most fittingly spoken to by a lady in whose service she spent thirty-three years:

'Patience Baker came to live with us in the autumn of 1846, at Staines. From the first we valued her as a true Christian; and my father, who was then in a state of declining health, derived many blessings from her conversation. She told me that before she came to us, she prayed that she might get into a family where she could serve the Lord, and she believed that in answer to prayer she was led into our family. On this account no offer of higher wages or better position could induce her to leave us. During the thirty-three years she lived with me, she was a bright example of the Christian life, ever seeking the spiritual welfare of those with whom she came in contact; diligent in visiting the sick and poor*—often at the cost of much bodily fatigue; always ready to speak a word for her Lord and Master, to the tradespeople who came to the house, to the poor who came with things to sell, or those who came to beg: a word was never awanting to encourage them to look beyond this mortal life to the glories of the heavenly kingdom. All who knew her valued and respected her. Personally I was bound to her by no common attachment. She was to me both housekeeper and friend, having charge of everything. When I was from home, which was sometimes for months together, I just gave into her hands whatever I was engaged in—District Mothers' Meeting, etc. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good she did, or the blessing she was to others. As I write, my mind runs to numbers of persons, in all the places where we lived, whom she used to visit; and when I was myself going she seemed to open the way for me to go and read to

* It is bare justice to state a fact well known to ourselves, that the lady who wrote the above (who was not a Wesleyan) supplied her liberally with the means of relieving the sick and poor. It is also well worth noting that after she was made a Leader she continued to meet in her former Class.—EDITOR.

the aged invalids, whom otherwise I should not have found out. All my own relatives and friends regarded her as a member of the family, and highly respected her; many who stayed with me as children, remember her great and never-failing kindness. To her nephews and nieces she was as a mother, and was greatly beloved by them.

'Patience lived with us at Staines—where my father died—three years; after that in Gibson Square, Islington—where my sister died—six years; she then continued with me, alone; and we came to my present home in Stoke Newington. For five or six years she was with me at Tottenham, during which time I was living with an invalid relative. She returned with me here, about a year ago. In the early autumn the little home at Tottenham was offered to her, and as we believed it was in the order of Divine Providence, she accepted it. She had much desired to be more at liberty to serve the Lord in visiting the sick and afflicted. For the few months she lived there she was very happy. Her little garden was a great delight. The song of the birds was her sweet music. She marked the hand of the Lord in everything; in her last letter to me she spoke of how wonderful it was to see the seeds breaking through the earth. With regard to her work in her Class and the Church of which she was so long a member, others can speak better than I. Wherever I go, her death is lamented; the intelligence of it has reached distant places. For myself, I can only say, "Thou O Lord hast done it. Good is Thy will." I must not omit to mention her great love for animals. She made everything happy she had the care of. In all her illnesses she was remarkably peaceful and happy.'

The excellent lady who gave this testimony, honourable to herself as well as to the subject, also addressed the following lines to the sorrowing relatives:

Not in the hush of night,
Amid earth's solemn gloom,
But in the soft spring light
Within a pleasant room,
The Master's summons came
To call His handmaid home.

'How gentle was the hand
That loosed the silver cord!
The voice that bade her stand
In presence of her Lord!
How prompt her answer to the call!
Obeyed as soon as heard.

'Do you grieve because *alone*
She passed from earth away?
Do you deem some tender tone
Had prevailed to bid her stay?
Would you retard her flight
To realms of endless day?

'You could but to the river's brink
Go with her hand in hand,
And watch her struggle with the waves,
And powerless weeping stand;
You could but follow her *by faith*
Into the Promised Land.

'Christ bore her on His breast
The swelling waters through,
Unto the shore of rest,
The golden gates in view—
Then turned and gave a tender smile
Of comfort unto you.'

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A.

No name in recent times has commanded more attention from the combined religious and scientific worlds than that of Charles Darwin. As a naturalist his observations and researches have raised him to a pre-eminent position in that department of science, while his theories concerning the Origin of Species and the Descent of Man have for many years excited the continuous thought and criticism of the entire Christian Church.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN was

born at Shrewsbury, February 12th, 1809. His father, Dr. R. W. Darwin, was somewhat distinguished in scientific circles, and his grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, had attained to great celebrity by his botanical and physiological publications. Charles Darwin, having passed through Shrewsbury School, Edinburgh University, and Christ College, Cambridge, was introduced to the public in connection with the *Beagle* expedition. During this voyage round the world, Darwin gathered a mass of geological and zoological details which may be regarded as the foundation of all his subsequent labours. On his return, he published some of the results of these observations in his important work on *Coral Reefs*, in which he showed the real nature of these interesting marine formations. From that date his pen has been most industriously employed in the regions of Geology, Botany, Palæontology and Zoology.

In 1862 he threw new light on the subject of plant life in his *Fertilization of Orchids*, showing the important part which is played by insects in the transmission of pollen from flower to flower. This was followed up by a similar publication on *Cross and Self-Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom;* and in 1875 he gave to the world the result of fifteen years' painstaking observation in his *Insectivorous Plants*. The same close and patient study of nature is displayed in the last work of his fertile mind, which the *Spectator* aptly called *The Epic of the Worm*. All these publications are now seen to have been but contributions to the doctrine of Natural Selection, with which the name of Darwin is inseparably associated.

This theory was first formally announced in 1859, when the famous and much-criticized *Origin of Species* made its appearance. The assumption, illustrated and amplified, which runs through this remarkable treatise is, that in the struggle for existence ever going on throughout nature, the strongest or fittest animals and plants have been preserved, while the weakest, or those least adapted to the environments or conditions of their life, became, through long processes, extinct. This is what Darwin meant by 'Natural Selection,' and is accurately enough described in the now popular phrase, 'The survival of the fittest.' To borrow the Author's own words:

> 'The tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth . . . . have all been produced by laws acting around us; these laws, taken in the largest sense, being growth, with reproduction; inheritance, which is almost implied by reproduction; variability, from the indirect and direct conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and as a consequence to natural selection, entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows.'

Intimations more or less distinct had already been given of this theory by various writers from classic times down to the age of La Marck; and Wallace, at about the same time as Darwin, arrived, by independent researches, at similar conclusions; but it was reserved to the latter to present the subject in its fullest and most detailed form, to illustrate it by facts and observations of the greatest variety, as well as to add to it the charm of subtle and fascinating speculations. The *Descent of Man*, which appeared in 1871, was but the logical sequel of the *Origin of Species*. The aim of this book may be understood by one extract: 'The early progenitors of man were once no doubt covered

with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed and capable of movement, and their bodies were provided with a tail, having the proper muscles.' The satirical epigram humorously describing this new anthropology was not a mere exaggeration:

'There was an ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed, and his hair became curlier,
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,
Then he was man and a Positivist.'

The Darwinian theory, however, is not precisely that Man is descended from the ape, but that the Anthropoids and Man have originated from some common ancestor in remote antiquity. Darwin regards this as less repulsive than the idea that we spring from the savage barbarian who, in many of his customs and habits, seems more degraded even than the Orang-utang.

Of course we are not shut up to these alternatives. The dilemma does not exhaust all the possibilities of the case; for may it not have been that man, once a highly-endowed being, has gradually sunk, by the debasing influence of ignorance and lust, to the worse than bestial condition in which he is occasionally found? A moral being who has once thrown down his purity, and yielded his 'members servants to uncleanness and to iniquity unto iniquity,' may conceivably degenerate into a state as degraded as that in which we find the Hottentots or the Aborigines of Australia. Indeed, Darwin might have reversed his genealogical process, and instead of travelling from the Ascidian to Man, might just as easily and logically have descended from Man to the Sea-squirt.

The obvious demand which the opponent of Darwin's hypothesis will make is for some direct, tangible evidence of the former existence of the hairy, long-tailed progenitors of the human race. If it be only a misconception of Darwinism that prompts the enquiry for '*the* missing link,' at any rate it is fair to ask for 'missing links.' Historic time gives no proof of the transmutation of species, but at the most only shows a few variations amongst individuals. Geologic records present overwhelming evidence of the persistence of types throughout incalculable periods of time. The Foraminifera of the chalk formation are identical in structure with those now dredged up from the bottom of the sea; and Professor Dawson declares that his Eozoon, the very earliest of animals as yet discovered, is of the highest type of Foraminifera, showing that life has degenerated rather than improved. I have in my Geological collection fossilized crustaceans which have persisted to the present day from the lower Cambrian Age, which, till Professor Dawson discovered his Eozoon Canadense in the Laurentian beds, was regarded as containing the petrified forms of the oldest animals. It is easy to say that types vary only when the conditions of existence vary. What evidence is there that the conditions of existence vary in such a way as to promote the gradual improvement of life? To say that the upward tendency of animal existence requires us to believe this, is to ask us to reason in a circle, for it is as much as to say that improved conditions ameliorate life, while improved life shows that the conditions have become more favourable. Geology, as Sir Charles Lyell conceived it, goes on the assumption that laws which are now in process, explain all that can be found in the appearances of the earth's strata. Moreover, the fact that there are innumerable forms of life which have remained

unchanged through all the Geologic Ages till now, is a strong presumption against the idea of wholesale amelioration of the conditions of life which the evolutionist is compelled to contend for. Amongst my fossils is a Trilobite belonging to the Silurian age, almost the earliest in which animal remains are found, the eyes of which prove, as Buckland pointed out, that light acted on the optic lenses in that infinitely remote period just as it does now. There is far more evidence to show that the environment has not materially altered, than that it has; for in addition to the strong presumption derived from the persistence of types, there is the direct argument gathered from the consideration that a change of environment implies external force; which is not a property of matter.

The harbour of the Darwinian is the imperfection of the Geologic record, and curiously enough this very refuge is one that affords to the adherents of rival theories their greatest security. While Darwin arbitrarily constructs the 'early progenitor' of man out of the characteristics common to the Anthropoids and the human species; and while Haeckel, who pushes the doctrine of evolution to its furthest limits, fills up the gaps between Man and the 'nebular haze' of Laplace with imaginary animals, which he supposes *will be* dug out of the earth's bowels eventually; their opponents point out that every new geological discovery only reveals more clearly how wide are the differences between the species and genera of animals which the evolutionist has to explain.

For instance, later Geology has shown, more distinctly than was ever before conceived, how complete is the division between the crustaceans of the Cambrian and the vertebrates of the Silurian periods. The backbone is a most essential feature in the anatomy of higher animals, and yet here, immediately succeeding the Cambrian formation, with no trace of a spine in any of its fossils, is the Silurian formation, whose animals all at once exhibit a perfectly-formed backbone.

There is undoubtedly some evidence which looks towards Darwin's doctrine of descent. In the American Tertiary beds, fossil remains of the horse-family have been discovered by Professor Marsh, which are supposed to show that our horse is descended from an animal which had five digits, what we call the hoof being only the nail on one of them. There certainly is a remarkable gradation in form from the Eocene to the Pliocene example of this tribe; and yet if the hoof be left out of consideration, there is as wide a gap between the modern horse and its immediate ancestor, so-called, as there is between the tiger and the cat. Other 'found links' have to do with the anatomical structure of the human body, a kind of evidence whose force it is easy to exaggerate. Similarity of structure may not signify more than that the same Being created all things, and chose in many instances to follow out a similarity of plan or unity of design. In certain leading features the pictures of Raphael resemble one another; but that only shows their common authorship, not their development from one another. La Marck thinks that modifications of structure are to be explained by propensities. The swan by continual ducking under the water lengthens its neck. Why, then, does not the swan's neck go on lengthening? And if intellectual needs enlarge the brain, why is it that savages have brains and capacities far beyond the conditions of their existence, and which by a little education lead to the most rapid and remarkable growth of mental power? This surely proves

that man was once something better than he now is in the lowest human types, and has not altogether lost the capacity for noble life which once he exercised in perfection.

Into the subtleties of the embryonic argument for the Evolution theory it is not necessary to go, inasmuch as this is a later development of the Darwinian theory; but it may be remarked that the strength of this kind of evidence depends exclusively on the assumption that the *ova* of all animals are alike in their elements; whereas, it is far more legitimate to aver that their subsequent developments into forms so diverse is a sufficient proof of their difference of composition. It is no objection to this to say that no such difference can be detected; there are so many things in the world that are altogether beyond the scope of human observation and perception.

It would be interesting to follow out the bearing of Darwin's anthropology on the anatomical peculiarities of the human frame, and to observe how it is applied by Herbert Spencer and others to self-consciousness, the growth of the moral faculty, the development of social institutions, and the belief in God; and to attempt to answer the question which is frequently being asked, as to whether it is possible to hold any views similar to Darwin's on the subject of man's origin, consistently with Christian faith and doctrine; but this would require considerable space.

Let it not be supposed that we are about to make any effort to reconcile the ordinary interpretations of the Scriptures with the unproved assumptions of science. Remembering how ridiculous some good men have made themselves in endeavouring to show that the limestone formation was deposited by Noah's Deluge, and bearing in mind also that geology itself *is* in a state of transition—so that the dawn of life, after having been pushed back to the Silurian, then to the Cambrian, and only recently to the Laurentian formations, is now, by some who speak as with authority, being looked for in the Graphite of the very earliest rocks—we are convinced that the Christian's strength is to 'sit still.' We need fuller knowledge of what the earth's crust and the mysteries of life have to reveal to us, and we need also more accurate interpretations of some parts of Scripture, before anything like a definitive harmony between Revelation and Science may be feasibly attempted.

There is nothing in Darwin's method that is opposed to a belief in the existence of a Divine Creator. He does not begin, as Haeckel and others do, with the cosmic vapour theory of Kant and Laplace, but he assumes organization and life as his starting-point. Behind the Sea-squirt there is room for an intelligent Creator; and, as Kingsley remarked, even evolution implies an Evolver. In his *Descent of Man* (p. 65), Darwin observes 'that there exists a Creator and Ruler of the universe has been affirmed by the highest intellects that have ever lived;' and the very last sentence of that treatise runs thus: 'There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several forms, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.' What he means by the phrase, 'into a few forms or into one,' is illustrated by another of his sentences: 'I cannot doubt that the theory of descent, with modification, embraces all the members of the same class. I believe that animals have descended

from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number.'

Not so guardedly, nor so wisely, does he continue: 'Analogy would lead me one step further, namely, to the belief that all animals and plants have descended from some one prototype; but this inference is chiefly grounded on analogy, and it is immaterial whether or not it be accepted.' We hold that it is material, in the highest degree, which of these alternatives is held; but Darwin gives us in the next sentence what no doubt was his sober view in this respect: 'The case is different with the members of each great class, as the vertebrata, the articulata, etc.; for here we have distinct evidence that all have descended from a single parent.'

The important point to be observed is that Darwin is at least a Theist, and seems to accept the doctrine of special acts of creation. He takes a Creator for granted; and it is as easy to start out with that assumption, as to take for granted the eternal existence of an atom. But though Darwin was professedly a Theist, it is impossible to reconcile his views on the descent of man with the Bible-teaching concerning human sin and redemption. No Christian will care to contend that all the infinite forms of life were originated by special acts of creative energy; it is enough that all great types or classes of animals should have come into existence by the processes of laws which were originally set in action by the Creator; but if man is only a higher brute, made what he is by circumstances and conditions, what becomes of human responsibility, the doctrine of the fall, and of the Atonement? Whatever science may point to as regards the origin of species amongst the mere animals, it certainly can do no more than theorize and speculate on the subject of man's descent. The *protohippus* may have been discovered, but the protohomus is as yet a mere creature of the imagination, as purely mythical as Professor Huxley's Bathybius Haeckelii.

Mr. Dallinger, from whom many have hoped for an utterance on a matter concerning which few would be able to speak with greater authority or with less of bias, has not yet dealt publicly with it in more than a partial and tentative manner. He has only given us the briefest indication of what views might be entertained by the Christian student of science on these momentous problems. He suggests that God interposed to give molecules; then vital force; then intellect, or soul, to man. He says: 'Man may have reached a certain physical condition through processes of evolution natural in themselves, although Divinely set up and continued; but this is almost wholly inferential.'

Is it not entirely so? It is as intellectually easy to admit a special creation of man, as to suppose that the soul, the faculty of speech and of thought, and all the other attributes which exalt humanity above the brute, were engrafted in, or superinduced upon, some rather fine specimen of gorilla. Besides, even this concession to the extreme Darwinians will not satisfy them; nor does it explain the fact that animal instinct and human reason never approach each other from the side of the brute, but only from the side of the debased man. Sir John Lubbock's notion about the ape crossed in love, or pining with hunger or cold, being the explanation of man's dread concerning the future, and so on to all other religious sentiments, does not agree with facts; for apes continue to be disappointed and to suffer want, but do not grow religious. No theory

can live except in so far as it agrees with facts which cannot otherwise be explained. It was thus that the laws of gravitation, the undulatory theory of light, and the splendid inductions of Faraday, maintained their ground and won universal acceptance. The path of true science is strewn with the bleached bones of slain hypotheses, and evolutionism will die unless it is shown to be based on realities. At present a fictitious and exaggerated importance attaches to the Darwinian theories; but now that the great quadrilateral of evolutionism is breaking up, Darwin gone, Spencer broken down, Tyndall an old man, and Huxley attacked on all sides, it may be there is setting in a reaction from the extreme views which though not by any means held by Darwin, are yet maintained by some of his most prominent disciples.

Perhaps another 'Abraham of scientific men,' as Tyndall calls Darwin, may arise before long, and demonstrate from the very facts which men of science are now laboriously accumulating, that 'God created man in His own image;' but that by the growing dominion of passion and lust, his nature degenerated until he lost even the consciousness of his divine origin; and perhaps, in some instances, becoming so degraded by ignorance as to forget the power of language and with it to lose even the organ of speech; preserving scarcely anything of the nature of humanity save some likeness to its physical form. This, at any rate, is as legitimate an hypothesis as that man has descended (ascended?) from a hairy, long-tailed progenitor; it explains facts which that theory ignores; it takes account of the religious faculty in man, his highest and noblest endowment; and it is far more capable of being harmonized with the well-proven truths of modern Science, as well as with the sacred and venerable beliefs of Christianity, than the extreme and atheistic forms which the evolution theory has in some quarters assumed.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY J. FULLER HIGGS.

THE name of the great American essayist is frequently coupled with that of Carlyle, of whose genius he was a great admirer, though in style these two men were very different. The Scotchman was rugged and massive, often losing admirers because, out of his disregard of admiration, he proclaimed his doctrines in a stern, forbidding tone; while the American was polished and ornamental, occasionally singing his deepest philosophic truths in melodious verse, charming with his expression even those who are not blind to the dangerous tendencies of his teachings. Emerson was best known in England as the apostle of *Transcendentalism*, a word which he tells us himself (*The Transcendentalist*) 'is only another name for Idealism; and was first used by Immanuel Kant, of Königsberg, when refuting the materialistic theories of Locke with reference to a very important class of ideas or imperative forms which do not come from experience, but through which experience is acquired—the intuitions of the mind itself; and he denominated these Transcendental forms.' The term has been applied to Emerson's

theories because of their idealism, and because they are professedly based upon intuitions.

The school of thought to which Emerson belonged has broken with Christianity, and is itself now anything but a solid phalanx. 'Emerson's mission,' writes the Rev. Joseph Cook in his lecture on *Emerson's Views on Immortality*, 'is to unsettle everything, and the acutest critics find a sad lack of unity in his writings.' Quoting Dr. Manning, the same writer says: 'A panthoistic trend sets through all Emerson's writings, as the Gulf Current through the Atlantic;' and he sums up his own estimate of Emerson in words that must be read attentively by all who would understand the inconsistencies that are to be found in Emerson's works: 'Pantheism held waveringly, and Individualism held firmly, are to me the explanation of the bewildering and yet gorgeous motions of the constellations in his sky.'

Into the question of true and false Transcendentalism we have no space here to enter, and must refer our readers to the works of Mr. Frothingham, who has written the history of Transcendentalism in America, and to the lectures of the Rev. Joseph Cook, who has very carefully analyzed its theories.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25th, 1803, and had in youth the advantages of good training and educated society. He early exhibited considerable talent for versification, and a love for Greek. In 1829 he was ordained, having received a call to the Second Church of Boston, and preached in a manner that was highly appreciated by the most cultured of his hearers, and was equally acceptable to those who were less learned. The time came, however (1832), when he found that his own heart-belief did not correspond with the creed he professed, and so he manfully and faithfully resigned his charge. The controversy that resulted therefrom caused him to leave Boston and travel in Europe. He came at last to the mother country, and the result of this and subsequent visits was his book, entitled *English Traits*: a volume full of interesting and thoughtful criticism of our people, institutions and literature. He met most of the great men of that day, and gives us his opinion of them in a very forcible manner, reserving most of his praise for Carlyle and Wordsworth. On his return from his first tour (1833) he settled at Concord, where he had spent most of his boyhood, and where he was surrounded by old associations and pleasant companionships. It was at Concord that Hawthorne wrote his *Mosses of an Old Manse*; and it was near Emerson's home that 'The Hermit of Walden' built his hut.

In 1836 Emerson published his first book, *Nature*—a series of essays that could only have been the work of the poet he afterwards proved himself to be. *Nature* is fresh and sweet as the breezes of May; it is clear and bright as a crystal fount; and I believe it contains the whole of the theories which are more or less repeated or expanded in his subsequent works. In *Nature* he reveals his love of beauty, the goddess whom he worshipped as fondly as any ancient Greek, whose religion consisted of a love of the beautiful; and it is in this book that his Pantheistic leanings are most apparent. It is easier to appreciate and admire the brilliant beauty of his style, than to point out how vague is his actual teaching, and how difficult of application are the theories that he propounds. 'It is quite Emersonian,' said a great American recently in England, 'to disagree with Emerson.' Many have tried to reduce his

theories to a system, and failing, have asked in amazement, 'What does he mean?' Lowell has answered these hostile critics with the remark, that 'one may find grandeur and consolation in a starlight night without caring to ask what it means, save grandeur and consolation.'

His other published works are *Orations, Essays on Great Men, The Conduct of Life, Letters and Social Aims,* and *Poems.* A writer in *Scribner's Monthly* informs us that these books form a very small proportion of what Emerson actually wrote. As a lecturer he achieved great success in America and in England. Most of the essays and orations mentioned above were first delivered as lectures, and have had a very powerful influence on the literature of America. 'I have heard,' writes Lowell, in his essay on *Emerson the Lecturer,* 'some great speakers, and some accomplished orators, but never any that so moved and persuaded men as he. There is a kind of undertow in that rich baritone of his that sweeps our minds from their foothold into deeper waters with a drift that we could not and would not resist.' Of his lectures, those on *Representative Men* are the best known, and those on *The Conduct of Life* contain the most practical part of his teaching.

Any reader of his works will readily discover that our philosopher was above all things a poet, probably a better poet than philosopher. It is the poetic element that gives such rich colouring to his prose, and adds so much to the sweetness of its tone. He drank deeply from the well of European literature; and one might think he could never have read anything else, so wide is his range, until by chance words or phrases he reveals the fact that he was no less at home with the more ancient and gorgeous bibliography of the East. Like the heliotrope, he caught the sweet fragrance that comes from all the other flowers in the garden of literature, and like the heliotrope, he had above and besides them all a perfume that was his alone. His knowledge of literature was so extensive, and his 'luminosity' was so great, that his quotations often help one to understand better the books from which he took them.

This combination of qualities makes his works eminently readable, even to those who most disagree with him; and give force to Lowell's eulogy of his style: 'A diction at once so rich and so homely as his I know not where to match in these days of writing by the page: it is like *homespun cloth of gold!*' His range of subjects was very wide; and they were always treated in a lofty tone that would sometimes be unutterably conceited if it were not Emersonian.

The charm of his writing is that it lifts us above the dull, mechanic routine of existence, making us feel what a noble thing life may be, and rousing in us the unrealized poetry that, like an imprisoned angel, lies bound and bruised within some secret chamber of our being. It may happen that sometimes we cannot understand him, and I must confess that I feel more at home with him when he chats with Wordsworth or lunches with Walter Savage Landor, than when he is discoursing in his own most peculiar manner on the Over-Soul; yet we can at all times discern the beauty of his style. His claims to rank as a poet are not very widely known, but his verses have found admirers in the most select literary circles; and I think it is likely when much of his philosophic teaching is forgotten, he will be remembered as a poet. Who that has read can forget the sweet little poem entitled *Good-Bye,* in which he is abandoning the town for the country; probably

written when he left Boston to settle at Concord:

'Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through the weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

'Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

'I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the live-long day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod,
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

'O! when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?'

This poem strikes the key-note of many of Emerson's compositions, both of prose and verse; indeed, I always feel in reading his works that he has held communion with Nature and learned many of her secrets.

In some of his longer poems, notably *Wood Notes*, *Merlin*, and *Saadi*, he has given us his views of the place and functions of the poet. In the second verse of the first part of *Merlin* he writes:

'Great is the art,
Great be the manners, of the bard.
He shall not his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number;
But, leaving rule and pale forethought,
He shall aye climb
For his rhyme.
"Pass in, pass in," the angels say,
"Into the upper doors,
Nor count compartments of the floors,
But mount to Paradise
By stairway of surprise."'

In his ode to *Beauty* he tells us:

'Of the masters of the shell,
Who heard the starry music
And recount the numbers well;
Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so.'

Being thus fully aware of the dignity of the office, he was careful to maintain it; and it will be seen from the above quotations that he was a poet of no mean order. It remains only to add that his last public utterance was a tribute to the memory of his old friend Carlyle, and I cannot find a better conclusion for this brief sketch than the words of the poet-ambassador of the United States:

'The artistic range of Emerson is narrow, as every well-read critic must feel at once; and so is that of Æschylus, so is that of Dante, so is that of Montaigne, so is that of Schiller, so is that of nearly every one except Shakespeare; but there is a gauge of height no less than of breadth, of individuality as well as comprehensiveness; and, above all, there is the standard of genetic power, the test of the masculine as distinguished from the receptive minds. There are staminate plants in literature, that make no fine show of fruit, but without whose pollen, quintessence of fructifying gold, the garden had been barren. Emerson's mind is emphatically one of these; and there is no man to whom our æsthetic culture owes so much. That we agree with him, or that he always agrees with himself, is beside the question; but that he arouses in us something that we are the better for having awakened, whether that something be of opposition or assent, that he always speaks to what is highest and least selfish in us, few Americans of the generation younger than his own would be disposed to deny.'

AN ITALIAN PESSIMIST.*

BY THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

THE distinguished Italian thus introduced to English readers was a contemporary of Byron, and held similarly misanthropical views. Few men have ever more vividly realized the unhappiness of human life, or set forth that unhappiness with greater eloquence. Schopenhauer delighted in Leopardi because he was 'saturated' with despair; and truly he is the Jeremiah of philosophy, mourning over the miseries of the race with profound and pathetic sorrow. Hitherto little has been known of him in this country beyond his name, but as an able exponent of the dark side of existence he is likely to attain some popularity.

GIACOMO LEOPARDI was born at Recanati, a small town about fifteen miles from Ancona, on the 29th of June, 1798. He was of noble birth, equally on the side of his father and mother. At a very early age he manifested great aptitude for learning, and soon acquired a perfect acquaintance with classical literature. Before he was eighteen years of age he had attained distinction for the amount and matter of his erudition. He excited the admiration and enjoyed the friendship of the leading literary men of the day. Niebuhr, especially, was profoundly struck with his genius. 'I have at last seen a modern Italian worthy of the old Italians and the ancient Romans,' was his remark to Bunsen after his first interview with the young scholar. Both he and Bunsen became firm friends with Leopardi. In gifts, learning and eloquence Leopardi has had few equals. The translator of the *Essays and Dialogues* before us observes:

'His fame is his own, and time makes his isolation and grand individuality more and more prominent. What Byron and Shelley, Millevoye, Baudelaire and Gautier, Heine and Platen, Pouchkine and Lermontoff, are to England, France, Germany, and Russia respectively, Leopardi is, in a measure, to Italy. But he is more than this. The jewel of his renown is triple-faceted. Philology, poetry and philosophy were each in turn cultivated by him; and he was of too brilliant an intellect not to excel in them all. As a philologist he astonished Niebuhr and delighted Creuser; as a poet he has been compared with Dante; as a philosopher he takes high rank among the greatest and most original men of modern times.'

In 1810 Leopardi received his first tonsure, in token of his dedication to the Church; but this early promise was not destined to be fulfilled. He drifted into scepticism; and all his later writings express, as far as those times rendered it prudent to express, a distinct and contemptuous unbelief. The relations between Giacomo and his parents were most unhappy, the poet leaving home soon after attaining his majority, and henceforth earning a precarious livelihood by his pen. His health gradually failed, and for many years he was a great sufferer. After a short life and full of misery, Leopardi died in Naples, on the 14th of June, 1837, and was buried near the reputed grave of Virgil.

Leopardi set himself resolutely to face the fact of the world's wretchedness, and was determined not to conceal any part of the dark truth from himself. He writes:

'The human race, which has believed, and will continue to put faith in so many absurdities, will never acknowledge that it knows nothing, that it is nothing, and that it has nothing to hope. No philosopher teaching any one of these

* *Essays and Dialogues of Giacomo Leopardi.* Translated by Charles Edwardes. Trübner and Co.

three things would be successful, nor would he have followers, and the populace especially would refuse to believe in him.....Men nourish themselves on illusions, from which they derive as much satisfaction as if their conceptions were the most genuine and real things in the world. I consider men show very little courage in thus allowing themselves to be deceived and deluded like fools; they are not only content to bear the greatest sufferings, but also are willing to be, as it were, puppets of Nature and Destiny. Whether these sentiments of mine are the result of illness, I do not know; but I do know that, well or ill, I despise men's cowardice, I reject every childish consolation and illusive comfort, and am courageous enough to bear the deprivation of every hope, to look steadily on the desert of life, to hide no part of our unhappiness, and to accept all the consequences of a philosophy, sorrowful but true. This philosophy, if of no other use, gives the courageous man the proud satisfaction of being able to rend asunder the cloak that conceals the hidden and mysterious cruelty of human destiny.'

Again:

'It seems as though death were the essential aim of all things. That which has no existence cannot die; yet all that exists has proceeded from nothing. The final cause of existence is not happiness, for nothing is happy. It is true, living creatures seek this end in all their works, but none obtain it; and during all their life, ever deceiving, tormenting, and exciting themselves, they suffer indeed for no other purpose than to die.'

Leopardi will not allow that there is anything grand or beautiful in life.

'It may be regarded as a fact that, in order to be greatly moved by imagination of the grand and beautiful, one must believe that there is something really grand and beautiful in human life, and that poetry is not mere fable. The young always believe such things, even when they know their fallacy, until personal experience forces them to accept the truth. But it is difficult to put faith in them after the sad discipline of practical life; especially when experience is combined with habits of study and speculation.'

This is his final verdict on human life:

'I am more than ripe for death.....I am terrified at the mere thought of lingering out the forty or fifty years with which Nature threatens me. If any one speaks to me about the distant future, as though I were to have a part in it, I cannot help smiling to myself, so sure am I that I have not long to live. This thought, I may say, alone supports me. Books and studies, which I often wonder I ever loved, great designs and hopes of glory and immortality, are things now undeserving of even a smile. Nor do I now laugh at the projects and hopes of this century. I cordially wish them every possible success, and I praise, admire, and sincerely honour their good intentions. But I do not envy posterity, nor those who have still a long life before them. Formerly I used to envy fools, imbeciles, and people with a high opinion of themselves, and I would willingly have changed my lot with any one of them. Now, I envy neither fools, nor the wise, the great, the small, the weak, the powerful. I envy the dead, and with them alone would I exchange my lot.'

And he thus foreshadows the miserable ending of the universe which has been so long the theatre of woe:

'In all her works, Nature turns and points towards death.....The time will come when this world, and Nature herself, shall die. And as at the present day there remains no trace nor record of many very great kingdoms and empires, so in the whole world there shall not be left a vestige of the infinite changes and catastrophes of created things. A naked silence and an utter calm shall fill the vast space. Thus this wonderful and fearful mystery of universal existence shall be unloosed, and shall melt away before it be made manifest or be comprehended.'

For various reasons we attach value to life and human things, but Leopardi argues with great ingenuity that everything which makes us attach any value to life and human things, proves on analysis to be contrary to reason, and to proceed from some illusion or falsity. He agrees with Dean Swift that 'those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life

813048

are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses.'

We suppose that virtue is a sublime reality, giving to human life worth and glory; that love, justice, truth, honour, courage, purity, are words of infinite significance. But Leopardi denies the reality of virtue, and regards it as a cleverly-wrought veil to hide the nakedness of things. The severe censorship exercised over the Press by the Roman Catholic Church compelled Leopardi to express his real sentiments in fables and dialogues. In one of these fables he writes:

'Jove, as a supreme gift, sent among men certain sublime and superhuman phantoms, to whom he committed very great influence and control over the people of the earth. They were called Justice, Virtue, Glory, Patriotism, etc. By these divine decoys the condition of man was infinitely ameliorated, and rendered easier and pleasanter than before; in spite of the fatigues, sufferings, and terrors which were now inseparable from humanity.....Numbers of men did not hesitate to sacrifice their lives to one or other of these phantoms. Far from displeasing Jove, this fact gratified him exceedingly, for he judged that if men esteemed their life a gift worthy of sacrifice to these fine and glorious illusions, they would be less likely to repudiate it.'

And again:

'I think, in all ancient history there can be found no words more lamentable and terrifying, yet withal, speaking humanly, more true, than those uttered by Marcus Brutus shortly before death, in disparagement of virtue. "O miserable virtue! Thou art but a mere phrase, and I have followed thee as though thou wert a reality. Fate is stronger than thou."'

Schopenhauer used to label his valuables with common names, so that thieves might be thrown off the scent; this is the method, although it is not the motive, of the atheistic philosophy; it labels the most precious and glorious truths and principles of life as terms of convenience merely, phrases, expressions, illusions, phantoms.

Knowledge is supposed to add dignity to human life, and to be a source of vast and pure pleasure. But Leopardi argues against these suppositions with great fierceness. He was himself a devoted student, he ruined his health by excessive application to literature; in the enthusiastic pursuit of wisdom he became blind and crooked, and at last feels that knowledge is the worst foe of man, inasmuch as it brings him to see all the cruelty of life. 'Knowledge is extremely prejudicial to man's happiness.' 'The final conclusion to be drawn from true and perfect philosophy is that it were better to dispense with philosophy.' 'Some few men in the present day have learnt that the truest philosopher is he who abstains from philosophy.' He deplores and disadvises the search after 'cold and miserable truth,' and praises 'those glorious illusions, vain though they be, which give value to life.' He holds that civilization and philosophy have exceeded their natural bounds in exposing the superstitions of antiquity, and that the barbarism of nature is better than the barbarism of reason.

'Truly, if our philosophers fully understood what they endeavour to teach, and realized in their own persons the consequences of their philosophy, instead of welcoming their knowledge, they would hate and abhor it. They would strive to forget what they know, and to shut their eyes to that which they see. They would take refuge, as their best resource, in those sweet unrealities which Nature herself has placed in all our minds; nor would they think it well to enforce on others the doctrine of the nothingness of all things.'

Nature is bad enough, but Leopardi decries reason as insufferably worse:

'Let me advise, nay implore, you to listen to the counsels of Nature rather

than Reason. Follow the instincts of that primitive Nature, mother of us all, who, though she has manifested no affection for us in creating us for unhappiness, is a less bitter and cruel foe than our own reason, with its boundless curiosity, speculation, chattering, dreams, ideas, and miserable learning. Besides, Nature has sought to diminish our unhappiness by concealing or disguising it from us as much as possible.'

Glory also is a delusion, even the purest glory, that which springs from literary and intellectual merit. Diogenes Laertius mentions that Theophrastus, just before death, being asked by his disciples whether he would leave them any token or words of advice, replied: 'None, except that man despises and rejects many pleasures for the sake of glory. But no sooner does he begin to live than death overtakes him. Hence the love of glory is as fatal a thing as possible. Strive to live happily; abandon studies, which are a weariness, or cultivate them only so that they may bring you fame. Life is more vain than useful.' This verdict Leopardi heartily endorses. 'All earthly benefits are no sooner acquired than their insignificance becomes apparent; they are unworthy of the fatigues they have cost. Glory is, above all, an example of this; it is a dear purchase, and of little use to the purchaser.'

Action is counted noble, and labour has been exalted into a gospel; but according to our author there is nothing intrinsically excellent in work, and its chief service is that it renders us oblivious for awhile of our cruel situation. 'A thousand kinds of business and labour were instituted to distract men as much as possible from self-contemplation, and their desires for an unknown and imaginary happiness.'

There 'remains to humanity a certain consolation proceeding from the phantom Love.' With much eloquence and sincerity of feeling does Leopardi dwell on this sublime passion and its influence. 'When Love comes on earth, he chooses the tender and noble hearts of the most generous and magnanimous persons. Here he rests for a short time, diffusing in them so strange and wondrous a sweetness, and inspiring them with affections so lofty and vigorous, that they then experience what is entirely new to mankind, the substance rather than the semblance of happiness.' But Leopardi is careful to explain that after all love is only a shadow, attended by the semblance of happiness. 'In the souls he inhabits, love awakens and vivifies, so long as he stays there, the boundless hopes, and the sweet and fine illusions of early life.'

Leopardi maintains that life is essentially bad, that man is necessarily miserable. He does not consider our unhappiness the result of unfortunate circumstances which may be rectified, but life is vicious in itself, inseparable from misery. The Russians have certain tales which relate how people exceptionally favoured in life, having no experience of tribulation, grow discontented with their lot, and hearing there is such a thing as misfortune, go out in search of it, and generally find what they search for. Leopardi would have subscribed to these fables. In his view, if men were free from outward trial they would still be unhappy, and in the absence of trouble seek trouble:

'The history of the past had enlightened Jove as to the nature of men, and had shown him that it is not sufficient for them, as for other animals, merely to live in a state of freedom from sorrow and physical discomfort. He knew that whatever their condition of life, they would seek the impossible, and if unpossessed of genuine evils, would torment themselves with imaginary ones.

'Personally I am of opinion that a happy life is undoubtedly a good thing. But this is because of the happiness, not the life. An unhappy life is therefore an

evil. And since it is ordained that human life should be inseparable from unhappiness, I leave you to draw your own conclusions....I believe ennui is really nothing but the desire of happiness. This desire, we have said, is never completely satisfied, since true pleasure does not exist.

'I do not so much, in my writings, find fault with the human race, as grieve over its destiny. There is nothing, I think, more clear and palpable than the necessary unhappiness of all living beings.'

Thus in the estimate of Leopardi life is not unhappy merely where it has been exceptionally unfortunate, but there is a deep fault in existence itself, and were the race placed in Paradisal circumstances, it would still be wretched. Of course, the miseries of our lot aggravate the misery of our spirits, and render life insupportable. The only rational course is in suicide, and this Leopardi recommends with many ingenious arguments. In reviewing these writings:

First, we must recognise the degree of truth on which this sombre philosophy rests. Some are disposed to dismiss pessimistic poets and philosophers as being really insincere, and their writings as bred of a distempered fancy; but slight reflection will show that this view is not altogether reasonable, that there is justification for dark renderings of human life. It is sought to explain away the hopelessness of Leopardi on superficial grounds. Thus it is urged that his sufferings determined his philosophy. That his sufferings gave intensity to his expression of the sorrowfulness of life there can be no doubt, but we cannot allow his philosophy to be set aside on any such plea. Leopardi anticipated that posterity, and even his contemporaries, would endeavour to explain the pessimism of his philosophy by his personal misfortunes and sufferings. Accordingly, in a letter to the philologist Sinner, he entered a protest against such a supposition:

'However great my sufferings may have been, I do not seek to diminish them by comforting myself with vain hopes and thoughts of a future and unknown happiness. This same courage of my convictions has led me to a philosophy of despair, which I do not hesitate to accept. It is the cowardice of men, who would fain regard existence as something very valuable, that instigates them to consider my philosophical opinions as the result of my sufferings, and that makes them persist in charging to my material circumstances that which is due to nothing but my understanding. Before I die, I wish to make protest against this imputation of weakness and trifling; and I would beg of my readers to burn my writings rather than attribute them to my sufferings.'

This protest is entitled to respect; the pessimism of Leopardi had an independent, rational basis. His dismal creed is not to be explained by his circumstances. The place of his birth was fit for the dwelling of a poet; his kindred were aristocratic; and he had special facilities for his loved intellectual pursuits. In no wise was his lot exceptionally unhappy, and attempts to prove it so have failed. As to imputing his dark science to a singular temperament, it is quite beside the mark. Some subtile bias of the soul may dispose one to give an optimistic interpretation to the universe, another a pessimistic interpretation; but our philosophy is objective as well as subjective, and there must be two sides to the world, or there would not be diverse philosophies. Temperament inclines one student to seize the dark side of things, another to brood over the bright side, but both sides are there, equally real, and equally demanding recognition. If the pessimistic philosophy is to be resolved into temperament, so must the optimistic, and then no philosophy can be authoritative. Leopardi's ill-health, temperament, cir-

cumstances, may have inclined him to consider life severely, but he was quite right that life lends itself to such a consideration, and may logically receive a heart-breaking interpretation.

Leopardi was not mistaken as to the profound defects and disorders of nature. He vituperates nature in many a bitter satirical passage. In his day many of the painfully perplexing phases of nature which modern science has laid bare were unknown, but the obvious confusions and sufferings of the creation which have troubled thoughtful minds in all generations, filled Leopardi's sensitive soul with profound wonder and pain. Cicero saw that nature treated man more like a stepmother than a mother, and Leopardi felt the tender mercies of the stepmother to be cruel. Humboldt, in describing the richness of the American forests, the many-coloured birds, and noble creatures belonging to many species of animals, relates how an old Indian who had been brought up in the house of an ecclesiastic remarked, with pious air, 'It is here as in Paradise.' 'But,' adds the famous traveller, 'the gentle peace of the primitive golden age does not reign in the paradise of these American animals, they stand apart, watch and avoid each other.' In presence of the glory of the world, we are often ready to exclaim with the Indian steersman, 'It is here as in Paradise;' but the slightest observation shows the trail of the serpent right through the sheen of the sun, the bloom of the planet, and the pride of man—the trail which means confusion, antagonism, suffering, ruin and death. Leopardi saw the broad trail of blood, and insists that everybody else shall see it. In one of his Dialogues he thus addresses Nature:

'I have been over the whole earth, testing every country, and seeking nothing for myself but a life of tranquillity. But in vain. The tropical sun burnt me; the Arctic cold froze me; in temperate regions the changeability of the weather troubled me; and everywhere I have experienced the fury of the elements. I have been in places where not a day passes without a storm, and where you, O Nature! are incessantly at war with simple people who have never done you any harm. In other places cloudless skies are compensated for by frequent earthquakes, active volcanoes and subterranean commotions. Elsewhere hurricanes and whirlwinds take the place of other scourges. Rivers have burst their banks, and pursued me . . . Wild beasts tried to devour me without the least provocation on my part. Serpents have sought to poison or crush me; and I have been nearly killed by insects. I make no mention of the daily hazards by which man is surrounded. These last are so numerous that an ancient philosopher laid down a rule, that to resist the constant influence of fear, it were well to fear everything . . . I naturally conclude that you are the avowed enemy of man, and all other creatures of your creation. Sometimes alluring, at other times menacing; now attacking, now striking, now pursuing, now destroying; you are always engaged in tormenting us. Either by habit or necessity you are the enemy of your own family, and the executioner of your own flesh and bood. As for me, I have lost all hope. Experience has proved to me that though it be possible to escape from men and their persecutions, it is impossible to coax you, who will never cease tormenting us until you have trodden us under foot.'

Again, Leopardi was correct in regarding the vast wretchedness of our race as springing from some profound 'fault of our nature,' and not the result of unfortunate circumstances. It is usual for sceptical writers to maintain that only in miserable, hopeless and oppressed conditions do men become discontented with life, and feel the need of religious consolations. Facts, however, do not bear out this assertion. It is precisely in nature's fairest scenes and life's choicest conditions that the most cheerless views of existence are proclaimed, and the need of supernatural consolation most

vividly felt. 'There is no profit under the sun.' 'Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me: for all is vanity and vexation of spirit.' '*Under the sun.*' Yes, it is here rather than in the shade that men realize most vividly the insufficiency and misery of human life. 'Under the sun.' Not from the frozen North, with its rigours, comes the bitter cursing of life; but from the East, with its rich landscapes, its gorgeous life, its grand history, its brilliant civilization. 'Under the sun!' Not in ages of disaster, oppression and suffering have we the impeachment of life, but in epochs of wealth, triumph and splendour. 'Under the sun.' Not amongst the toiling classes is life known as such a hopeless burden, as in palatial dwellings, where culture, fortune, and greatness leave nothing for the senses to desire. It is a mistake, easily corrected, to suppose that disgust with life is bred of defeat and hunger. Pessimism is an owl that hoots at noon; the hemlock grows luxuriantly in the sun.

Leopardi is another illustration of this. The Italians are a gay race, their land famous for poetry, music and eloquence; and we might expect that with all the brightness of their clime and all the brilliance of their genius, they would know no more of despair than, to use a Chinese expression, the 'butterfly knows of ice.' But from this very land and people do we hear most mournful complaints of 'the unblessed and terrible secret of life;' its great poets are full of the vanity and sadness of existence. Leopardi was grandly gifted, his lot was full of rare chances, and rich with the materials of happiness; but, *having rejected the spiritual significance of life*, he found fame, riches, learning, art, science, greatness, so many empty, mocking shells which his great soul loathed; and he had the sincerity to say so. A shallow secularism is ever prating of the efficacy of leisure, abundance, knowledge and pleasure; but profounder souls in all ages witness that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,' and that the secret of life's woe is, apart from all circumstances, deep down in the soul itself.

Another great truth in the writings of Leopardi, is the incompetence of natural knowledge to secure human happiness. No great scholar or thinker has ever written with greater contempt of the progress of knowledge than Leopardi did. He felt how awful and chronic was the anarchy of the world, the malady of life, and saw clearly that a larger knowledge of the universe and of himself would only dispel illusions which 'charm our pained steps over the burning marl,' and fill our breast with a new and intolerable anguish. Rousseau, from the optimistic point of view, held that the increase of knowledge and the advance of civilization corrupted society and filled it with misery; and so persuaded was he of the superiority of barbarism to the knowledge of art and literature, that he declared, if he were a chief of an African tribe, he would erect on his frontier a gallows, on which he would hang without mercy the first European who should venture to pass into his territory, and the first native who should dare to pass out of it. Leopardi, holding a diametrically opposite philosophy, thoroughly agrees with Rousseau in his proscription of knowledge. Both maintain that the lotus-eaters can alone be happy; and if men take to eating books, however sweet these may seem in their mouth for the moment, they will prove bitter in their belly, and the change of diet will be deeply deplored.

And have not events to a large extent justified the anticipations of these philosophers? Since Rousseau and Leopardi wrote, the most wonderful advancement has been made in science; we have penetrated the heavens above us, comprehended the earth beneath us, apprehended the forces around us, dissected ourselves, and with what result? With increasing knowledge we realize the tremendous severity of our environment, with increasing culture our susceptibilities of suffering are enlarged, and all thinking men who reject revealed truth, feel a sorrow of soul greater than their fathers felt. Science has coldly and sternly brushed aside the honeysuckle and the rose, and shown us that all the chambers of nature are stained with blood, wet with tears, and dark with the shadow of death.

Mr. Charles Edwardes, who translates Leopardi's *Essays*, whilst acknowledging that the bliss of ignorance is rudely dispelled by the cold hand of science, and that civilization has increased suffering, goes on to ask, 'But must this necessarily continue? May not the same progress which exposes the wound find the salve to heal it? We trust and think so, in spite of all assertions to the contrary.'

Men are, of course, fully at liberty to trust and hope, but we can only prophesy rationally along the lines of history; and remembering that hitherto the increase of knowledge has been the increase of sorrow, it is certainly in defiance of analogy and logic that we predict the diminution of mental suffering through further developments of science and philosophy. That the progress which has exposed our wound, and hitherto been a corrosive to it, will find some healing salve, is, we must submit, a groundless and forlorn hope. Leopardi reasoned most justly when he contended that the sorrow of life will never be removed, but on the contrary, only aggravated, by the progress of natural knowledge.

(*To be concluded.*)

WOMAN'S WORK IN INDIA.

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A.

(*Concluded from page* 445.)

In six or seven weeks after her arrival, Miss Swain commenced a Medical class of sixteen girls from the Orphanage, the same girls whom Mr. and Mrs. Thomas had been preparing in hope of such an opening. Great change; from an abandoned orphan to a medical student! At the end of three years, an examining board of three doctors passed thirteen out of the sixteen, and certificated them for practice in all ordinary diseases. They had been trained by being set to help in the dispensing of medicine, to take charge of the sick in the orphanage, and to accompany Miss Swain on her visits in the city and the Christian village. Now they went forth from the orphanage with the means not only of obtaining their own living, but of ameliorating the lot of others. Surely kind Charity never did look kinder than when she is seen taking in at her door, from off the highway, a shock of disgusting hair covering a shrinking mass of childish skin and bone, and then sending forth a fair woman, clothed, lettered, Christianized, and skilled, the starveling waif transformed into the benefactor of society.

From the beginning, the necessity of a hospital for women had pressed

itself upon the attention of Miss Swain. But this was a project demanding heavy outlay. Yet every week brought some fresh token of its necessity. Native gentlemen said that their ladies would not object to go to a hospital superintended by a lady physician. Near to the Mission House was a beautiful site for such an hospital, but the ground belonged to a Mohammedan prince, and the price of it seemed to place it beyond all hope. They could only pray, and this the members of the Mission had long done. The proprietor was the Nawab of Rampore, a prince who had boasted that the Missionaries never could make their way into his city. Yet as time went on, it became evident that if the hospital, which had many a time been built in the hearts of the ladies of the Mission, was ever to be built in brick and mortar, it must be on the ground owned by the avowed enemy of the Gospel.

At last they were advised by Mr. Drummond, the Commissioner, to apply direct to His Highness for the estate. Probably Mr. Drummond at the same time used some friendly offices, in a quiet way, with persons influential at the Court of Rampore. Instead of their approach to the royal city being made difficult, they found that, through the friendly influence of the Dewan, His Highness had posted horses for them at each of the six stages of the way. Therefore those 'poor beggars,' as Mrs. Thomas calls them, found themselves, somewhat to their own surprise, faring along in a coach and four, with two footmen, an outrider, and regular relays of horses from stage to stage. For the last stage they were joined by an escort of three mounted soldiers. On entering the city gates they were received with low salaams, and the children cried 'long life and prosperity.' They were driven to a fine house, and magnificently served. At breakfast they counted twenty dishes, and dinner gave up counting in despair. Two carriages were sent to drive them round the city, and a message came from the Nawab saying that, being specially engaged with his prayers, he could not see them that evening.

Next morning, after being taken round to several palaces and gardens, they were driven into the gateway of the royal residence. A cannon frowned directly in face of them, and as they passed five royal elephants made their salaams. When they reached the presence-chamber, His Highness rose, smiled, and held out his hand. He seated Mrs. Thomas on his right, next to her the doctor, Miss Swain, and next to her Mrs. Parker, another lady of the Mission. After them came the gentlemen, then the friendly Dewan, and the Chief Magistrate. I seem to be writing incredible records of social revolution. That chair in the Zenana of a Brahman on which his wife was told to sit down in his presence, was portentous. And now this giving of honour at a Mohammedan Court to the weaker vessel in preference to the stronger, is no less disturbing to old, established ideas of social order in India. They talked to His Highness of his palaces, gardens, taste, and so forth, while he smoked his hookah, looking increasingly pleased. But there was a great speech weighing on Mr. Thomas's heart, which, his wife archly says, he had been preparing for a week in his best Hindustani, and with his best reasons.

After a while the Dewan arose and whispered to his royal master. The Nawab nodded assent. The Dewan then gave Mr. Thomas a hint that the moment was come. His wife says that he began 'with as much shyness and blushing as a school-girl.' We have in England a popular superstition that the air of America

absolutely heals the inhabitants of all such infirmities. It may be that coming so much into contact in India with Britons, had revived in Mr. Thomas the ancestral false shame which cruelly dogs the steps of our island race. He said, then, amidst his blushes, that he desired to procure, on some terms, the estate in Bareilly belonging to His Highness, for the purpose of building upon it a hospital for women. His Highness smiled graciously. 'Take it,' he said, 'take it; I *give* it to you with much pleasure for that purpose.'

Their hearts were all full, their thanks were silently poured out to God. 'We have prayed for it,' says Mrs. Thomas, 'for years; but never absolutely wanted it as a present. And now we have it.' The generous Nawab had their warmest acknowledgments. The gift comprised a garden, with two fine old wells, a great brick house, and forty-two acres of land; worth in all, three thousand pounds. And all this given when Mr. Thomas had only opened his lips; and now his fine speech 'of no use!' Ah! speeches composed in the heart, with prayers and cares, and hopes and fears, have a strange way, sometimes, of doing their work without ever being delivered. Such speeches appear now and then to acquire the power of discharging themselves into the breasts of others by subtler channels, without waiting to go by the way of sound.

Our company of 'beggars' turned their faces again towards Bareilly, crying, 'So we are to have a hospital for women in India!' Was there at that moment in all India another company as rich, as full to overflowing with the enjoyment of the bounties of Providence? Whoever could have read the imagination of the thought of their hearts, would have probably seen, alternating with prayers for the bountiful prince of Rampore, pictures of wan forms regaining the hue of strength, of hopeless sufferers soothed in their anguish, of heathen women hearkening to the never-ending story of redeeming love and 'saving health.' And they had their hospital. The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church found them about two thousand pounds. The grounds were laid out, the old house adapted, and new buildings added to the Nawab's bounty. Thus were provided apartments for single missionary ladies, dispensaries, a clinical room, and three separate suits of hospital accommodation, one each for Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians respectively. One use of the clinical room seems rather uncommon. Native ladies arriving in their doolies, or light palankeens, would be carried right into the room, and, with one curtain drawn aside, would continue lying in the doolie, and there be prescribed for. One young and pretty lady arriving in charge of her husband, it was found that the vehicle could not be got into the room; and there were men about. What was to be done? Miss Swain tried to persuade the poor gentleman that an umbrella would sufficiently protect his wife from unwelcome eyes. But no; he must have two; and so defended she effected the passage.

After a while the hospital patients numbered fifty, of whom six were high-caste Hindus. These brought their families with them. One brought three conveyances with her husband, three children, sister, and no less than twelve servants, besides furniture and provisions. To Miss Swain the husband was not welcome; but the lady said that she could not stay without him, 'their friends would give them a bad name.' One patient said, 'May I not come here every year and stay a while, even if I am not sick? I like to walk out in the garden here; if I walk out at home, my friends

and neighbours think I am very bad.'

After having passed through an arduous season of epidemic, Miss Swain found the fifth year of her service more satisfactory than any previous one. Then her health broke down, and she was forced to retreat to her native air. The convalescence was slow, but after four years of absence, she was once more welcomed, very joyfully welcomed, by old friends and new, back to her post again.

Mrs. Gracey tells us that when the vacancy took place, prayer was made without ceasing by the ladies, that a successor worthy of the work might be raised up. Lucilla H. Green, of New Jersey, had first studied at Pennington Seminary, then taken her degree at the Women's College in Philadelphia, in which city she had further spent several months in the Hospital for Women and Children. Her accomplishments promised a successful career at home. Her spirit hailed the call to a missionary sphere. Like other Missionaries, she had learned to sing her way across the sea. With the pine-clad sand-hills of New Jersey fresh in memory behind her, and the hospital with its dusky occupants rising in the mind's eye before her, she sang:

'That Holy Helper liveth yet,
My Friend and Guide to be;
The Healer of Gennesaret
Shall walk the rounds with me.'

From the spot she gives an account of the two assistants whom she found prepared to her hand, Rebecca Gowan and Bertha Siegler. They had both been brought up in the Orphanage. Rebecca spent two years in Dr. Humphrey's Medical Class. She was now a well-educated, zealous young Christian, losing no opportunity of preaching Christ to the sufferers. She assisted in examining patients, and preparing medicines. 'When I am away for a few days,' says Miss Green, 'she fills my place very well.' Bertha had been brought to the Orphanage, a waif of six years old, so frightened by ill treatment, that she not only screamed at those who had to deal with her, but bit them. Tamed, trained, converted, she was now a keen, bright student, writing prescriptions so well that Miss Green did not hesitate when absent to leave her register-book in her hand.

Miss Green gives a full and lively description of her visitors at the dispensary on a single morning. On entering she receives the salutation of the assistants, and of several women seated on the floor. Clean white clothes and bright faces tell her that these are native Christians. Next comes the wife of a rich merchant in costly array, and she retreats to her carriage with great precaution against male eyes. A Mohammedan woman, with a kindly, trusty face follows. A mother brings two puny children, and holds a branch to prevent Miss Doctor Sahiba from putting any 'evil spirit into them.' The spirit she would like to put in is eggs and milk and meat, but animal food she must not name. Then a low-caste creature wonders if the like of her will be attended to, and goes away happy. Another woman wants to see if the doctor knows anything, and the two have a trial of their wits. One ragged woman, with 'superfluous dirt,' has 'the usual' dozen bracelets on each arm, and five rings in each ear. The clinking of anklets and the rustle of rich dress announce two ladies from a zenana visited every week. A sweet, gentle woman is a native Christian, and 'a jewel indeed.' 'You would feel,' says Miss Green, 'like putting your arms round her and calling her sister.' Some Hill women come in blue, tall and handsome. A Mohammedan gentleman brings his wife and children. She will not take a seat while her lord stands, nor will she speak in his pre-

sence. When he turns his back she does so, and very winningly.

Miss Green finds that when asked their age, most of these women say, in a helpless sort of way, 'How should I know?' or 'The news has not yet reached me.' It is said that there are other countries besides India in which news of their correct age has not yet reached the ladies, and in which the longer it is waited for the further does it seem from arriving.

Miss Green married Mr. Cheney, a Missionary of her own Society, and removed to Nynee Tal. Among cases occurring in her practice there, she mentions being called to see a dying girl. She was about to give her something to revive her, but the father, who was out, had given strict orders that no medicine should be given till he returned. The doctor must tell what the medicine was and how it would act, and he would judge. It was useless to urge that the girl was dying. The father must be obeyed, and she did die.

In less than ten years from the day when Dr. Humphrey first gathered his pupils, there stood, on the last day of September, a group in the beautiful cemetery of Nynee Tal around a grave—one of those graves so often opened in India at a sudden command of cholera. Their hearts were very heavy, and their eyes more than full. The clods that fell on the coffin of Lucilla H. Cheney buried large hopes—hopes raised by good services already done, by broad foundations laid with vigour; and by that something in a young and consecrated labourer which inspires others with the confidence that the bud of to-day will be the blossom of to-morrow, and that the blossom of to-day will be fruit by and by. Thus in the same place where had assembled the first class in India for Female Medical Missionary Students, was dug the first grave of a lady physician. And all down the winding vale of time will those two reminiscences flow along, like two noiseless silver rills, side by side with the pathway of the Missionary Church of Nynee Tal.

In Lucknow, where not many years previously all the furies of war had been raging, Miss Monelle found that her character of lady physician opened her way into houses which had never been entered by a Christian. In one touching case she was called to the wife of a Nawab, who for four days had been in critical circumstances, having all the native help available for miles around, but in vain. Accompanied by a lady of the Mission and a native female, Miss Monelle hastened over a distance of twenty miles, in part through jungle. At the palace she was led through yards full of elephants and horses, through a court, and finally into the zenana. There she found sixty women in gorgeous apparel staring at her from among their trinkets. In the middle of the room, on a low couch, lay the sufferer.

A messenger from the Nawab commanded that a Christian hand should not touch the Begum till her father had given his consent; and as he was sleeping, they must wait. Waiting in such a crisis, on such a pretext, soon became intolerable. The lady who had come with Miss Monelle, taking with her the native attendant, sallied out of the zenana, and ventured to attack some threescore Mussulman gentlemen sitting in conclave. To her vehement representations they replied that they knew it all, but no one must disturb the Nawab. 'Somebody must do it,' cried the Christian lady, 'the Begum must have relief, or she will die.' After weary pleading, some one did, with trembling, venture to awake the slumbering dignitary. He came forth in rich robes, with gold mitre-cap, and as he advanced,

the nobles and retainers, parting to let him take the post of honour, salaamed profoundly. But no one dared to speak. They stood 'as dumb as so many oysters.' One can imagine how the blood boiled in the veins of that American woman to see all this delicacy about forms, and this insensibility to the life-peril of a young wife, and possible mother. After a long time they did gently hint that something ought to be done. The great man announced his pleasure that the doctor should report the exact state of his child, and then he could consider the case. The doctor needed not to wait so long. She reported extreme peril. Then came to her the husband in person to take her professional opinion. Could she relieve the Begum without medicine? She could not promise to do so. 'Will you promise that medicine will positively cure her?' This, again, she could not do. Then fell from the lips of the Nawab a final sentence which was twofold: a sentence for the doctor, of bitterness, for the patient, of death. 'To take medicine from a Christian would break caste, and since you will not promise to cure her, she must die.' On her way back to Lucknow in the dead of the night, Miss Monelle forgot the wild beasts, forgot the highwaymen, forgot the gloom, forgot all things but God and those hopeless faces which arose before her even in the darkness. She cries out, 'This young and beautiful creature died of caste.'

Mrs. Parker, the wife of a Missionary at Moradabad, had for twenty years prepared in that city the way for a lady physician, by successful practice of her own. She had distributed medicines in the city, in the villages, on the road sides. She had visited the sick. She had spent days in personally attending those stricken with fever and cholera; herself being several times brought low by disease. 'I have seen the natives,' says Mrs. Gracey, 'prostrate themselves before her,' to procure her help. She had two native *medical Bible-women:* Shullock, trained in the original class at Nynee Tal, and Jane Plummer, trained in Miss Swain's class at Bareilly. These were willing and capable, and both in the city and villages opened the way into many houses. In one village Shullock had access to every house. When Mrs. Parker visited it during an epidemic, all, both high and low, took medicines. That represents a very great change, and a giving way of one of the outworks of caste.

But Mrs. Parker longed for a lady physician. At last she was able to welcome Miss Julia Lore, who, after she had taken her degree, had spent a year in the hospitals in Boston. Miss Lore, in addition to house and zenana practice, aimed at a dispensary. She succeeded in obtaining one. Apparently she expected the pretty array of bottles, glasses, books and so forth to produce an effect. But after spending a morning or two waiting in vain for a patient, she began to reflect that such attractions were not potent with 'the feminine mind of Moradabad.' After a few more mornings spent without a single visitor, she came to feel that if the establishment was to be called a dispensary, it must be on the principle of taking the will for the deed. Finally, on the seventh day appeared an old nurse with a boy and a girl. Miss Lore records that the first item entered in the prescription-book was Castile soap, which she adds is 'a most excellent remedy for many Indian ills.' From that day a steady increase of applicants converted the dispensary into a reality. The opening up of private houses and zenanas went on at the same time.

Called suddenly to a woman of

sixty, whom she found emaciated and dying with chronic dysentery, Miss Lore had a hope of saving her life, seeing how complete had been the absence of anything like rational treatment. But the old woman would not risk her caste. Not one drop of liquid from impure hands should pass her lips. A single pill she did accept, but never another. Three days after she had been burned on the river's brink, Miss Lore and Mrs. Parker found her three daughters-in-law sitting on the floor, and they did not rise. For this they apologized, saying that custom required them, on the death of the mother of their husbands, to pass six months of mourning, eating only at night, sitting on the floor from daylight to dark and doing nothing. The youngest was a mere girl, with a 'wee' baby in her arms. They had all been at the funeral, had bathed in thin dresses, and taken a long walk home, 'and made themselves miserable.' The eldest, under her breath, confessed that it was a bad custom. In a happier case, though her medicines were at first refused, and her skill obviously distrusted by the ladies of a really superior family, who could themselves read and did read, Miss Lore succeeded after a while by doggedly insisting on having her prescriptions followed, and became a great favourite. By helping their bodies a way was opened to their hearts.

One night at eleven o'clock she was called to a family of the upper classes. Accompanied by her native assistant, Jane, she was led up narrow, winding, steep staircases, through narrow passages, into a low, damp room, dimly lighted and devoid of furniture. On a bedstead about a foot high, with a few rags about her and beneath her, lay a young creature of about seventeen, her life slowly leaving her; no arm to support her, no one to turn to for a word of comfort. Miss Lore made every possible effort to soothe and comfort her. Every time she fainted, the old mother-in-law would hasten off to cry, 'At last she's dead; she's dead!' The physician could hardly get the medicine properly administered. At last the moment came when she had to lay back on the hard little pillow the lifeless head, and at that moment there was not a creature in the room but Jane! Every one of the noisy, helpless, stony-hearted women had run off! Then arose a horrid din; wails and howls, and invocations of Ram, Ram! The white physician and her brown assistant walked away under the stars, reflecting on the want of fellow-feeling they had just witnessed, and on the fact that in a couple of hours the poor young form would be burning by the river-side. But they were walking towards a contrast.

In the Mission 'compound' lay Jennie, a young Christian mother, the wife and the daughter of Christians. By her side had Miss Lore for days been hour after hour fighting a close battle with death. Jennie was surrounded by loving hearts and very careful hands. By their extreme attention Miss Lore had hoped that the battle might be won. But the end was coming. The little boy was already gone. With the mother the flame of life flickered lower and lower. In this case the mother-in-law was the physician's chief reliance. Day and night she ministered with cheerful patience; no effort was too great for her. So did they gently wait on Jennie down the slope towards the touch of the cold stream, smoothing the descent by every device of skill and affection. In the cool of the last day she lay on her bed in the verandah. Some of the girls from the school gathered round her, and amid her pains she spoke kindly to

each of them. Then they sang some hymns, and Jennie said she was happy in doing the Lord's will. Even then she hoped to go back to her village and 'tell more women of the wonderful love and comfort of the Saviour.' But she was close to the gate of the city, and was called to enter in.

BUDDHISM IN CHINA.

BY THE REV. F. J. MASTERS, OF CANTON.

FIRST PAPER.

WHAT causes have led to the apparent success in China of a religion so unsuited to the Chinese as the Buddhism of India, and how far is its dissemination instructive to the Christian teacher of to-day? It is the existence of this foreign element, whether as a separate growth or as an element incorporated with other religions without coalescing, that has to be accounted for.

The common objection to Christianity in China is, that it is an importation from Western countries, good enough no doubt for its native soil, but like an exotic plant, utterly unadapted to the climatic conditions of the far East, where no foreign religion has any chance of success. The objector is generally silenced by being reminded that, though Confucianism and Taoism were religions of indigenous growth, Buddhism was essentially a foreign religion, which, if unable to supplant native systems, had at least secured for itself a firm footing by their side.

The monuments of Buddhism in China to-day, and its visible results, bear witness to some kind of influence which it has exerted upon the past of the nation. Its existence to-day in some form, however undefinable its position may be, is an indubitable fact. Whatever modifications it has undergone through natural selection, whatever eliminations on the one hand and accretions on the other it has experienced, and how wide soever it has departed from its primitive form, we cannot shut our eyes to the existence of a foreign element in Chinese Buddhism, which, if it has lost its proper individuality and become interwoven into the texture of the religious life of the empire, possesses still an individuality of another kind, as distinct as the woof from the warp in their own silken fabrics.

The growth of Chinese Buddhism has never yet been satisfactorily traced, nor have the causes of its extension been fully investigated. An exhaustive history of its missions remains to be written. It is to be regretted that so able a scholar as Dr. Edkins has not devoted a chapter or two in his recent work on *Chinese Buddhism* to the discussion of a question so interesting to the student of religions, and especially to those engaged in the propagation, in China, of a new faith.

It is not pretended in a paper like this to give the results of any original investigation, or to make any scientific generalization of these causes; but to collect a few well-known facts and present them in a popular form, for the benefit of those who have given little attention to this, one of the three great Missionary Religions of the world.

Without taking any part of the question at the beginning of this paper for granted, it will be well to notice first in what respects this Hindoo faith was unsuited to the Chinese mind, language, thought, and habits.

The first difficulty that met these Indian Missionaries lay in the uncon-

genial mental soil into which this new faith was to be transplanted; in other words, the ethnological distinction between the Hindoo and Chinese mind. If it is possible to delineate the national traits and race proclivities of Western lands, where the incessant tides of emigration have tended to obliterate fixity of type, it is possible to do this with greater exactness in Oriental countries, where caste distinctions and tribal and national barriers have been too rigid to admit of race fusion.

When it is remembered that few countries present such a uniformity of type as India and China respectively, it will be seen how favourable are the conditions for comparison. The difference between the Hindoo and the Chinese mind is too marked to be mistaken. The mental soil which generated and nourished the first germs of Buddhism, was a strange contrast with the hard, rough soil into which it was afterwards transplanted. Johnson, in his *Oriental Religions* (*India*), has brought out this contrast very forcibly. 'The Hindoo mind,' says he, 'is subtle, introversive and contemplative. It spins its ideals out of its brain-substance, and may properly be called *cerebral*. The Chinese, busy with plodding, uninspired labour, dealing with pure ideals with but little result, yet wonderfully efficient in the world of concrete facts and uses, may be defined as *muscular*.'

Every reader of Macaulay's *Essays* will remember the picture of the Bengalee in his *Warren Hastings*. The effeminacy of his physical organization, his sedentary habits, delicate limbs, languid movements, his lack of courage, independency and manly qualities, are given as marks of the national character. Contrast this with our Chinaman: the muscular physique, the enduring frame that can hammer away from week end to week end, without a Sunday's rest; that can jog along in his undeviating old wheel-rut, ever grinding out the same results, ever hammering out the same monotonous details, till the soul has got hammered away too, and leaves the man a mere machine. With the Aryan Hindoo, we have a tendency to pure thought rather than pure muscle; an excessive love of abstraction and subtle speculation. His Rig Veda sings about 'the deep sea of mind,' and all his philosophy glows with a radiant imagination. His life is dissolved in transcendental dreams and mystic reveries. Manliness and physical vigour pass into softness and sentimentalism. An enervating climate, and an atmosphere impregnated with perfumes, lulls him into a state of dreamy abstraction, and his thoughts are lost in the blue depths of those Indian skies, the symbol of that eternal rest for which he craves.

But our Chinaman is too intensely practical for such 'up-in-a-balloon' vagaries. 'A band of plodding utilitarians,' says Johnson, very truly, 'sternly adherent to things actual and positive, who insist that the world is the plainest of facts and needs no explanation . . . a hard-working world where a seventh-day's rest is an impertinence.' What had they to do with dreamland? What sympathy could these hard, practical-minded, matter-of-fact sons of toil have with those visionary metaphysicians from the plains of the Ganges? And what hope of their subtle speculations taking hold upon such a tough-skinned mass of opacity as they found here?

But there was another difficulty which met Buddhist Missionaries on their first arrival. The medium or vehicle by which a foreign faith can be conveyed to the hearts of a strange

people, is a problem perplexing enough to modern Missionaries in China, but immeasurably more so to the Buddhists from India. With a faith, the earlier form of which was presented to men more as a philosophy than a religion, there was little choice of means. The tongue and the pen were the only weapons upon which they could rely. A knowledge of the spoken and written language, two very distinct acquirements, and the dissemination of a literature intelligible to the Chinese, and sufficiently elegant to suit their fastidious tastes, were indispensable pre-requisites to success. An enormous task lay before them when they lifted their philosophy out of flexible Sanscrit moulds, and tried to set it to monosyllabic sounds, and place it into those concrete forms which had been crystallizing for centuries into rigid shapes.

But it was not so much a question of translating into forms already at hand, as of inventing new modes of expression to embody a mass of ideas that transcended the Chinaman's sphere of thought, and the capacity of his language to express. They found the literature of the *Five King* and the language of Confucius rude and rough compared with that of their Vedic Hymns. Chinese is not the language of inspiration and poetry; no word-hold for brains throbbing with leaping thought do its literature and dialects afford; no liquid depths for Buddhist lotus-flowers to take root amidst its desiccated refuse. It is too inflexible for anything but the prosiest of prose, and the most stereotyped ideas. Every modern Missionary knows how difficult it is to find Chinese equivalents for theological and philosophical terms and phrases, and that difficulty would have been immeasurably increased but for the labours of Buddhist Missionaries. We are indebted to them for a good deal of our Theological vocabulary,* for characters upon which they have stamped new meanings, and for a stock of terms foreign to old Chinese literature, which they have domesticated and made ready for our use.

We can hardly estimate the magnitude of the task of not only rendering foreign ideas, but all those proper names with which Buddhist literature is so crowded, and to which so much importance is attached, into a language so utterly unresponsive to such ideas, and so unfitted for such sounds. It was like taking one of Beethoven's Sonatas from a Brinsmead's 'double grand,' and trying to make it go on a three-stringed Chinese fiddle. It could not be done well; the wonder is that it could be done at all. We are not surprised to find a hash made of all foreign names. It was unavoidable that Sanscrit names should be written, as Johnson says, 'in false phonetics, and that philosophical and religious terms should be rendered by ideographs, which expressed their abstract meaning in a figurative and concrete way.'

The number of books to be translated only increased the difficulty. It will help us to realize the stupendous task which lay before these Buddhist Missionaries, when we remember that, notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions in translating a literature of over two thousand volumes, it was not till the year 1410, nearly seventeen centuries after the first introduction of Buddhism, that the Chinese obtained a complete translation of the Buddhist canon. That such a task was ever undertaken is surprising, considering the difficulties with which it was beset; but that it should have been persevered in through these long centuries, and accomplished with such a measure of success, affords us one of the

* See Edkins' *Buddhism*, ch. xxii. Trübner and Co.

most extraordinary examples of religious industry in the history of the world.

But the difficulty above all was the incongruity of Buddhist teachings with Chinese philosophy and the national faith. The pure Hindoo system, such as it must have been at its first propagation, evidently stood at the very antipodes of the popular belief and of all Chinese lines of thought. To understand this difficulty, Buddhism must be considered now in its pure native form; and must not be confused with that modern and adulterated shape which it has assumed through adaptation. Anything like an exposition of these multitudinous points of conflict would manifestly outgrow the limits of a paper like this. One or two illustrations will suffice. Take the Theologies of these two systems. Nothing is more bewildering to the student of religions than the question, 'Who or what was the Indian Buddhists' God?' By some writers, primitive Buddhism is described as a system of blank atheism, a view which manifestly denies it any claim to be considered a religion at all. To call that teaching a *religion* which professedly 'pursues the destruction of every germ and principle of existence,' is clearly a misnomer, unless it be resolved into a hideous worship of a nonentity, or at best an apotheosis of heroes.

According to some writers, the idea of a Supreme Being is nowhere mentioned by Buddha, who in his disputations with the Brahmans combats their notions of God by arguments which none but a pronounced atheist could employ. If, then, Buddha knew no god, and his followers have no god but an annihilated Buddha, who never claimed to be anything more than a weak, struggling mortal like everybody else, religious worship in such circumstances is unthinkable. Had this been the teaching offered to the Chinese as a religion, it is next to certain that such a grossly irrational and self-contradictory system would never have found a single adherent. But Buddhism is not a system of atheism to-day, and never was so, if we are to believe the best writers on the subject, and the most intelligent of Buddhist priests. In the esoteric schools of Buddhism there was the same kind of speculation as in certain phases of modern thought at home to-day; and arguments that remind one of some pages in Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*, and Mansel's Bampton Lectures. 'That abstraction,' says Edkins, 'which is the pantheist's god, may, without violence to the meaning of words, be considered as the corresponding term to *Buddha* in this system. For God, as the absolute, is the state towards which nature and man are returning, a description which answers to the notion here alluded to, of the *state* called Buddha.'

In short, early Buddhism recognised no personal god, but ascribed creation, preservation and destruction of the universe, to an ever-changing impersonal fate. It does not deny the existence of 'lords many, and gods many,' but it says that personality is a defect; personality individualizes; that which is individual and relative cannot be universal and absolute, and what is not universal and absolute is not God.*

Such were the teachings of the Sankhya school of philosophy from which Sakyamuni† borrowed his pantheistic notions, and such, probably, were the teachings of the

* See Beal's *Catena*.

† The founder of Buddhism—sometimes called Gautama, from the name of his clan, and after death Buddha.

early Buddhists in China. As to the worship of Buddha—*the state to which Sakyamuni attained in Nirvana*—it is simply the worship of an ideal man, the veneration of his memory, the commemoration of his life on earth. His statues were the representation of this human ideal, whose holy deeds and self-denying life men were encouraged to imitate. Whatever he subsequently became in the minds of ignorant worshippers, he was never regarded as an existent being after the Nirvana had been attained, much less a being to whom divine attributes were ascribed. He was simply human in life, attained *Buddha-extinction* at death, and was apotheosized centuries after by his inconsistent and superstitious followers.

It scarcely needs to be pointed out how opposed this teaching was to the minds of the Chinese and the teaching of their own classics. It will not do to take Chü Hi's interpretation of Confucian books, because it is well known how deeply he had become imbued with Indian thought. The text must be taken as it stands, or as it was understood when Buddhism was introduced. Nothing can be plainer than that the *Shang-ti* (Supreme Ruler) of the classics (whether we identify him with our God or not) is there represented as an intelligent Providence, a prayer-hearing and heart-discerning God. The *Shi King* gives him almost a Jehovah-like personality. He surveys the world, receives the service of men, seeks out men for rulers, gives counsel to King *Wan*, and powers of judgment to King *Ke*. He smells the sweet savour of sacrifices, and protects and blesses mankind. Upon the good he sends down the 'hundred blessings,' and upon the evil the 'hundred calamities.'

Whether *Tien* (Heaven) is identical with the Supreme Ruler or not, the same personality is predicated of him. Heaven is compassionate and unwearied in blessing men; is invoked against injustice and implored for pity; protects the inferior people by giving them rulers; and gives tranquillity to the empire. He is the giver of riches and honours, and the source of bodily and spiritual life. He is pleased with virtuous men, but they who sin against him have none to whom they can pray.

The personality of these deities might be shown by multiplied quotations. These are sufficient to show how opposed the theology of Buddhism, whether viewed as a system of atheism or of pantheism, must have been to their conceptions of a Divine personality, and how revolting to their feelings, how outraging to their every prejudice, to see their personal Shang-ti and Tien dethroned, and substituted by an empty nothingness, or to see foreign Buddhas and Bodhisattwas of earthly origin set up on their vacant thrones.

And now it may be enquired how far the main *object* of this teaching was likely to find acceptance with the Chinese. Was its object to teach men how to live, how to be good subjects and citizens, to be useful members of society, dutiful sons, loving brothers, and faithful friends; how to serve God and their generation, and finally live with Him for ever? Had that been the end in view, how many thousands of Chinese voices, we can imagine, would have called out their welcome to such teachers! Sakyamuni taught nothing of the kind. Everything earthly was unreal. The present world, with its political, social and family relations, was to be ignored. Men were to live oblivious of its very existence. No such thing as re-

formation was possible for a world that was radically and irremediably bad. No salvation was possible, but in the extinction of human desires, and then of human existence. The greatest happiness is never to have been born, or if born, to be borne back to that nothingness from whence man came. Life was a curse, and the world a prison-house, or an ocean of misery. The very essence of all sentient life was misery. Its highest joys were a delusion, and to eradicate this delusion, to get disenchanted, to break off one by one the chains and trammels of life, till the emancipation came which lifted man off this earthly treadmill, and out of transmigration-coils into the *Nirvana* of unconscious bliss, was the strange promise held out to a people who, of all men, made their home in the actual around them; and who had no idea of happiness apart from its concrete manifestations.

Such a gloomy, despairing view of life was, no doubt, to be attributed largely to the peculiar organization and habits of the Hindoo already referred to. The evils of sedentary occupations and an idle life are well known. An intensely nervous constitution and a feeble body are often accompanied with hypochondria, misanthropy, and discontent with life. And so to the Indian activity was irksome, and his only ideal of happiness was complete quiescence and unconsciousness. The energetic Chinaman feels nothing of this. With a healthy, vigorous frame, and an active life, his very toils are joys, and life full of sweets. It must have been very discouraging to the Missionaries of this nihilistic faith, to find a people whose only happiness was shut up to this world, whose 'five blessings' mentioned in their classics and written over their doors, were real, tangible forms of earthly good, and whose highest ideal of happiness, indeed, was realized in such things as riches, honours, health, long life, and the rearing of that very human life that was to be regarded as such a curse. A great deal of persuasion must have been required to convince the Epicurean Chinese that the world was a prison-house, and this life, with which he was so well satisfied, a curse; or that human nature and the world around were so irremediably bad, when his own Mencius taught the original goodness of the one, and the possible rectification of both.

As to that monstrous doctrine of Buddhism called metempsychosis—that engine that hurls its terrors at all lovers of this world—no demonstration is needed to show how grotesque, if not absolutely hostile, such a notion must have been to the Chinese mind. Let this Epicurean Chinaman cling to his world of sense and his 'five happinesses' if he will, he shall have existence with a vengeance by and by, in lower and lower stages of degradation proportioned to the baseness and bestialness of his pursuits in a former life. Transmigration-miseries and *ti-yuk** horrors are two phases of a purgatory which is to cure this sensual nature of its base animal cravings and love of life, and lead it up through long *kalpas* of time to Nirvana-rest and Buddha-absorption. Until that goal is reached there is no rest; but an incessant ebb and flow of the tides of life, birth and re-birth into states determined by his store of accumulated merit or demerit; either in ascending shapes up to Buddha no-shape, or in descending forms down to worms and slugs.

Not a very bright prospect, truly,

* '*Ti-yuk*' literally means earthly prison, supposed to be situated in the centre of the earth. It is the term used by us to translate the word *Hell*.

for these voluptuaries! Not a very inspiring thought for an ancestor-worshipping people to ponder over! To think of the present possible corporeity of their dead—of that long line of revered ancestors whose spirits, instead of hovering around ancestral shrines, are driven away as hungry, wandering ghosts, or into the bodies of the beasts and reptiles around them, or may-be swallowed up in extinction! Imagine how audacious such speculations about the future life must have sounded to the true followers of him who sacrificed to the spirits as if they were present, but always avoided reference to them, and who when asked about a future state, replied, 'When we know not the mysteries of life, how can we know the mysteries of death?'

There was another point of disagreement between Buddhism and Chinese habits which is seen in those extraordinary demands made upon all converts to this faith, demands which if literally carried out by its professed followers, must be subversive of all the conditions under which political and social life are maintained. The world would not be able to go on; and Sakyamuni really wanted to prevent it going on. What, then, were the requirements of this Apostle of Despair? What answer could he give to the question, 'What must I do to be saved?' What was to be done to escape the dizzy whirl of birth and re-birth, life and death? Whatever preliminary steps a man might take, the final deliverance was only effected by a life of meditation. 'I take my refuge in Buddha, the Law and the Church,' says the neophyte; 'I resolve to imitate him and to renounce the world, which, I believe, is so fleeting and unreal.' All wealth, houses, lands, wife, children were to be given up; all social and family ties severed. He was to assume the monastic garb, to shave the head, and to take vows of everlasting celibacy, poverty, and total abstinence from animal food; and lastly, to enter on that life of meditation and self-abnegation by which alone perfect tranquillity and a happy emancipation from the sorrows and evils of existence are attained. To sit in rapt, mystic contemplation, in a cross-legged attitude, like the Buddha under the Bo-tree;* to seek meditative retirement in forest shades or mountain caves, like Tennyson's Lotus-eaters:

> 'With half-shut eyes ever to seem
> Falling asleep in a half dream,'

and there 'to muse and brood;' or shut up in a cell, to sit in ecstatic trance for nine years, gazing fixedly upon a blank wall or into vacuity, without moving or speaking; until sensation becomes dormant, and a state of mind is attained 'where there are neither ideas nor the idea of the absence of ideas!'—or rather, as rational people would say, till their Buddhahood came to them in the form of physical paralysis and mental imbecility,—such a life of abstraction was the final path, as taught by the earlier Buddhists, by which Nirvana and salvation from the miseries of life could be attained.

How remote this mystical Quietism, this dreamy contemplativeness, was from the busy, practical, garrulous habits of the Chinese, needs little remark. Renunciation of wealth, indeed, for men whose life's great end is to make money! Mendicancy and lazy squatting about, for people who know nothing so disgraceful as beggarhood and idleness, and

* The Bo-tree (*Ficus religiosa*) is supposed to be a descendant of the tree under which Sakyamuni attained perfect knowledge. It is held sacred by the Buddhists of Ceylon, and is planted near to their temples.

nothing so noble as honest toil! Celibacy, for men who know nothing so unfortunate as to be wifeless and childless! Renunciation of the world, for men who, above all mankind, cling to social pleasures and the good things of life! Vegetarianism, for people who know nothing so sweet as a pork chop! Monastic seclusion, for men whose 'whole duty of man' is contained in observing the proper relations between Prince and Minister, Father and Son, Husband and Wife, elder brother and younger, friend and friend, and who know nothing so discreditable as the neglect of the duties of these five relationships—the true observance of which was in their opinion the main quality of differentiating the man from the brute! What possible attraction could such a religion have for the calm-headed disciple of Confucius? What hope of his obeying such impracticable demands? and what chance of such an irrational faith taking root in so uncongenial a soil and so inhospitable a clime as China must have seemed to the first planters of Buddhism.

These are only a few examples of the difficulties which beset the first propagation of Indian Buddhism; but they are sufficient to establish the assertion, made at the commencement of this paper, that it was a religion unsuited to the Chinese.

That it was never extended amongst the masses in its pure native form, that its dissemination in this land in any form was only slow, and has only gained a questionable hold upon the people, will appear in our next paper.

FATE, LAW, AND CHRIST.

BY THE REV. A. H. VINE.

'Proserpina plumbea pede.'
'Rarò antecedentem scelestum
Deserult pede Pœna claudo.'—HORACE.

'There is no such thing as spontaneousness in nature.'—TYNDALL.

'Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.'—PSALM LXXXV. 10.

I.

THEY said of old that Fate was sure,
And by no craft of man was balked;
For though with leaden foot she walked,
She reached at last the sinner's door.

With leaden foot, but iron will,
Where'er the guilty man might dwell,
And fondly hope that all was well,
With faultless scent, she followed still.

He wandered haply o'er the sea,
And bought and sold with large increase,
And clad him in the robes of peace:
—The trail is all confused, thought he,

And gaily carolled—dreamt no wrong:
The uneasy self within his breast
He stroked, and soothed and sang to rest:
'Dear soul, now saunter life along!

'Joy-harvests shall be now thy due!
Nor blasting storms on this new path,
Like winter on the aftermath,
For thy forgotten sin ensue!'

And so, it might be, long years ran
A harmless course, and joined the past:
Then her fierce cry rang out at last,
'Lo, this the hour, and this the man!'

Thus said they in the olden time—
And still they sang how Zeus the great,
Above the Fury and the Fate,
Sat ever on his throne sublime;

Who aye reserved some royal space
(Though lesser gods would oft perplex
With jealousies and counter checks)
Wherein to show a suppliant grace;

—Pure freedom's uncontrolled domain,
Where Fate-tossed souls might shelter find,
And prayer from a submissive mind,
With offerings meet, might answer gain.

II.

A modern page I read of late
—How Law the universe controls;
The soulless taskmaster of souls,
More terrible than ancient Fate,

Extremer, swifter, stronger far,
To whose mechanic government
All powers and forces yield assent,
And ministering agents are.

Yea, Law, I read, is Zeus to-day:
There is no other god than *It*:
The cold *Impersonal* doth sit
And watch the erring world alway.

A thousand tribes their woes rehearse,
Cry to high heaven's remorseless bars,
Cry to the unavailing stars,
Cry through the Arctic universe:

'Is there no Heart that bids us *Come?*
No greater Soul to answer soul?'
From sphere to sphere, from pole to pole,
The new Divinity is dumb;

Nor smiles, nor grieves for men below;
Knits action and the consequence;
And knows no pulse of difference
As the great æons come and go.

An image in a changeless calm,
It turns not from its awful loom;
But weaves the life of man with doom,
And heeds not breath of prayer or psalm.

—Not more unmoved the silent sphinx
When chants of passing pilgrims rise;
Or when the drowning sailor's cries
Are borne across the sandy links.

The wise men chant their pæans—'Hail!
Thou hear'st us not, eternal Mute!
Yet will we sing the Absolute,
Unknowable, Ironical!

Strange Lord art thou of Helicon!
Strange source of love, at love that mocks
The Everlasting Paradox!
The Infinite Automaton!'

If this be god essentially,
Alas that I was ever born!
Or 'suckled in a creed outworn'
Had not long ages ceased to be!

III.

On lonely hills I wandered forth,
And saw a low and burdened sky:
In gloomy file swept slowly by
Titanic clouds from out the north,

And settled round the dark concave:
Between, the thunder-rack clashed fast:
And, lo! a whirlwind hurtled past,
That through the shrinking landscape drave;

And, yoked with fire and black eclipse,
With dreadful noise besieged the town,
And cast the towers and steeples down,
And roaring seaward smote the ships.

'O God,' I cried, 'how strong Thy hand!
I see Thy glory, mighty Lord!
The stroke of Thine avenging word
Nor skies, nor earth, nor seas withstand.,

Yet while within my hiding-place
I looked on all with troubled glance,
The heaven's most awful countenance
Pierced through with light from the far space

—Where flows its fountain undefiled—
Now swiftly melting, cloud by cloud,
(While breezes echoed not too loud)
Relented everywhere and smiled,

And all the earth was asphodels,
And all the air was fluent gold.
I said unto my heart:—'Behold,
Here is a glory that excels.'

And now I read of life and death,
Of sin, and God's Sword-Bearer, Law,
Until as in a glass I saw
A face, like His of Nazareth,

All sad as turned toward Death's goal,
And pale against the stormy skies.
Then round the head began to rise
An arc, like painter's aureole,

Yet clear; and through that lucent dome,
I saw some hovering cherubim;
A naked cross on the world's rim;
And women by an open tomb.

The storm was past, the guerdon won!
And, for the joy before Him set,
That face more marred than any yet,
Was changed, and shone as doth the sun.

I closed the book, and said again:
'Thou art the Man that loved me!
Forgiveness surely is with Thee;
And Thou canst break sin's fateful chain.'

A still, small voice came from above,
The while I couched even to the dust:—
'*God doth forgive, and yet is just:*
And Law is Servant unto Love.'

THE TWENTY-THREE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CONFERENCES HELD AT LEEDS.

BY THE REV. JOHN NAYLER.

THIRD PAPER: 1789-1793.

THE Conference of 1789 was held in Leeds. Mr. Wesley was now in his eighty-seventh year, yet still marvellously active and cheerful,

and his labours were even then such as would have tried the strength of a man in his prime. He had just returned from a long preaching tour in Ireland. On July 21st he 'hid himself at Otley, and prepared for the Conference.' He preached at Birstal on Sunday, the 26th, and reached Leeds in the evening. On Monday he preached from the advice which Paul 'the aged' gave to his 'son in the faith': 'O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called.' The Conference began the following morning. Mr. Wesley writes: 'About a hundred Preachers were present, and never was our Master more eminently present with us. The case of separation from the Church was largely considered, and we were all unanimous against it.'

But he was shrewd enough to perceive that the breach was widening, and must have foreseen that after his death the Methodists would be compelled to carry his work to its legitimate issue. There was an increase for the year of four thousand two hundred and seventy-seven members. Several enactments were passed or enforced to the effect that the Preachers should read the *Rules* of the Society in every Society once a quarter; that no person was to be admitted to a Love-feast without a Society-ticket or a note from the Assistant; that every Watch-night Service should be continued till midnight; that the collections at Love-feasts should be most conscientiously given to the poor; that Preachers should not go out to supper, and meetings should be concluded so as to allow the Preacher to be home before nine o'clock; that Preachers' children should dress exactly according to the Band rules; that in future only one Preacher should come to the Conference from Scotland, and that no books were to be published by any of the Preachers without Mr. Wesley's sanction, and without being printed at his 'press' and sold by his 'Book-keeper.'

Mr. Wesley had at this period to make a very determined stand in reference to Chapel Trusts. The uncompromising attitude he assumed exposed him, at the time, to the severe opinions even of his friends, but was afterwards fully acknowledged to have been wise and necessary. The one point Mr. Wesley contended for was that all new chapels should be settled on what was known as the 'Conference Plan,' which gave the Conference the supreme right of stationing and removing the Preachers. During the year the battle had been stoutly fought in reference to the Dewsbury Preaching House. The Dewsbury Trustees got consent to build a chapel, but refused to settle it on the *Conference Plan*. After a long controversy they induced Messrs. Atlay and Eels, two discontented Preachers whose names had been omitted from the *Deed of Declaration*, to leave Mr. Wesley and settle in Dewsbury. Mr. Wesley gave instructions to his Preachers not to preach in the Dewsbury house; and the whole of the Dewsbury Society, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Drake, followed Messrs. Atlay and Eels.

Things were in this state when the Conference met. Mr. Wesley writes: 'Saturday, August 1st. We considered the case of the Dewsbury house, which the self-elected trustees have robbed us of. The point they contended for was this: that they should have a right of rejecting any Preachers they disapproved of. But this we saw would destroy Itinerancy... Nothing remained but to build another preaching-house, towards which we subscribed £206 on the spot.' The list was headed by Mr. Wesley himself and Dr. Coke

with £50 each. John Valton gave £10 10*s*., Thomas Rankin and John Pawson, £5 5*s*. each. The names of only two laymen are found in the list—John Robinson, of Burslem, and Marmaduke Pawson, of Thorner, a Local Preacher in the Leeds Circuit, brother of John Pawson; each gave £5 5*s*. Several Preachers who were not present afterwards sent their subscriptions, and the amount was raised to £219 7*s*. As rumours had gone forth that many of Mr. Wesley's Preachers were opposed to his plan of settling the chapels, the Conference drew up a *Declaration* to the effect that 'Whereas it has been affirmed, that many of our Itinerant Preachers disapprove of settling the preaching-houses upon the Methodist Plan, we whose names are underwritten do hereby certify, that we entirely approve of the settling all our preaching-houses on the said Plan.' This document was signed by one hundred and fifteen Preachers.

The first public service we shall notice, gave rise to a strange incident, which throws some light on the state of the Leeds Society at the time, and certainly had its effect on Leeds Methodism in after years. The trustees of the Leeds Circuit had already petitioned Mr. Wesley that Adam Clarke should be appointed to labour amongst them for the ensuing year. Consequently, when Clarke was appointed to preach twice in Leeds on the Conference Sunday, the Methodists of the town and neighbourhood flocked to hear him, to get some sample of his powers. Some of them, it is to be feared, went with 'itching ears.' It so happened that in the course of the morning prayer Mr. Clarke casually omitted to pray for the King:

'I am unable [he afterwards wrote] to assign any reason for it, unless it were that the comparatively destitute condition of the Islands (Channel) I had just left had become associated in my mind with the idea that neither the King, the Government, nor any other power seemed to notice them. However, being reminded of my omission, I endeavoured to amend it, and having again to preach, I prayed devoutly that God would bless the King, and fill him with His justifying and sanctifying grace. But, alas! the prayer now was worse than the omission had been. The nicely-discriminating minds of a few sisters took alarm. I had implied that the King was a *sinner*. A petition had been previously sent to the Conference at the request of the Leeds Society, and signed by the whole of the trustees, that I should be appointed to their Circuit, but these formal worthies, at the head of whom stood the names of Mrs. Crosby and Miss Trip, got up a counter-petition, strongly remonstrating against the appointment, alleging that my prayer was calculated to lower royalty in the estimation of the people, that to have uttered such a petition argued dangerously democratic principles, and that consequently I was an unfit person to minister among them. The voice of the women was heard and prevailed in the Conference.'

Mr. Wesley, who wished to keep peace so far as possible, and who had a sincere respect for the simple-hearted, steadfast piety of the Leeds Methodist women, acceded to the request, and appointed Mr. Clarke to Halifax.

'Just at that time [writes a biographer] Adam Clarke...seems to have been incapable of propitiating the good graces of the Methodist ladies of Yorkshire; for at Halifax when his appointment there was notified, a remonstrance from the female members was sent forthwith, objecting to him as being "dull, though learned." So once more he was displaced. The same process followed as at Leeds. The men at Halifax wished him to come, but Mr. Clarke replied that "the same principle must guide his movements on this as on the former occasion; his call, he conceived, not extending to any place in which women were the governors, because he was certain that Christ had not truly the rule where the women held the reins."'

This strange fact in the early

history of Yorkshire Methodism now only provokes a smile. Our Methodist ladies, though they may admire the courage and zeal of their ancestors, cannot but feel that their zeal was 'not according to knowledge.'

It seems to have been at this time that Adam Clarke availed himself of the opportunity of hearing Christopher Hopper. He writes:

'I heard Mr. Hopper preach at Leeds during the Conference. He had little liberty for the most part, and proceeded *workingly*; but towards the close, becoming at once inspired by his theme, he exclaimed, "Now I can preach;" and then he burst away, and we had a glorious instance of the truth of that affirmation of the Apostle, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," for he preached most delightfully.'

But the great feature connected with the public services of this Conference was the preaching of Mr. Wesley himself. He said it did him good to preach once or twice a day; and though the whole of the business of the Conference required his attention, yet he preached at least once every day. He must have felt that the end was approaching, that this might be his last visit to Leeds, and therefore he must make the most of his opportunities. On August 2nd the immense sacramental service was held which was now regularly witnessed in Leeds on the Conference Sunday. 'Knowing,' he writes, 'the Church would not contain half of our congregation added to its own, we began at our Room at half an hour past nine. After preaching, with the assistance of three other clergymen, I administered the Sacrament to fifteen or sixteen hundred persons: I hope, all desirous to be inward Christians.'

On the 4th, he writes: 'Having before preached to the people at large, I now spoke directly to the Preachers, on "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God."'

About noon on the following day he left Leeds, and after a ride of *seventy miles*, reached Newark the same evening. What we should now probably describe as *the Conference Sermon* was this year preached by a *Local Preacher*, the well-known James Hamilton, M.D., the only instance of the kind, Tyerman thinks, in the history of Methodist Conferences. Dr. Hamilton's earlier years were spent in Scotland, in later life he was one of the foremost Wesleyans in London. For some years, however, he resided in Leeds, and took a very active part in Methodist work in the town, being often called to occupy the pulpit in the absence of the travelling Preachers. Like the other Leeds doctor, William Hey, who had just left the Methodists, Dr. Hamilton was ardently attached to the Church of England; and it was very possibly the knowledge of this fact, coupled with an understanding that he was to deal with this subject, which led Mr. Wesley to request him to preach on the day after the case of separation from the Church had been so 'largely considered.'

Dr. Hamilton took for his text, 'Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord, are these.' The sermon was published under the title: *A Sermon preached at Leeds, July* 29, 1789, *before the Methodist Preachers assembled in Conference, and a large body of the People in connection with them: and now published at the request of many of the Hearers.*

For an account of this remarkable discourse we must refer our readers to Mr. Tyerman (Vol. III., pp. 585, 6). We will only quote one passage. Addressing himself directly to the assembled Preachers, he said:

'Will ye bear with me, ye spiritual messengers of the Lord, while I presume to say a few words to *you*? See with

what a holy calling ye are called; for what a glorious and important end God has raised you up! Even to set spiritual religion before the eyes of all men; to cry to men of all opinions, sects, and parties, "Trust not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord are these;" to bring them from resting in external duties to the possession of internal holiness; from an opinion in the head, to the love of God in the heart. Let, then, the dead bury their dead! Let the formalist and the Pharisee, the Church bigot and the sectary, contend for ways of thinking, gestures in worship, and modes of Church-government; but may ye never forget that ye are sent for a nobler end.'

Before the next Leeds Conference some of the changes which Dr. Hamilton strongly deprecated had virtually taken place; and it has been proved that, in a wider sense than he intended, he 'was not a prophet:' for, though the Methodists gradually and inevitably became a distinct body, yet they did not 'sink into the dead formality of the numerous sects,' nor did 'the glory depart from them.'

The Conference of 1793 was held in Leeds. Although the number of Preachers then attending Conference was comparatively small, yet even then great preparations had to be made; and as the Societies were correspondingly small, considerable difficulties were experienced in finding homes for all the Preachers. This work fell mainly upon the Leeds Preachers, and Mr. Joseph Entwisle, the 'young man,' tells us in his diary that he 'spent several days in appointing lodgings for the Preachers coming to the Conference, and attending to other matters of business.' At this period Methodism was in a transition state of pressing difficulty and danger. Any false step might endanger its existence. Since the last Leeds Conference great changes had taken place, and events had marched with rapid strides.

In 1789 Mr. Wesley had presided in person, and exercised his all-powerful influence and control. Eighteen months later he passed away; and now that he was no more, wounds that had previously been healed but slightly, broke out anew, and questions that had been allowed by mutual consent to drop into the background, now forced themselves once more to the front and demanded settlement. Some time previous to Mr. Wesley's death, the impossibility of the Methodist Societies keeping up their ambiguous connection with the Established Church had again and again been made clearly evident. Still the inevitable change was postponed as long as possible. After Mr. Wesley's death, however, the question was agitated with intense feeling; and it was found that some change must be made in regard to the administration of the Sacraments and to Methodist discipline. The difficulties of the situation were multiplied by the fact that the people and the Preachers were so divided in opinion.

At the previous Conference the Preachers had got out of the dilemma, and relieved themselves of the responsibility, by adopting the convenient and Scriptural expedient of casting lots, the decision being: 'You shall not administer the Sacrament the ensuing year.' But the *Societies* were not relieved; the controversy soon broke out anew; and the agitation had such an injurious effect, that the District Meetings of 1793 had the sad and strange duty of reporting a considerable decrease. It was therefore felt that the question must be settled at once, one way or another. The peace and well-being of the Societies were seriously threatened. Leeds had, as usual, taken an active part in the discussion; and about this time a number of persons who were anxious for the change, but

unable to get it at the Old Chapel, took for themselves a large room near the Red Hall, Guildford Street, and converted it into a preaching-house capable of holding five hundred people, giving it the name of Bethel Chapel. Here service was held at two p.m.

Once more, then, Leeds was to witness a most important Conference, and the famous Old Chapel was to be the scene of the discussion of burning Connexional questions. The Delegates from the various Districts reached Leeds on Tuesday, July 23rd, to draw up the plan of the *Stations*. The Conference proper was to commence on the next Monday. On the Friday and Saturday, therefore, there might have been seen riding into Leeds a number of Methodist Preachers, some few in chaises, but most of them on horseback, with broad-brimmed hats, long, heavy coats, and the inevitable saddle-bags containing linen, books, papers, etc.

The Conference began on Monday, July 29th. The Preachers made choice of John Pawson as their President, doubtless deeming it fitting that one who was so intimately associated with the Methodism of Leeds and its neighbourhood, should occupy the Chair in that town; knowing also that Mr. Pawson's strong good sense, wide experience, and firm but kindly bearing, rendered him a most suitable person to preside over important debates. 'We had,' writes Mr. Pawson, 'several very difficult affairs to settle; but the Lord our Saviour was present with us, and we were mercifully brought through them.'

On July 30th, 1793—a memorable date in our history—in a full and deeply interested Conference, the important debate began. Mr. Pawson writes:

'I endeavoured to guard them against all undue warmth of temper, against all personal reflections and personal altercations, and entreated them to endeavour to govern their own spirit and temper, so that we might get through our business comfortably. We were again in no small danger of dividing: many fully expected that we should, and laboured to accomplish it; but they were again happily disappointed. I entreated my brethren to sit down as in the presence of the Lord, and, in the fear of His sacred name, with a single eye to His glory, take into their serious consideration the state of our Societies; and, laying aside all bigotry and party spirit, endeavour to find out what is necessary to be done in order effectually to promote the glory of God, and the spiritual prosperity of His people.'

The debate was continued with unabated earnestness all through the day. A spirit of mutual forbearance evidently governed the speakers, and the subject was discussed with praiseworthy candour and coolness. Mr. William Thompson, the first President after Mr. Wesley's death, was the chief opposer of any deviation from the 'Old Plan.' Towards evening, when almost all that could be said on either side had been fairly urged, Mr. Pawson rose, and amid breathless silence, put the question to the vote: 'Shall those Societies which unanimously desire to have the Lord's Supper administered to them by their own Preachers, have it or not?' The votes were—for, 86; against, 38. The Rev. Charles Atmore writes: 'On Tuesday our grand debate respecting the Sacrament began. I had my fears, but they were disappointed! My hopes, but they were exceeded! Never did I more clearly see the gracious interposition of the "God of peace," or the manifest defeat of the designs of the sower of discord.'

The Conference addressed two Circular Letters to the Societies in explanation and defence of their decision, distinctly intimating that they only consented under protest and for the sake of peace, and that they were very reluctant to

deviate even thus far from the Established Church.

It was decided that only *one* Preacher should attend the Conference from Scotland, and one from Ireland. Leeds was, as usual, required to provide for the wives of three Preachers; and as two of its own Ministers either had no wives or required no provision for them, Leeds had to maintain the wives of W. Butterfield, of Barnard Castle, and John Barritt, of Hexham. Some laxity, it appears, had been shown by some of the Local Preachers in reference to attending the Class-Meeting, and some of them had gone so far as to urge that they were exempt from the law which was binding upon ordinary members. The Conference therefore passed a strong resolution that all Local Preachers should meet in Class, and that no exception was to be made to this rule, even in favour of those who had been travelling Preachers in former years. It was also determined that no gowns, cassocks, bands or surplices should be worn by any Preacher; that the title of 'Reverend' should not in future be used *by the Preachers towards each other;* and that the distinction between ordained and unordained Preachers should be dropped.

The Fund for the support of the Missions in the West Indies being considerably in debt, it was decided that a general collection should be made for the Missions during the year in the congregations. A list of Preachers in 'reserve' was kept at this time, in which appears the name of 'John Farrar, of Halifax,' described as having 'a wife and two children.' August 4th was what is now called *Conference Sunday;* and at that time it was customary to publicly admit candidates for the Ministry on that day. In reference to this fact Mr. Pawson writes: 'We had the most solemn and affecting meeting, when the Preachers, twenty-three in number, were admitted into Full Connexion, I ever saw on that occasion. The people sung the praises of the Lord more like angels than men, and surely it was a heaven upon earth.'

Mr. Entwisle's account of this memorable day is as follows:

'On Sunday, August 4th, the Lord's Supper was administered in our chapel at Leeds. The place was exceedingly crowded, which rendered it less comfortable than it would otherwise have been. Yet there was much of the Divine presence felt. In the evening my dear uncle preached from "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, etc." After which, in public, before about *four thousand* people, he admitted twenty-three young Preachers into Full Connexion. They all stood up in the front seat of the gallery before the pulpit. He asked them many questions respecting their experience, etc., which they answered. He also gave them suitable advices and admonitions, particularly reminding them of the great number of persons who were witnesses of their solemn engagements. The young men, some of them at least, wept exceedingly. Mr. Mather gave them an exhortation and prayed. Then Mr. Hopper prayed in the most melting manner; after which my uncle prayed and concluded. The service continued three hours, yet none seemed weary. It was like another Pentecost. People, both professors of religion and others, were weeping on every side. From what I have since heard I believe it was a time of general refreshing.'

Mr. Atmore writes:

'On the Lord's day I intended to hear Mr. Pawson, but could not enter the chapel on account of the crowd. James Rogers preached in the yard to several thousands.'

The day following a sad event took place near Leeds, which, when it became known, gave a severe shock to the Conference—the death of Mr. Fox, a most exemplary and beneficent member of the Hull Society. He and his wife had been on a visit to Leeds during the Conference. They had been present at

the Sunday services. Mr. Benson, an intimate friend of Mr. Fox, thus refers to the melancholy occurrence:

'I had seen him several times in the course of the Conference, and was glad to find him as usual a most benevolent, friendly, and affectionate man. He and Mrs. Fox set off in a one-horse chaise last night for Thorp-arch. On B— Moor the chaise was overturned, and Mrs. Fox was a little hurt on her face. Mr. Fox did not appear hurt at all; but notwithstanding, having wiped the blood from off his wife's face, and endeavoured to lift up the chaise, he fell down and instantly expired.'

About the same hour Mr. Benson was delivering a powerful sermon to the Ministers and people, which was afterwards printed in the *Methodist Magazine*, from 'He that winneth souls is wise.'

Mr. Benson at this Conference also preached a sermon on 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel,' etc. This sermon, under the title *Christ's Commission to His Ministers*, stands first in the volume of Benson's Sermons published in 1802.

Of Mr. Bradburn's power at this period we have the testimony of one who heard him during this Conference. Mr. Bradburn preached in the chapel of which the Rev. Edward Parsons was the Minister, and amongst the crowded congregation was a young man, whose genial face afterwards became familiar to the Methodist people all over England. His name was *William Dawson*. Being a Churchman, his liking for the clerical costume was gratified, when Mr. Bradburn came into the pulpit habited in the gown usually worn by Mr. Parsons. Mr. Bradburn himself had a weakness for 'vestments;' and had during the year caused great offence to some of the Bristol people by wearing a gown and bands. Hence the 'minute' passed by this Conference in reference to clerical attire. Mr. Bradburn's noble and commanding figure and venerable aspect, made a deep impression on the audience. His subject was the kingly office of Christ. He powerfully denounced the spirit of scepticism and insubordination so rife in those troublous times, at the same time setting forth the advantages of submission to the wise government of so mighty and beneficent a King as Jesus Christ. At the close of the sermon, he leaned over the pulpit and said to the precentor, 'I will give out the last two verses myself.' The verses were:

'The government of earth and seas
Upon His shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to His name be paid.

'Jesus, the Holy Child, shall sit
High on His father David's throne;
Shall crush His foes beneath His feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.'

The recital of these verses made such an impression on Dawson's mind, that, though he then heard them for the first time, he remembered them ever afterwards.

This memorable Conference ended August 9th:

'On Thursday evening [writes Mr. Atmore] we concluded our peaceful Conference as we had begun, in the name of Jesus. After sitting a few minutes in profound silence, we rose up and sang with great solemnity the Covenant Hymn, and thus engaged ourselves afresh unto the Lord.' 'All present' [says Mr. Entwisle] 'were deeply affected. We received the Lord's Supper together. Here again my heart overflowed with love. Three of the old Preachers—my Uncle Pawson, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Mather—prayed, and God was indeed very present and precious...I have had the honour, the pleasure, and the profit of the company of most of my venerable and aged brethren, or rather fathers, in the ministry, who have frequently made our house their home during the Conference.

'There has been much of God in this Conference. The oldest Preachers say they never saw so excellent a spirit at any time. The next morning (August 9th) we met at *five o'clock*, and after some friendly conversation and several had prayed, we finally parted. It affected my heart much to see the old men, Mr. Hopper especially, weeping, and to hear

him say he had lived to see glorious days —that this was the best Conference he had attended in upwards of forty years.'

And now once more Leeds presented its ordinary appearance, the large numbers of gentlemen in clerical costume, who had been seen going to and from the *Old Boggard House*, now vanished as rapidly as they had come. The little groups of eager talkers that had gathered of late in the chapel yard and attracted the attention of the curious, were seen no longer. The multitudes that had day after day, early and late, thronged the pews and aisles and windows of the chapel had dispersed, and the precincts of the sacred edifice—the chapel yard and the adjoining garth, the 'Boggard Close'—resumed their wonted quiet and semi-rural aspect.

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES:

'LIFE WORTH LIVING.'

BY THE REV. EUSTACE R. CONDER, D.D.

'To me to live is Christ.'—PHILIPPIANS I. 21.

THE question, '*Is life worth living?*' may be answered by asking another question, 'Has life any object that is worth living for?' Objectless, purposeless life is scarcely worth calling life. Multitudes may be said rather to spend life than to live. Their lives have no purpose, no inspiration, no goal. They do not 'press toward the mark.' If they are rich, they loiter and idle their days away. If they are poor, they drudge in one monotonous round. The wasting days and rolling years are bringing them swiftly nearer to the close of life, but not to anything of which they can say—'This is what I have lived for; this was worth living for; I have not lived in vain!' Compare the listless gait of the loiterer along the streets or the saunterer in the fields, with the steady tread of the man of business on his way to an appointment, or the traveller on the road, the alert step of the sportsman out on the moor, or the tourist climbing the mountain path. What makes the difference? The former are objectless; the latter have each one his object, to which he knows that every step brings him nearer. Even such is the difference between a man whose life has no set purpose, and one whose life lies before him as a marked-out course, and who can say, '*This one thing I do.*' But one may have an object, and a worthy one, and yet miss one's way; or strength may fail, and the race be lost before it is half run. If life is to be truly worth living, we must not only have a worthy object to live for; we must be in the right way—every step a step nearer the goal; and we must have strength to hold on and hold out, that we 'lose not the things we have wrought, but obtain a full reward.'

These three seem to me all included in St. Paul's declaration: '*To me to live is Christ:* the Object, the Rule, the victorious Energy of his life were all found in the Lord Jesus. He lived FOR Christ; LIKE Christ; BY Christ.

I. 'To me to live is Christ,' means, first, The one inspiring purpose and aim of my life is, to LIVE FOR CHRIST that I may please Him, serve Him, glorify Him; 'that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings;' 'that I may win Christ, and be found in Him!'

This is no flash of passing enthusiasm, no poetic dream, no rhetorical exaggeration. It is a just and sober description of Paul's life. Words like these are easily uttered, no doubt. It is easy for the statesman to say 'I live for my country'; the physician, 'I live for my patients'; the man of science, 'I live for science.' But to know the value of such declarations, you look at the man's daily life, and see whether that speaks the same language. Now if you study the writings and history of the Apostle Paul, you cannot fail to see that the one thing he really cared for was what he calls 'the work of Christ.' The sentiment condensed with such burning earnestness into these few words, rings through all his Epistles, and gives the key to his whole life from the time of his conversion. Before that grand turning-point in his life he had been a man of intense purpose. Never from his youth up had he been an idler, a pleasure-seeker, or a greedy hunter after worldly lucre. In that fierce persecution of Christ's disciples, the remorseful memory of which haunted and humbled him to his dying day, he verily thought he did God service. But the day which changed his views concerning Jesus changed everything for him. 'It pleased God,' he says, 'to reveal His Son in me.' Thenceforth 'what things were gain' to him, he 'counted loss for Christ.' His thoughts, affections, efforts, all flowed from that time in one channel. To 'preach Christ,' to make known to others the great discovery which had revolutionized his own life, and to spread the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in the world, became his master-passion. Even when life and death hung in the balance, he could not tell which scale was heavier, until he knew how Christ could be 'magnified in his body, whether by life, or by death.' And the one star which shone at the end of his course, the magnet which ever drew him onward with resistless force, was the prospect of departing to be with Christ, 'absent from the body, present with the Lord.'

When at last the great Apostle sealed his ministry with his blood, and was enrolled in the noble army of martyrs, it is not likely that any monument or inscription marked his grave. But if there had been, we can tell what epitaph he would have desired to have: 'Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ.' Some one, impatient of seeing any one exalted to this heroic height of disinterestedness, is ready, perhaps, to ask: 'But did Paul expect no wages for his service? Did he not know that he would not serve Christ in vain? Does he not himself talk of a "reward," a "prize," a "crown"'? Undoubtedly. And more than this, he felt that a commission had been entrusted to him which he dared not neglect: 'Woe is unto me,' he said, 'if I preach not the Gospel!' Just so, a brave soldier might say he *dares* not leave his post or betray his trust. But the soldier does not

fight merely because he is afraid to run away, or merely for the rewards of victory. If he did, he would be unworthy of those rewards. His main motive is his sense of duty, and love to his country, his sovereign, his cause. And the proof of this is, that he is ready at a moment's notice to die in their defence.

So it was with the Apostle. That selfish absorption in the care of one's own salvation and eternal happiness which some Christians seem to account the very essence of religion, was so far from governing him, that he tells us he was ready to wish himself 'accursed from Christ,' if only he could thus have saved those to whom he preached Christ in vain. What filled his heart and inspired his preaching, carried him through his amazing labours, and through that warfare of suffering of which in one place he gives us a brief outline, and drew from him the tears which not seldom blotted his writing or choked his speech, was intense, supreme love to Christ; and a passionate desire that others might know Christ as he knew Him, love and trust Christ as he loved and trusted Him, and 'know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.'

One might appeal even to an unbeliever, and ask—'Is not this noble—admirable—enviable?' You say: 'It is illusion. Paul was an enthusiast, a dreamer.' Paul himself answers, 'I am not mad; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.' Suppose it was an illusion, do you not envy it? Do you not wish you could believe, feel, live like him? Can you imagine anything else, whether dream or reality, that can bestow on life such grandeur or such interest? To work day by day under the eye of a Divine Master Who has loved you with a love immeasurably greater than any love you can give to Him, has done for you already infinitely more than you ever will be able to do for Him, and on the throne of the universe is not ashamed to call you His brother! To work for mankind in working for the Redeemer of the human race; not (as the Positivist bids you) for an imaginary future Humanity, to bloom long ages after your dust is forgotten (and perhaps if a comet should chance to fall into the sun, never to bloom at all); but for the men and women and children of to-day, and their children, whom you shall meet, and with whom you shall rejoice, when 'he that soweth and he that reapeth' shall 'rejoice together.' And all this with the assured certainty that every step and struggle, every day and hour, is bringing you nearer to His presence, His smile, His '*Well done!*'

O, if this were a dream, who might not wish so to dream always? But if it be TRUE, who is to be so envied as the man who can say, 'To ME to live is Christ?'

II. This declaration implies that the RULE of life, as well as the end of life, is to be found in Christ. He that would live FOR Christ must learn to live LIKE Christ.

Nothing was further from the Apostle Paul's mind, in penning (or dictating) his Epistles, than the thought that he was drawing his own

picture; and that after eighteen hundred years men would be reading his words in above two hundred languages, and seeking to learn the secret of his life. But the Holy Spirit willed that so it should be; and if Paul himself had designed it, he could not more frankly have taken us into his confidence. His ideal of life—the pattern and standard after which he intensely desired his own life and character to be fashioned—was LIKENESS TO CHRIST; moral and spiritual resemblance to the Lord Jesus. This idea pervades his exhortations. His supreme argument against selfishness is, 'Even CHRIST pleased not Himself.' His all-comprehensive description of Christian benevolence and self-denial is, 'Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.' His conception of Christian perfection is attaining 'the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ;' 'growing up into Him in all things, Who is the Head, even Christ.' With a frank boldness which arises from no defect of humility, but from conscious simplicity of aim, he is not afraid to say, 'Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ.'

If some Christians have dwelt on the example of Christ unduly, because to the exclusion of other aspects of His sinless and complete obedience, this is no reason why we should shrink from giving it its due place, but rather a warning against failing so to do. The truth is, that those views of our Saviour's person and work which seem most strongly contrasted are mutually indispensable. His Deity would be a doctrine in the air, a dogma without practical interest or bearing on our salvation, if it were sundered from His true and proper humanity, and death, in our nature, for sin. On the other hand, the fact that He is 'the man Christ Jesus,' partaker of our flesh and blood, draws all its religious import and power to move our hearts from our belief that He is also One from eternity with the Eternal Father, 'God manifest in the flesh.' It is this which gives not only infinite preciousness to His sufferings, but glory to His obedience, and moral power to His example.

Likeness to Jesus must mean resemblance in character and principle, not in circumstance. No one life could be a model for all human lives in outward form and detail. Yet it is wonderful and beautiful to note how our Saviour's life was so ordered as to make His example of the widest possible application. Suppose, for example, the Son of David, the promised King of Israel, had been born and trained (as might have been reasonably expected) in a palace. Or suppose he had been brought up, like the young King Joash, among learned rabbins and officiating priests, in the holy precincts of the Temple; or, like John the Baptist, among desert solitudes, leading a life of lonely meditation, fasting and prayer. How far away from all common human experience would the lofty saintliness of such a life have appeared! There would have seemed something almost profane in bringing it down in our thoughts to the ordinary level at which the multitude must live. But the Child Jesus, in the lowly home of Joseph and Mary; the Boy of twelve coming up for the first time to the

Temple in that company of plain, perhaps poor and rough, neighbours; 'Jesus the Carpenter,' leading, up to His thirtieth birthday, the humble, laborious life of a hand-worker and tradesman in a country town, yet all the while 'holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners,' reflecting in daily life the image of God's own character; this is indeed a spectacle to abase all human pride, but to cheer and raise the lowliest, the poorest, the weakest with the thought, 'I, too, may be a follower of Jesus, and tread in His steps.'

Even when the time came for Him to lay aside that lowly disguise, to enter on that path which none could tread but He, and to appear in His true character as Prophet, Teacher, Redeemer of Israel, and King of men; yet in all that concerned Himself He maintained a rigorous simplicity, an absolute poverty, a laborious diligence, a readiness to mix with the crowd and be at every one's beck and call, which kept Him in sympathy with all varieties of human life. The child, the beggar, the outcast, the leper, feared no repulse. He was the Friend of publicans and sinners. He had 'not where to lay His head.' It is the rich, the great, the wise, not the poor and lowly, who are most in danger of feeling as though the life of Jesus were no pattern for theirs, missing its lessons, and failing to hear the voice which says, 'Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.' Thus, too, they are in most danger of losing the gracious promise which follows,—'and ye shall find rest unto your souls.'

III. Lastly, this declaration indicates the sustaining power, the victorious energy, by which alone the life we have been speaking of becomes possible. If we are to live for Christ, and like Christ, we must live BY Christ.

The Apostle was taught from the very outset of his Christian life the lesson of absolute dependence on the Saviour Whom he was to preach to the world. Stricken down in the full pride of his hostility to the new heresy, by one flash of the glory of Jesus Whom he persecuted, he lay in helpless blindness and overwhelming shame and anguish till the third day, when the messenger of Jesus brought him healing of both body and mind. 'Immediately,' he says, 'I conferred not with flesh and blood,'—consulted no human counsellors or teachers; 'neither went I up to Jerusalem to them who were apostles before me; but I went into Arabia.' There, in some lodge in the vast wilderness, in prayer and solitary thought, and earnest study of the Hebrew Scriptures, he received directly from the risen and ascended Lord the Gospel of which he says, 'I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.' Emerging from such a school as that, it is no wonder that he 'confounded the Jews who dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ.'

St. Paul's intense conscientiousness and love of righteousness, which gave so keen a tooth of remorse to his sense of his great sin in persecuting the followers of Jesus, gave a corresponding intensity to his faith in the Atonement. It was no exaggeration, but the simple expression of his

genuine feeling' when he calls himself the chief of sinners. He grasped the Cross as the one thing which lay between him and despair. He believed and therefore spoke. When he taught that 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself,' that He has 'made Him to be sin for us,' that we may be righteous in Him; that He has 'made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself;' and when he beseeches men to be reconciled to God,—St. Paul is laying bare the inmost secrets of his own soul—dipping his pen in his own life-blood. To be 'without Christ' was to his mind to be 'without hope.' To be Christ's, was to possess all things. He calls Christ '*our life*,' because in his view these two—Christ, and eternal life—were inseparable. *To him to live was Christ.* And therefore he embraced the Atonement with so vivid an emotion of personal deliverance, obligation, gratitude: '*Who loved me, and gave Himself for me!*'

This lesson of personal, absolute dependence upon the Lord Jesus was yet further enforced by that remarkable and painful experience described in 2 Cor. xii. After heavenly revelations more glorious probably than were vouchsafed to any other except St. John, the Apostle was visited with that affliction, vaguely referred to as '*a thorn in the flesh*,' in which he recognised at once a Divine discipline and a satanic hindrance to his work. Thrice, with all his characteristic earnestness, he besought the Lord Jesus to remove this burden. Then came the memorable answer, given not for his sake alone, but for thousands whose faith has anchored on these words in the storms of life: '*My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness.*' The lesson was learned. The prayer was more than answered, though the petition was not granted. Paul learned not simply to bear, but to glory in weakness, that Christ's strength might rest on him. 'I live,' he elsewhere says; 'yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'

This is no peculiar or exceptional experience. It is the law of the Christian life, though written out for our instruction in an example of singular force and loftiness. Our Saviour Himself laid down this law in His farewell discourse: 'Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me. . . He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for *without Me ye can do nothing.*'

No mistake can be more fatal than the attempt to invert this law, and to separate what God has thus joined. If there is to be the flower and fruit of life *for* Christ and life *like* Christ, there must be the root of life *in* Christ. Our Lord set this forth in that vivid similitude which seemed to 'many of His disciples' so dark an enigma that they 'went back, and walked no more with Him.' 'As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.'

Is this an enigma to us—a strange stumbling-block, an unintelligible parable? Or is it the secret of our own life—the spring and solace of our daily experience? If not, why not? If Christ be not '*in you the hope of*

glory,' what force is there in your life that will stand the shock of trial? What principle that will bear the test of Divine judgment? What germ of life and promise that will not shrivel up at the touch and breath of death, and leave you like those sapless boughs of which the Lord says, 'Men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned'? If Christ be not the pattern of your life, likeness to Him its law, after what fashion are you moulding yourself, and how will your life look when the fashion of this world passes away, and when the glorious likeness of 'the First-born among many brethren' shines forth in every one of His redeemed ones? If the aim, the ambition, the inspiration of your life be not to *live for Christ*, then what else are you living for? What else can make life worth living? What ambition, what prize, can the world furnish to compare for one moment with this?—which yet the Gospel of the grace of Christ places within reach of the lowliest—'To me to live is Christ!'

A GLIMPSE AT SAMOA.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

FIRST PAPER.

THIS group—which in our school-room days we were taught to call the Navigator's Isles, but which its inhabitants know as Samoa—consists of eight principal isles, and several islets. By far the largest are Savaii and Upolu, the former being two hundred and fifty miles in circumference, the latter two hundred. Both are very beautiful, having high mountain ranges visible at a distance of seventy miles, and richly wooded. They are separated by a strait about twelve miles wide, the mouth of which is, as it were, guarded by two small isles, Manono and Aborima. The former lies close to Upolu, and one reef encircles both. It is the home of some of the high chiefs, and is exceedingly fertile, clothed with the richest verdure. It is about two miles in circumference, and is probably the crater of an extinct volcano, for it is shaped like the hollow of a hand, whence it derives its name. It is inaccessible, except at one small opening between the steep cliffs; but passing between these, you enter an amphitheatre, which from the base to the summit, presents an unbroken mass of tropical vegetation, a most marvellous transformation-scene from the desolate crags of the sea-board. A charming little village nestles beneath the fruit-bearing trees in the basin.

This natural stronghold belongs to the chiefs of Manono, who use it in time of war as a safe refuge for their families and storehouse for their property. All they need do is to guard the narrow entrance, which they can either defend by dropping rocks on the invaders, or by so placing ropes across it that they can overturn their canoes. So although the warlike men of Manono have occasionally been driven from their own isle, they have always found a secure retreat in this lovely rock-girt fortress, where they take good care always to have abundant stores of food ready for emergencies. That they need such a place of refuge, you may infer from the fact that when they were first visited by white men, about fifty years ago, a basket was suspended from the ridge-pole of the temple of the god of war, and in it

were preserved one hundred and ninety-seven stones, which were the record of the number of battles which the men of Manono had fought up to that date.

Would that I could speak of these inter-tribal wars as of a tale of the past. Unhappily poor Samoa continues to be torn by never-ending dissensions, fostered for their own selfish ends by unprincipled white men, who little heed the strife and bloodshed, if by means of these their own interests can in any way be advanced.

The foreign residents in Samoa are for the most part English, German, and American adventurers, many of whom transferred themselves here from Fiji at the time when British annexation brought their days of misrule to an end; and they now find in Samoa a happy field where they may renew the intrigues of their previous life.

The groundwork of Samoan dispute lies in the conflicting claims of two factions—the Faipule and the Puletoa; and though it is difficult to explain in a few words the position of affairs, a rough sketch of the situation may not be without interest.

The original *Tui Samoa, i.e.*, kings of Samoa, were of the dynasty of Tapua. Some generations back the Tongans invaded Samoa, whose people resisted bravely, and finally expelled the foe. The Wellington of that day was a brave chief thenceforth known as Malietoa, the Good Warrior; a title which from that day has been borne by the chief ruler of the isles, even if not in the direct lineal descent. The chiefs of Savaii and of part of Upolu, with the lesser isles of Manono and Apolima, elected Malietoa their king. The isles of Auna and Atua remained loyal to the Tapua family. They were, however, conquered by a successor of Malietoa, who reigned as king of the whole group till 1840, since which period a ceaseless strife has been waged between the contending factions. This became aggravated in 1869 by a split in the Malietoa camp, when, on the death of the reigning chief, his two sons contested the succession. This double civil war, fomented as usual by the whites, raged till 1872, when the United States assumed a sort of Protectorate over the group, and in the following year a republic was declared, the supreme power being vested in the hands of a representative body of seven high chiefs. These were called the Taimua, *i.e.*, the Pioneers.

In January, 1875, a new experiment was tried. Ignoring the wisdom which forbids having 'two queens in Brentford,' the Samoans resolved to have a king of each dynasty, who should reign jointly; so Pule Pule, of the ancient Tapua race, ascended the throne in company with Malietoa Laupepa, and the number of the Taimua was raised from seven to fourteen. How long this amicable arrangement might have continued, it is impossible to say, for on April 1st, 1875, a certain Colonel Steinberger, an American, obtained a passage to Apia in the U.S. man of war, *Tuscarora*, and on landing, stated that he had been sent from Washington to organize a new government. As his sole credentials he presented the Samoans with four pieces of cannon and a Gatling gun, which he said were a gift from President Grant. Utterly ignoring all the foreign consuls, including the representative of the States, he proceeded, under protection of the American man of war, to draw up a new Constitution, declaring Malietoa sole king, and himself (Steinberger) Prime Minister; in fact, supreme ruler. This matter being settled, the *Tuscarora* sailed, and Steinberger proceeded to arm the schooner *Peerless* (which he had purchased in San Francisco), and sailed to Tutuila, to put down

the disturbances in that isle. The American Consul vainly remonstrated against the proceedings of this unlicensed vessel, flying the American flag, and taking advantage of the arrival of H.M.S. *Barracouta*, commanded by Captain Stevens, he seized the *Peerless* for breach of the neutrality laws.

Then followed a meeting of all the foreign residents, resolving to free themselves from the tyranny of this self-constituted dictator, the German Consul, Goddefroy's representative, being the only one who, from personal interest, stood aloof. King Malietoa now appealed to the U.S. Consul to aid him in getting rid of his arrogant Premier. His petition was forwarded to the British Consul and Captain Stevens, who, after an interview with the King and the Samoan representatives, the Taimua and the Faipule, agreed to arrest Steinberger, who accordingly was carried on board the *Barracouta* for safe keeping. His right hand, Jonas Coe, was, however, left at large; and by his advice the Steinberger faction proceeded that night to seize the king and carry him off to the Isle of Savaii, where they forced him to sign a deed of abdication, vesting all power of government in the Taimua and Faipule. Within a week Malietoa contrived to send a message to Captain Stevens, acquainting him with these circumstances, and requesting further aid. The *Barracouta* accordingly went to the rescue, and brought the king back to Apia, where he was landed with a salute of twenty-one guns, and a guard of marines was told off to protect him, as the town was now full of armed mobs ready for mischief.

The king now summoned a meeting of all the chiefs at Mulinunu, which lies on a green peninsula beyond Apia. He was escorted by his principal chiefs, the Consuls and foreign residents, and by Captain Stevens with a guard of sailors and marines; the latter carried unloaded arms, which were piled on reaching the village. Suddenly in their rear appeared a strong party of armed natives cutting off their retreat, and evidently meditating an attack. An officer advanced to parley with them, but was received by a volley of musketry, which killed and wounded several. Then followed a sharp skirmish, in which the sailors fought at great disadvantage, the enemy being five hundred strong, and concealed by the dense thickets of bananas and sugar-cane. Eleven sailors and marines were killed or wounded, and the assailants lost above double that number. Next day, Mr. Jonas Coe was tried by the U.S. Consul and his other countrymen, and sentenced to be deported. So he enjoyed the privilege of joining his chief on board H.M.S. *Barracouta*, which conveyed these embarrassing guests to New Zealand.

Much oil having been poured on these troubled waters by the soothing intervention of the Missionaries, a superficial peace was established, and Malietoa Laupepa once more reigned. Erelong disturbances again broke out. Finally, Malietoa again got the upper hand, and was acknowledged king by the foreign powers, General Bartlett, U.S., being his Prime Minister.

On November the 8th, 1880, King Malietoa died. He was barely forty years of age, and was a man greatly loved by all the Samoans. Probably, but for the disturbing presence of the meddling whites, he might still be reigning over a happy and prosperous people. As it is, the country is once more in a state of anarchy.

It was during one of these temporary lulls that I chanced recently to visit Samoa as a guest on board of a large French man-of-war. The first spot where we anchored was

at Pango Pango, on the island of Tutuila. It is the most perfect land-locked harbour in the Samoan group. We lay close in-shore, in water twenty-one fathoms deep, clear as crystal and calm as any inland lake. Steep, richly-wooded hills enclosed us on every side, rising to a height of about a thousand feet; while high above all towered Matafae, a conical mountain two thousand three hundred feet high. So perfectly were we encompassed by this grand natural breakwater, that we could discern no outlet to the sea. It was like living in a vast cup. The hills all round were covered with bread-fruit trees, oranges, pine-apples, bananas, and all the usual wealth of tropical greenery.

Here we spent a peaceful evening of soft, clear moonlight, the balmy air fragrant with the breath of many blossoms. At early morning the ship was surrounded by canoes full of natives, offering for sale clubs, native cloth, and baskets. I was particularly anxious to procure specimens of the old stone axes of Samoa, as I had already secured some in the Tongan Isles, and many in Fiji, where, at the time of our arrival, they were still in common household use; and in the more remote districts, where traders had not found their way, they were still the only tool used in hewing out canoes. They are precisely similar to the celts of the ancient Britons, and the sight of a very inferior Fijian or Samoan canoe, thus manufactured, gives us a fair notion of the resources of our own ancestors. I have been so fortunate as to secure several which were in actual use, and show the manner in which the stone was fastened with fibre-string to a wooden handle.

It really is marvellous to see what work these most ingenious savages accomplished with these rude tools; beginning with the first labour of making them, shaping them, and polishing them; then hewing down great trees with infinite patience, and shaping them into canoes, bowls, clubs, etc. Some of the canoes have prows ornamented with carved birds, etc. The great war canoes carry upwards of two hundred persons; but we saw none that had space for more than fifty.

The chiefs were assembling to hold a council of war; for though the Puletoa faction, to which this tribe belongs, had recently been severely beaten, they were keen to return to the fray. They were noble-looking men, of the fairest race in Polynesia, and truly dignified in their bearing. Some wore crowns of green leaves, and many had blossoms of scarlet hibiscus coquettishly stuck in their hair, which is cut short and dyed with coral lime, and frizzled, and stiffened with a sort of *bandoline* made of the sticky juice of the bread-fruit tree, mixed with scented oil; so that instead of being straight and glossy black, as Heaven made it, it stands round the head in a stiff halo of tawny yellow, like that of the Fijians and Tongans.

Of course we found our way to the House of Debate, which, like the dwelling-houses, consists chiefly of a very heavy roof of thatch, supported on strong wooden posts. This shelters a raised flooring covered with soft hay and mats; but walls are considered almost superfluous, so that domestic life is of an exceedingly public nature, and the houses resemble huge oval mushrooms. At night movable screens of plaited cocoa-palm leaves are put up.

The spokesmen at the council are a body specially appointed as orators. They are very fluent, apparently eloquent, and make use of much gesticulation and very graceful action. Each carries a fly flap, which is his badge of office, and consists of a long bunch of fine brown fibre,

very like a horse's tail, sometimes plaited into a multitude of the finest braids, and all attached to a carved handle about a foot in length. While talking, the fly flap is thrown carelessly over the right shoulder. I was struck by the wrapt attention with which the audience favoured each successive speaker. The good Bishop was present, but his efforts were all in vain. We noticed that in every village and every house all the men were busy rubbing up their old guns and preparing ammunition.

In the afternoon the Bishop kindly invited me to accompany him to Leone, about twelve miles distant. We were a full boat-load. The sea was very rough, and we shipped so much water that two men had to be told off to bail incessantly. This sort of boating is very different from travelling on the lovely Fijian lagoons —calm, mirror-like sea lakes, over which we glide smoothly—within the shelter of the encircling coral reef. In Samoa the huge breakers dash madly on the shore, where they spout like Geysers through a thousand perforated rocks; and we had to remain fully half a mile from land to avoid their rush.

We saw enough of the island of Tutuila to agree in the general praise of its green loveliness, though we watched the rugged coast chiefly with a view to knowing whether there was one spot where a boat could land in case of need. But in the whole tour of twelve miles there was not a single place where it would have been possible. Even at Leone there is only a narrow break in the rocks where landing is tolerably safe in fine weather.

As we drew near, we saw a large body of Samoan warriors exercising on the shore, and heard that the people were assembling from far and near to take measures for immediately crushing the rebels at Pango Pango (our friends of the morning).

I started in the early morning for a long walk, taking as my guide a graceful half-caste girl with flowing black hair. She wore a fine mat round her waist, and a pretty patchwork pinafore of the simple form generally adopted in Samoa, that is, a fathom of cloth with a hole cut out of the centre to admit the head and neck. It is trimmed with some sort of fringe, either of fibre or grass. Our path lay along a shore edged with black volcanic rock. The lava (composing this volcanic isle) seems to have formed huge bubbles as it cooled, and many of them have been water-worn, till they are connected one with another by innumerable channels. So the waves rush tumultuously into these subterraneous caves, and thence through hidden passages, till they reach openings like deep wells which lie at intervals along the shore, at some distance from the sea. Through these chimneys the rushing waters spout in great foam fountains, and the effect produced is that of intermittent geysers all along the coast. I think some of the jets must have been fully a hundred feet high. And how the great billows do surge and roar!

No peaceful, silent shore here. All day the chiefs held council of war, to decide how most effectually to subdue the rebels. They sat in groups all round the *malae*, that is, the village green. At intervals one of the 'talking men' stood up, and laying his fly-flap on his bare shoulder, leant on a tall staff, and without moving from the spot where he had been sitting, threw out an oration, in short, detached, abrupt sentences. Having had his say, he sat down, and each group apparently made its own comments quietly on the arguments. There were long pauses between the speeches, which made the proceedings rather slow,

but we sat by turns with all the different parties, and found abundant matter of interest in watching everything around us. The tendency to war was shown by various actions in the manner of bringing in the feast, the way in which women wearing trains of tappa—*i.e.*, native cloth—were going about all day carrying bowls of kava to the orators, and other symptoms, evident to practised eyes. Many of the men wore beautiful crowns of pearly nautilus shell, which are also symptomatic of warlike intentions.

In the afternoon a corps of sixty warriors favoured us with a very odd sort of drill dance. Their dress consisted of kilts of black calico trimmed with cut-out white calico to look like tappa; on their heads a turban of Turkey red; their mouth and chin hideously blackened. They all had muskets, and were called soldiers; but we thought their drill was more funny than warlike, and concluded they would be quite as dangerous to their friends as their foes. For colours they carried a sort of adaptation of the stars and stripes invented by Colonel Steinberger. The dance was a very miserable *travestie* of a true native *méké*, such as I had seen so often in the isles further west; but here the vulgarizing influence of white men is painfully evident; and one of the prominent characters at the Chief's Council was a high chiefess attired in a huge crinoline, a gorgeous red dress, and a hideously unbecoming hat trimmed with scarlet and green feathers. Could that proud woman but have known with what different eyes the great strangers representing Europe looked on her fine foreign clothes, and on the pretty, becoming attire of her hand-maidens, with their finely-plaited and fringed mats, necklaces of scarlet berries on their clear, olive skin, and bright blossoms in their hair!

When I returned to my room at the Catechist's house, I found all the pretty school-girls adorned with garlands, singing and acting very merry quaint songs and dances, illustrating their geography, arithmetic, etc. Presently about twenty women, who had come in from the village, sprang to their feet and volunteered to show me some of the real old Samoan night-dances. These were exceedingly ungraceful, and half their point seemed to consist in making hideous grimaces and contortions, and in reducing wearing apparel to a minimum, consisting chiefly of green leaves. Each figure was more ungainly than its predecessor, and as it struck me that the entertainment would scarcely meet with the approbation of the Fathers, should they chance to come over, I suggested that the children should give us a parting song, whereupon they sang *Malbrooke* and *Bon Soir* very prettily. I dare say the French words they uttered did not convey much more to their minds than do the Latin prayers. Then the party dispersed, and the school-girls disappeared beneath the close tappa curtains which are ranged down the room like a regiment of tents, while I gladly retreated to the inner reeded room—a delightful haven of refuge from the multitude of gazing brown eyes. Shouts from the rara told that the Council had broken up, and that the real Samoan night-dance had begun; but from the specimen I had seen, I congratulated myself on having come away.

On the following morning we started for a long, most lovely walk along the coast, by a path winding among dark rocks and rich ferns, with great trees overhanging the sea, which breaks in surf below them, washing their roots, which seemed alive with crabs of all sizes, which also wandered at large among the branches, like so many birds

Many of the lower boughs are literally fringed with shells and seaweed, while the growths of parasitic ferns on the upper boughs is wonderful to behold. The muddy shore of the river seemed literally moving from the multitude of burrowing crabs with one large pink claw, and every now and again a large land crab peered at us from some fruit-laden branch, with its curious eyes projecting on movable stalks, which turn about at will.

Owing to the excessive rainfall of Samoa, the richness of vegetation and intensity of green on every side is wonderful. Large-leaved plants of all sorts abound, chiefly the magnificent wild banana, with leaves six or eight feet long; and the giant arum, the leaves of which often measure from five to six feet by four. Its root is large in proportion; truly a potato for a giant! Add to these the quaint papawas, and tufts of tall maize or of sugar-cane which sometimes grows twenty or twenty-five feet high. From among such foliage as this, peep cosy brown cottages, with deep thatched roofs, which are in themselves the most precious possessions of the people. Ponderous as is the great roof, it can be divided into four parts, and removed from one place to another should the family have occasion to flit. The great rafters are bound together by strong vines from the forest, and the ordinary thatching consists of sugar-cane leaves strung on reeds, which are laid so as to overlap one another. Sometimes a heavy cocoa-palm matting above all, secures the roof against a very high wind.

As we passed through the village we were everywhere greeted with the kindly salutation, *Ole Alofa, i.e.*, 'Great love to you,' and we were invited to enter many houses. Our scanty vocabulary did not suffice for much conversation, but a mutual inspection was doubtless gratifying to both parties. The Samoan language is soft, and the voices musical. To express thanks they say *faa-fetai;* while the frequent cry *le-lei, le-lei* is the equivalent of the *vinaka, vinaka!* ('well done!') of Fiji.

In some of these Samoan homes we saw very pleasant loot-looking groups of comely lads and lassies lounging on their mats, and smoking the invariable tiny cigarettes which they make by rolling up a morsel of tobacco in a scrap of the fringe of dried banana leaves which they wear round the waist. A few were wiling away the hot hours of the day by a game with small cocoa-nut shells. Each player has five shells, with which he tries to knock every one else's shells from a given spot, leaving his own in their place. They also play a game something like forfeits. They sit in a circle, in the centre of which they spin a cocoa-nut on its thin end, and as it falls, the person towards whom the three black eyes point is considered to have lost. In the same way they cast lots to decide who shall do some work, or go an errand.

In one village a party of lads had assembled on the village green to play *totoga*, or, reed-throwing. The reeds, which are five or six feet in length, have oval wooden heads about four inches long, and the skill lies in making these skim along the grass to the furthest possible distance. In a green shady glade we saw a party of young men, very lightly clad, practising spear-throwing, aiming at the soft stems of banana trees. In the game they take sides, and one party tries to knock out the spears planted by the other.

Here and there, beneath the green shade of the plantains, close to the houses, we noticed hillocks of

white sea-sand surmounted by a low oblong cairn of wave-worn pebbles, with a layer of white stones on the top. These are the graves of the household. No Scottish Highlander is more careful to have his own bones, or those of his kindred, laid beside the dust of his forefathers, than is the Samoan. To him, the idea of a common cemetery is repulsive. His desire is to be laid in the tomb in the garden, or land belonging to his family. When a man of any consequence dies, the ends of a canoe are cut off, and it is used as a coffin; this, however, is an innovation. The old custom was to wrap the body in mats only—fine soft mats,—and to lay it in a shallow grave, with the head to the east. The wooden head-rest or pillow, and the cocoa-nut cup of the dead, were buried with him. Then the grave was covered with white sand, and the cairn was raised, always about a foot higher at the head than at the feet. If the deceased was a chief of any note, bonfires were kindled at short intervals all round the grave, and the mourners sat near and fed the fires till dawn; and this they did for ten consecutive nights. But in the case of commoners, it sufficed to keep up a blazing fire all night in the house, taking care that the intervening space was so cleared as to allow the warm light to rest on the grave.

The household fireplace is merely a circular hollow in the midst of the floor, lined with clay, only a few inches deep, and rarely exceeding a yard in diameter. As the house has no walls, there is no difficulty about smoke, but considerable danger of setting fire to the surrounding mats. Nowadays, the fire in the house burns only for warmth, and for the convenience of lighting cigarettes, but in heathen days a blazing fire was kindled every evening in honour of the gods, to whom the house-father commended the family and all their interests.

Near one of the villages we caught a glimpse of a dark olive-green snake, the first I had seen for many a day. They are not quite so rare here as in Fiji, but are equally innocent: the girls take them up without hesitation, and play with them, and even twine them round their necks. We also saw some wood pigeons and a few paroquets, and lovely little honey-birds, with crimson and black plumage. As we crossed the river a frightened water-hen darted from amongst the bushes, swallows skimmed lightly through the air, and several exquisite blue and yellow kingfishers glanced in the sunlight, as they flashed in pursuit of bright-coloured insects.

Flying foxes are very numerous, and as they hang suspended from the boughs, head downwards, have the effect of some curious fruit. They are excellent to eat, as we discovered in Ceylon, but most Europeans have a prejudice against them; I cannot see why, as they feed on the best and ripest fruits. I quite understand the objection to the little insectivorous bats, which cluster in thousands among the rocks, clinging one to another, till they appear like brown ropes. The smell of these is disgusting. I was not so fortunate as to see the Samoan turtle-dove, with its exquisite plumage of peacock green, blending with crimson; but small green paroquets abound, and a small scarlet and black bird.

The most interesting aboriginal inhabitant of Samoa is a little kind of dodo or tooth-billed pigeon, here called *manu-mea*. Though now rare, it is still to be found in the forests, generally hiding in the tops of the highest trees. The natives say that it used to frequent the ground, but that since the introduction of foreign cats and rats, which have proved its dead-

ly foes, it has instinctively retreated to safer quarters. Its diminished numbers may probably, however, be attributed to the high value set on it by the Samoan epicures. It is said to be closely allied to the extinct dodo. Its body resembles that of a pigeon, but its head and beak are those of a parrot. Its general plumage is dark red, the head and breast being gray. Eyes, legs and feet are red, and the beak is reddish gold. When captured, it is generally very savage, and bites severely; but it is occasionally tamed, and feeds on fruit.

Formerly the sporting world of Samoa found its chief pastime, not in pigeon-shooting, but in pigeon-catching, which sounds a very innocent amusement, but which was indulged in to such excess that the teachers found it necessary to discourage it, as it led to the schools being deserted, and all work at a standstill, for months at a time, the favourite season being from June till August. The rendezvous was a large circular clearing in the forest (there were many such). Thither the whole population of a district would resort, having previously prepared great stores of provision. Grandfathers and little children, but especially young men and maidens, delighted in the dove festival, dear to happy lovers. They erected temporary huts in the forest, and there took up their abode for a prolonged picnic. Many an idyl of the forest might have been sung by the flower-wreathed minstrels of Samoa, and the wide world could offer no lovelier scene than the exquisite tropical forests of these happy isles, where no hurtful creature lies hidden. But I fear that even here, the idyls were not free from occasional touches of shadow, though doubtless there were reflected lights, enough to relieve any transient shade, and lover's quarrels were forgotten in new loves.

All round the central clearing, hiding-places were constructed and covered with green boughs. In each of these a sportsman was concealed, holding in one hand a stick to which a tame pigeon was attached by a string some ten yards in length. These pigeons were all trained to fly round and round, and the wild wood doves seeing so many of their fellows circling round one spot, naturally supposed there was something good to be shared, and ventured near, when, from each ambush, a long slim bamboo was thrust forth, with a net attached, and the stranger was forthwith captured. Of course, he who caught the largest number, was the hero of the hour, and to him was presented the feast of the day, at which baked pigeons figured largely. Some, however, were preserved alive, to be trained as decoy birds, as this pigeon-taming was a favourite occupation at all seasons of the year, indeed is so at the present time, for the Samoan takes as much pride in his doves and pigeons, as a Briton does in his hounds and horses. The birds are trained in such habits of idleness that they actually will not feed themselves, but sit patiently waiting till their master puts their daily bread-yam, banana or cocoa-nut into their mouths!

The Samoan dove and its wooing furnished the theme for one of the prettiest of the native dances. The girls, while gently gliding to and fro, utter the low, soft call of the female dove, their mates answering from afar, in deeper, resounding tones, and circling around, ever drawing nearer and nearer, till the wooers and the wooed unite in a ballet of much graceful fluttering.

In old heathen days birds and insects had 'a real good time' in Samoa, as the various tribes adopted different animals as their *etu* or *totem*-god, and to them this creature was sacred, whether alive or dead. Thus

the man who found the dead body of his representative deity,—say an owl, a heron or a bat,—would stop and wail piteously, beating his own forehead with stones till it bled; then wrapping up the poor corpse with all reverence, he would solemnly bury it with as much care as if it had been a near relation. This was supposed to be pleasing to the gods. When, therefore, any Samoan resolved to declare himself a Christian, he commenced by killing and eating the familiar spirit of his tribe, whether grasshopper, centipede, octopus, vampire-bat, snake, eel, lizard, parrot, or other creature.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE:

SIMON JASPER.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER VIII.—SIMON TELLS OF HIS CONVERSION.

'I WENT over to Poundstock to live after that. The Maister there was a little ould man, a bachelor, with white hair all smoothed over his little round head. He was the principal man up to chapel, and a preacher, too, and all that, and so good a man as ever lived. But—well there, Maister, there's folks that are oncommon religious, only they do always put anybody in mind of the ten commandments 'pon the tables of stone—'tis all hard and no feeling in it; and 'tis all "*thou shalt*" and "*thou shalt not.*" That was Maister, exactly. If he believed a thing to be right he would do it, never mind if he had to die for it; and the more it hurt en the more he would think it was right. But there—speak a kind word or give 'e a kind look, Maister couldn't, no more than he could fly. He would give away ever so much to the poor, but he scolded mun all the time, and looked like as if he would sooner kill mun. I always used to think that I must have done something dreadful bad whenever the little ould Maister come near me.

'One day, soon after I had gone up there to live, I was coming across a little bit of plantation that belonged to maister, and just as I was getting over the hedge there was he a-standing waiting for me. He never said a word—only tookt hold of me by the collar of my coat and led me right back again till I come to the other side, and there was a board nailed up to a tree.

'"Read that, boy," saith he, a'most chokin' me all the time. So I spelt it out—"NOTICE. TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE UTMOST RIGOUR OF THE LAW. BY ORDER, STEPHEN PETHERICK." Then he gave me a shake and told me to mind that, for this world and the next, too. Somehow it always put me in mind of that whenever I heard Maister preach or pray, or anything else. If that had been in the Bible it would have been maister's favourite text; and I fancy he used to think that if it wasn't there, it ought to be.

'But there—seemin' to me, some of us do get hold of one end of religion and some of another. Maister had got hold of that end and couldn't see any other—*Trespassers will be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law;* and he used to go on just like as if he believed that the only way to do folks any good was to threaten and scold them.

'Ah, bless the Lord—*that isn't His way!* I've often thought about it when I been sitting here by the fire

a-watching the ould dear making up her doctor's trade with her flowers and herbs. God might have sent physic into the world all so nasty and ugly as men do make it—pills and mixtures and all that. But He do send us His medicine, in the flowers that do look pretty and smell sweet, and that make the place all bright and beautiful. I do like what St. Paul saith about *pleasing our neighbour unto edification;* like as if we must sweeten the physic a bit and put in something pleasant for to give it a flavourin'. I've heard the ould dear say sometimes that blisters don't do no good till they do hurt 'e a bit. Maister believed that about everything. But seemin' to me that our Heavenly Father won't so much as feed the sheep and the cows without putting in the daisies and buttercups for to make it look pretty; and the clover musn't grow without smellin' sweet. And I can't help thinkin' that the flowers is put there for to teach us that the Heavenly Father do smile upon us when He doth us good, like as if He was glad to do it. And I do believe He would like His children to do good the same way.'

It was at some other time that the old man gave us the rest of the chapter, indeed more than once. There was scarcely another incident of his life on which he dwelt more fondly. As belonging to this period it naturally finds its place here.

'From the day that the little maid come to Grimpound I had started tryin' all I could think of for to be religious; and when I come to Poundstock everything helped me. I used to think about the little maid, fine and often; and used to ask the Lord to bless her, and wondered if ever I should see her again. And, of course, I always counted that my starting again for to try and be good was all along of her coming that day when I heard her singin' her little hymn. But it was dreadful hard work. I used to read my Bible, and listen to the preachin' and all that;—but there!'—

Then the old man sighed. 'Ah, Maister, 'tis no good sowin' garden seeds in the sand, not even if you do water them with your tears day and night and keep attendin to mun all the year round. That is how I was a-tryin' to make my little garden of Eden. No, you must get the *soil* changed before the seeds will grow, and that is what I couldn't tell how to do.'

Then Simon smiled as some memory of years ago came flitting across his mind, and he looked up merrily.

'One day, Maister, when I was livin' out that way, there was some London gents come down there and put on a mine, and gived out that it was going to do all sorts of wonderful things. Well, when they had been workin' for six months or so they brought up a great stone of tin, splendid stuff they said it was, and all so clean and lovely, shinin' in the sun like a passle of silver. Well, they put a ticket upon it and sent it up to London for to show the folks what come from their mine, and shares went up ever so much. But there, it was well knowed all over the parish that these rascals had carried it *down* the mine before ever it was brought up. And of course, they never found another stone o' tin in the place.

'Well, it was like that along with me. I kept on sinking shafts and driving cross-cuts and all sorts; trying for to find the springs of repentance, and to come across a bunch of good feelings and to hit upon a bit of real religion; but there was nothing good there, and never would have been, except it was put there first. Seemin' to me, Maister, that is the hardest lesson for anybody to learn. And 'tis the first, too. There's

no going on till you do get there. You must just come to the Blessed Lord Jesus for *everything*—earnestness and repentance and good feelings and everything else.'

The old man stayed a moment, and shook his head as he sighed deeply. 'To think I was so long coming to see that!' Presently his face was lit up with a smile, and he went on again: 'The devil is oncommon fond of preachin', Maister; I'm sure he is. And 'tis wonderful how he can get folks to listen to en, tew. Iss, he can put up his suit of black and his white tie, just like a regular Minister, and he wull look so serious and talk all so nice and pious that scores do take it all for gospel. He do come 'long to anybody when they are feeling a bit concerned, and then he'll begin: "Well, yes—'tis time for you to be thinkin' a bit, gettin' up in years like you be, tew, and you know you are not what you ought to be, not by ever so much. There is this and that and the other—you do know 'tis wrong, and you never wull get to Heaven whilst you do go on like it, never!" And he'll shake his head and say it like as if he was ever so sorry. "Well," saith he, "there's only one thing for it. You must turn over a new leaf; give up your bad ways and all that, and begin to do what is good and proper. You must mend your manners and get the rids of your bad tempers and make yourself all nice and lovely. Then there wull be some hope for 'e." "Iss," saith the poor dear, "so I wull." And away he goes, diggin' at his self again, trying for to come across a bit of goodness, resolvin' and strugglin'. There—they do tell about the great giant Tregeagle a-tryin' to bale out Dozmare Pool with a limpet shell. And I have a-thought sometimes that I could see more sense in them old stories than there is 'pon the top of 'em, and how that they that told it up first of all, meant it for a kind of picture of a man tryin' to make hisself what he ought to be; a tryin' to bale the mischief out of his own heart. When the devil can't hinder a man any other way, he'll very often set him on to that and keep him at it till the poor soul is worn out and sick with tryin'. No. There's the word of the Lord wrote down over the threshold of the door to Heaven, so plain as plain can be—*Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.* It isn't *in* the man for to be good, and of course it can't come out. Why of his own self a man haven't so much as a pair of eyes for to see into the Kingdom of God, much less any strength for to get up and enter into it and belong to it, like a King and Priest. And bless the Lord, the way *in* is the way on, and all the way right up to the glory 'pon the other side—*Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.*'

The old man bent his head adoringly as if some passing glimpse of that High Presence filled his soul.

'Of course, you'd think that anybody would see it all in a minute; that if the Blessed Lord Jesus come from Heaven to save us it must be that we can't save ourselves. I do know that I be an ould stupid, Maister, but I can't think however it could take me so long for to see that. But it did. I went on like that month after month till I was a'most eighteen year ould, and a-beginnin' to think that I never should be any different, only keepin' on trying and struggling, hoping and despairing.

'Well, one Sunday there come an old gentleman over from Camelford to preach, a dear, quiet old man. He wasn't much of a preacher so far as I can mind, but somehow you could

tell in a minute that he was a good man. And there was nothing in all the world that I liked so well as lookin' after them that loved the Lord; for if I couldn't tell how to love Him myself like I wanted to, I thought I could try and do everything for them that did love Him. Why it was a joy to me to look after their horses, or so much as black their boots. Well, that Sunday I was comin' home over the fields, and when I got to the last stile, there was the dear old gentleman standin', leanin' on the gate.

'"Well, my lad," saith he, lookin' up all so kind and pleasant, "what are you called, then?"'

'"Simon, please your honour," I says, feeling so glad that he had spoke to me.

'"Simon!—come, I must shake hands with you," and he put forth his hand and took mine in it, a-lookin' me full in the face. "There was once a man that was called Simon and the Lord Jesus Christ looked upon him and said—*Lovest thou Me?* What would this Simon say, I wonder, if I ventured to ask him the question?"

'He spoke all so kind, and seemed like as if he would do anything for me. I felt that I could somehow tell him all my heart.

'"I do wish I did, Sir," I said, "and I be a-tryin' to."

"Bless you, dear lad!" and the old gentleman laid his hand 'pon my shoulder, and spoke kinder than ever. "Bless you. Some day you shall be able to say as he did long ago, *Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee.* But it will never be with wishing and trying."

'I looked up quite frightened. Whatever could I do if I gave that up! "Won't it, Sir!" I gasped out.

'"No," saith the old gentleman, shaking his head and smiling. "We never love with wishing and trying to. It is always *because we can't help it.*"

'"I don't want to help it, please Sir," I said, and thinkin' that I must be different from everybody else. 'You see, Sir, I *be* so hard and dark and cold—'tis dreadful!"

'"So was that other Simon," said the old gentleman. And he took his Bible out of his pocket and opened it to the last chapter of St. John. "Now let me tell you about it. You see they had been fishing all night—toiling hard and catching nothing—Well, of course, Simon was all cold and hungry, and just like as if he hadn't any feeling in him. Wet to the skin and all out of heart, too, I dare say. Well, the Lord did not say to him then, *Simon, lovest thou Me?* If He had, I expect Simon would only have said, 'I do wish I did, Lord—and I am trying to.' No, no—that is not the way the Wise and Blessed Lord does. He said to Himself with His tender heart—Poor children, they are tired and hungry and wet and cold. So He told them to let the net down on the right side of the ship, and He gladdened them with a great haul of fish. Then He lit a fire for them and cooked a fish and had some bread ready; and as they came up out of the sea He said, *Come and dine.*"

'I leaned over to look at the page; it seemed all so wonderful; and there was his finger right under the very words—

'"*So when they had dined,*" and his finger went along pointing out the words. "Do you see that, dear lad? When the poor drenched, shivering Simon was warmed and had finished his dinner and felt all comfortable, and was lying down in the sand looking right up into his Lord's face and thinking what a dear, kind, blessed Master He was, *then* Jesus looked upon Simon and said to him, *Lovest thou* ME? And *then* all Simon's heart leapt up and cried out

Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee. Now that is how it always is. The good Lord takes us and makes us *feel* His love, and warms our heart with it, and shows us how good and kind He is—then we begin to love Him. It isn't wishing to or trying to then, but just loving because *we can't help it*. 'We love Him, because He *first* loved us.' *He* must begin. Do you see?"

'I looked up without a word, wondering wherever he could have got so glorious a gospel as that from; and I had been puzzling over it so long.

'"People think that Jesus did come to save sinners, only they must be nice kind of sinners, full of beautiful feelings and repentance and faith and earnestness and everything that is good, and then the Lord will save them. No. He comes to save people that are all hard and dark and cold and dead. You just look to Him, dear lad, like Simon did of old. Ask Him to show you His love. If you think of Him you can't help loving Him; but if you keep thinking of yourself you will never get above wishing and trying to."

'Then he laid his hand tenderly upon my shoulder, "Take these words with you, dear lad, wherever you go, *The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*"

'"I *do* thank you, Sir," I said. I come away feeling that it was all so clear as day. Letting Jesus do it for me, instead of trying to do it for myself. I could see that there was no bounds to it then, for who could tell where *His* power would end to. Of course I could think of nothing else, and so soon as ever I had tended the cattle I kneeled down in the hay-loft and began to pray. I was not going to think about myself. "*He must begin it*," the words kept coming to my mind again and again. So I told the Lord I was come on purpose for Him to begin it; and would He please for to begin it then and there. And bless His name, He did. It was not so much any way of thinking about it or seeing it. It was just a blessed feeling put into my heart that went right through me—that the Son of God *did* love me, and gave Himself for me. There—it was exactly what the Bible saith—the love of God shed abroad in *the heart* by the Holy Ghost given unto us. And kneeling there that evening I was able for to look right up and say, *Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I do love Thee.* It did hurt me then for to think that ever I had doubted Him.

'I went forth with my mind all full of peace and a quiet sort of a joy. I sang over the little maid's hymn better than ever I could before:

> "The opening heavens around me shine
> With beams of sacred bliss,
> If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
> And whispers I am His."

And I did wish that the little maid was near by for me to tell her all about it.

'When I come in to supper I told them how I had found the Lord; and the most of them knew by my looks, so they said, that something had happened. The little ould Maister he only shook his head like as if he didn't believe it, and saith he, *Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.* But the dear ould gentleman he come to me praising the Lord; and he whispers all so tender and encouraging, "Now you have let Jesus begin it, you must let Him end it too. He is the Author and the *Finisher* of our faith. You must go all the way looking to Him. 'Fear not,' He says, 'I am with you alway.' God bless you, dear lad, and make you a blessing."

'The dear old gentleman he never come again. A fortnight after that

they went to call him one morning and found him dead in his bed.

'But it was the next day that it all come to be lighted up with such a beauty an' blessedness—I never shall forget it. The Apostle John was sent out by the sea for to look upon the glorious revelations of heaven and the throne of God and the triumph of the Lamb. Ah, there's wonders by the sea still!—things that do make me feel a'most awed like John was, and I've fell at His feet as dead. To see Him come forth in His majesty an' splendour, a-ridin' in His chariot of the winds and speaking in that voice which is as the sound of many waters; and the great waves do lift up their heads on high for to catch sight o' the King of Glory, and then fall down before Him, like as if they was hushed and awed at their Master's presence.

'And then there's other times when the Great King do seem to come again by the sea-side and sit down beside us all so brotherly; and it is like as if His comin' do make everything so calm an' peaceful, and so full of sunshine an' glory. Then He doth open His mouth and teach us, turning the common things that we look at into all sorts of lovely lessons, and openin' our eyes for to see the kingdom of God everywhere and in everything. Heaven itself will be a more wonderful place than I do think it can be, if ever the golden streets or the banks of the river do come to make me forget that spot down there to Widmouth Beach.

'Ah, Maister, it doth any bodygood to think of it—that there is places down here 'pon our poor earth where it seemeth like as if the Blessed Lord had left His footmark so that nothin' can't cover it up or hide it away. If ever I doubted that the Lord had really spoke to my soul, I should be quite sure of it again so soon as ever I caught sight of that bit of beach. It is all so fresh and full of blessedness now as it was the day it happened.

'It was like this. I had gone down there with the wagon for to fetch a load of sand. I had filled the wagon and then I sat down and got out my bit of dinner. I was lying down in the dry sand, just out of the wind a bit, with my heart all full of what I had found the night before, and the little maid's hymn a-runnin' in my head all the time. And I thought about Simon too, and could see the dear old gentleman's finger still resting upon the words, "*so when they had dined.*" And I did long that the Lord Jesus would come again and ask me if I loved Him, and let me look up in His face and tell Him all my heart.

'Then all of a sudden my eyes fell upon the track of the wheels that I had left across the sands, and all the horse's footmarks and my own. And there was the pits I had made, and the rough places, and the sand I had spilt. I saw how that it had broke up all the smoothness of the beach, like as if I had a-spoiled it all, wherever I had gone. Then all of a sudden it come home to my heart and filled me—*crushed* me, like as if the cliff had fallen in upon me. "There—that is how your life doth lie out beneath God's eye. There it is, all the story of it—how you came; where you went; what you did. Ah, how you have spoiled all the beauty of it wherever you have a-set your foot! And you can't undo it—not so much as a word of it! To think of it, that every wish and the secretest thought should be like that, with Him looking down and reading it all!" And I couldn't cover it up—couldn't anyhow put it out of sight. It was like as if I never saw what sin was before; how real and how dreadful. Things that I had never thought about, not for being wrong and that I could excuse mun, all in a minute, there they was all so real

and so black and terrible, sure 'nough. It was like as if the smooth an' shinin' sea had all gone back and there now was the cruel black rocks, and the ghastly tokens of all the dreadful things that they had a-done. I seemed for to see how that God had made me for Himself, and now He was come to try my life. And it was all out; all wrong; all come short of His glory, as the Book saith. He put up His standard and measured me and 'twas all short and all wrong. And yet that *He* should love *me*, and have given *Himself* for *me*. That made it hurt me dreadful. I bowed down before the Lord, and cried aloud.'

For a minute or two the old man's eyes were closed, and his head bent in prayer. To us it was a relief to pause amidst the solemnity with which he spoke, and which it would be impossible to reproduce, especially in any written account. Presently he looked up, his eyes shining through the tears that had gathered in them. 'Repentance is a blessed gift, Maister; and there is hardly another ould friend that I shall miss in Heaven so much as dear ould Repentance. My mother-in-law I do call her, and her is like that for a good many reasons. But there—whether it is before a man is converted or whether 'tis after, seemin' to me that you must know something of the *love* of the Blessed Lord before you do know much about repentance. When we do see Him whom we have pierced then we can mourn, and can't help it. 'Tis true here too, as the old gentleman said,—"*He* must begin it."

'Well, while I was sittin' there the tide had turned and the sea was comin' in middlin' and rough. I was not thinking about that or anything else, only about the sins of my life and all the mischief they had done. Then all of a sudden I happened to look up, and there was a wave comin' right in with the wind and away up over the sands; on it swept till it reached the place where I had been diggin', and where all the tracks where biggest and deepest. Well, it came flowing right up over them; and when it went back again the place was all smoothed over—pits and wheelmarks and foot-prints were all gone—there was the shinin' sand all beautiful again. And after that wave there came another and another until in the very place where I had spoiled it all there in the wet smooth sand I could see the reflection of the sky itself. Then in upon my heart there come the words like as if the Lord Himself had spoken them right through me—*the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. All*—no matter how deep or how many—all! Ah, the music there is in it, and the blessedness! He had made my life all clean and pure and beautiful again—cleansed from all sin—shining with the light of heaven. My heart was full—I could only look up in the blue sky overhead, like as if I was looking up into the face of my Blessed Master, and say, *Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee.* Love filled all my soul, and flowed over in tears of gladness and in words of praise.

'Then come the endin' of it; and a lovely endin' it was too. Ah, how many hundreds of times it has come to my mind! The tide come up further and further till I had to get away from the place where I had been sittin'. And as I stood up there I could see the great breakers going tumblin' and roarin' over the place where the pits had been dug, and the cart-tracks was thickest. Then in upon my soul there come the thought that made a glorious finish to it all—*Thou hast buried my sins in the depths of the sea.*

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, F.R.S., F.L.S., ETC.

THE great event of the past month has been the observation of the total eclipse of the Sun. The observers in Egypt were favoured with almost ideal weather, and their observations were successful in a very high degree.

The brief summary of the results obtained is a record of the general value of the observations made by each party of observers, both in naked-eye observations and those made by means of the spectroscope, just before, during, and at the close of the period of totality; and it was also stated that a comet was discovered close to the sun, and photographed, with a fine series of photographs, which were taken of the 'corona,' or bright streamer-like haze that shines forth when the sun's body is obscured entirely by the moon.

The general statement of the results as agreed to by the council of all the observing parties at the close of their work, is very pleasing. They tell us that unprecedented facilities were afforded by the Egyptian government in the prosecution of their work as observers; and the general plan agreed to by the English, French, and Italian expeditions was adopted. The best proof of the value of the work done is the accord found in all the results, by whatever means attained.

At one time there was some doubt —though in recent years thoroughly disposed of—that the corona might be a terrestrial phenomenon; but that it is solar there has been clear proof in recent eclipses. But to be certain as to its nature and cause is a very important matter to physical astronomy. It is believed by many students of solar physics to be the result of the intense activity of the solar surface, and to be to some extent dependent upon the amount and extent of the solar cyclones and eruptive activities, and the vast hydrogen 'prominences' or flames that are constantly observed upon the sun's edge.

To be able, therefore, to obtain good photographs of the 'corona,' is a great step in advance concerning our knowledge of its form, probable proportions, and so forth. There have been photographs of earlier eclipses, but science never rests, and the enormous acquisition of rapidity now obtained by the 'dry plate' process, was, of course, adopted in Egypt, and the result has been not only splendid photographs of the 'corona' as a whole, but also photographs of its *spectrum* as presented by the analysis of its light in a powerful set of spectroscopes. Some of these comprehended the entire spectrum; but others were confined to parts of this, as, for example, the red end of it being the only part observed by Tacchini, who also made the red prominences or hydrogen flames special objects of investigation.

The comet seen very near the sun was a remarkably striking object, and was both photographed and carefully observed with the unaided eye, and the 'line' in the spectrum of the 'corona' which was characteristic of it in former spectroscopic observations, was absolutely determined, and its position accurately noted; and it was observed that there was an absence of *dark* lines such as characterize ordinary sunlight, and are known to be positive indexes of the existence of certain incandescent gaseous bodies in the solar envelope, were not present in the spectrum of the corona; and this was observed with very divergent spectroscopical methods of analysis, and seems to suggest great simplicity in the coronal matter. There was, however, also a *continuous* spectrum

as the apparent result of faint reflection of solar luminosity.

The corona was of the usual form, not very much characterized by rifts; but as seen with the telescope it was said to be full of structure, delicate lines of light curving hither and thither, and arranged in great groups. There was, Mr. Ranyard says, one very marked, long, straight ray, and there were several structures like great prominences stretching to a great height.

On the whole, from the amount of valuable work done, we may expect that when the observations are reduced, some most beneficial additions will be made to our accurate knowledge of the sun and his environments.

After the two papers which have appeared in this Magazine for April and May last, on the cause of epidemic diseases, the reader will hardly be surprised to find that startling results have come to hand from Prof. Koch of Berlin. He has demonstrated that Tubercular Disease, or 'Consumption,' is at once parastic in its origin and contagious in its character. Koch affirms that one-seventh of the deaths that occur in the whole human family are attributable to tubercular disease. It has long been known that this disease was communicable, and Koch has been at work to discover *what* is the contagium. In the diseased organs it was soon discovered that there was universally present a parasite—a minute bacterial organism in fact—and it was shown, by the most exhaustive experiments, that this organism was the *cause* of the deadly disease. It requires no boldness on the part of a working biologist to affirm, that the disease having thus been proved to be of such an origin, that sooner or later, under the influence of the great law of variation and adaptation to changed environment, these organisms will be by cultivation so modified, as to be made into a vaccine, like the *Bacillus anthrax*, which will exert at least some modifying influence on the development of the disease itself. This is another illustration of the rapid advance of knowledge even in so obscure a subject, when we have once entered the right path.

For thirty years past chemists have been endeavouring to isolate the metal *cæsium* from its salts. This metal, with the metal *rubidium*, was the first great discovery made by the aid of the spectroscope. It was found that a metal in each case existed which had never before been seen, and the existence of which was only revealed by the physical analysis of the then almost unused instrument that was to so completely revolutionize our methods of research on near and distant bodies.

Bunsen demonstrated the existence of the metal rubidium, by preparing it through the electrical decomposition of its salts; but he did not succeed in obtaining cæsium. But a German chemist, Setterberg, has now succeeded in preparing this metallic cæsium by the electric decomposition of a mixture of the fused cyanides of cæsium and barium. It is a silver-white metal, very soft, extremely ductile, about twice as heavy as water, and with a melting-point of 85° Fahr.; thus resembling gallium. It at once ignites in ordinary air, or when thrown upon water, on account of its extraordinary affinity for oxygen; in this respect being nearly related to rubidium and potassium, although it is the only metal known that actually inflames in air. The more highly oxydizable metals, like potassium, oxydize very rapidly in air and burn in water; but the oxydization in air in all other metals is not such as to lead to ignition.

Signors Bartogli and Papasogli

have been conducting a series of experiments on electrolyzing distilled water; that is, decomposing it for about six weeks first with strong, and afterwards with weaker, batteries, and carbon electrodes or terminals, by which the electric energy is caused to pass from the battery into the fluid under analysis. They have obtained, as a result of this, a solid, dark, shiny matter, soluble in hot water and in alkalies, but insoluble in most mineral acids and in ordinary solvents, such as alcohol and benzine. It does not fuse, is not crystallizable, burns with difficulty, and has strong colouring power. It combines easily with oxygen, and gives rise to acids of the benzo-carbonic series. It appears to be composed of eleven molecules of carbon, two of hydrogen, and four of oxygen. The discoverers call this new substance mellogen.

In the neighbourhood of Rheims, M. de Lemoinne found sufficient remains of a remarkable fossil bird to prove it to be a new species of the Eocene epoch. It was of gigantic size, being when erect at least ten feet high. The skull was comparatively large, and not so disproportionate as in the case of the ostrich. It seems to have affinities to the duck, but cannot at present be accurately grouped with any forms in the known series of fossil.

We are often asked in what sense the eye of man can be said to be an instrument not ideally or mathematically perfect. The greatest German physicist and mathematician has certainly made this affirmation; and there is a sense in which it is no doubt true. But as *beauty* in nature is but the warp and woof of the final end for which that which *shows* the beauty has its present existence, so nature nowhere merely produces the ideal. The ideal of *usefulness* is that towards which all the activities of nature point. No doubt some of the arrangements of the normal human eye could be conceived of as having a more theoretical beauty of adjustment of parts as an optical instrument; but to what end does the eye of man in its present form and condition exist? To be a perfect *servant*, rather than an ideal optical instrument—to make man's sense of vision perfect, rather than, on anatomical inspection, to prove itself an incarnation of mathematics. It may be a very utilitarian view of things, but it is the view that we cannot avoid taking, that nature nowhere aims at separate ideal perfectness, but complete or combined *perfect usefulness*. The eye would be a poor organ if it satisfied us on investigation as an embodiment of certain mathematical formulæ, but at the same time did not satisfy us when used as an optical instrument. If it is perfect in use, it answers the end for which it exists, and was primarily intended and designed; and to say that the Designer has not perfectly effected His work (by whatever means) because *our* mathematical formulæ are not absolutely expressed in the *perfectly useful* eye of man, is to suggest that the knowledge of the Infinite is possessed by us, and ought to have been adopted!

There can be no doubt that every important principle of optics finds its most perfect realization in the human eye—indeed, in the eyes of all living things. The lens of the human eye is exceedingly complex, although transparent. The curvature of each face of the lens is different from that of the other, so as to produce the most distinct image on the retina, which receives and transmits the images formed there. A black ball of about ten inches diameter, for example, is visible about two miles off, if elevated on

a pole against a dusky sky. But few would conceive the actual size of the picture of that ball, in such a case, as pictured upon the retina. Optical science can readily prove that the size of the picture is about the one hundred and twenty thousandth of an inch, and yet an ordinarily good eye can detect it. But it is no easy matter to make a microscope 'take up' and transmit to the eye so minute a body as one that is the one hundred and twenty thousandth of an inch. The microscopical arrangement of the tissues must therefore be of the most refined, almost sublime, nature, to enable them to convey the impression of so minute a picture to the brain. But much smaller points than this are distinguished if they are brilliant. The eye itself is a microscope; and as some physiological physicists think, it is used to form on the retina temporary photographs of the miniatures constantly thrown upon it.

But the eyes of insects in some senses exceed ours in complexity and contrivance. They have no eyelids, they must see all round at once to escape their enemies. The result is that they have compound eyes—that is, a series of lenses, each connected with a part of the retina and giving a separate image; but as the two separate images formed on our retinas are blent in the brain into one image, so the many images of insect eyes become also one in the ganglion which receives the impression, and makes the insect conscious of it. In the house-fly there are four thousand lenses, each lens giving a distinct image. In the common yellow butterfly there are seventeen thousand. In the dragon-fly there are twenty-four thousand, and in some beetles even more than this. In each case the lens is adjusted to light, and the whole complex apparatus of lenses and nerve-work is so placed as to exactly suit the needs of the insect. The perfection here is not seen in the incarnation of mathematical formulæ, but in the exquisite usefulness of the organic apparatus.

SELECT LITERARY NOTICES.

A Practical Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Mark. By J. Morison, D.D. Revised. London: Hodder and Stoughton.—We welcome a third edition of a work the great value of which is already recognised by Biblical students. This volume fully exhibits its author's excellencies and redundances, which are much greater than his defects. In other words, his very strongly-marked individuality is here very strikingly presented. His peculiarities of writing—*style* one can scarcely call it—seem rather exaggerated than toned down in the present volume. Dr. Morison has 'the contortions of the Sibyl' as well as her 'inspiration.' There is in his writings an uncomfortable jerkiness. It is rather disconcerting when the sturdy, firm-treading expositor ever and anon suddenly makes a movement like the grotesque eccentricities of a Highland *fling*. To change the figure, Dr. Morison's composition is sadly wanting in homogeneity. It is of a conglomerate formation; a sort of *pudding-stone*. Nevertheless it has many strong and serviceable elements. It is vividly realistic, and is replete with sound sense; in this respect very suitable to a commentary on St. Mark. And we much prefer Dr. Morison's corrugated iron to the glassy monotony of some Scottish writers, such as the historian Robertson.

Dr. Morison is one of the acutest of expositors. He has the most subtle perception of delicate peculiarities of wording and *glints* of thought. He catches the influence of Peter upon his young associate Mark, and calls attention to the value and the interest of that influence. The section on 'The Inner Relation' of this Gospel to those of St. Matthew and St. Luke, discusses a difficult matter with remarkable industry and keenness. Yet he brings out with rare skill the individuality of Mark, keeping clear of a reproduction of his own notes on Matthew. He carefully compares the Revised with the Authorised Version, having been beforehand with the revisers in not a few

of their emendations. This Commentary is at once strikingly original and rich in quotation; the older writers, such as Purver, Tyndale and Wycliffe are happily not overlooked. There is a German thoroughness about Dr. Morison's work. He blinks no difficulty, but *bottoms* everything, with a candour equal to his patience. He judicially investigates the authenticity of Mark xvi. 9—20, and gives a firm and well-reasoned judgment in its favour. We cannot but think, indeed, that the bulkiness of the book—550 solid octavo pages on Mark's brief Gospel—might with advantage have been reduced. We have far too much of exhumed exposition for 'a *practical* Commentary.' When will the thrice-slain corses of condemned commentary be left to the great health-officer, Oblivion? Surely 'a practical Commentary' should not be made to serve the purpose of a pathological museum. Our author also abounds in gratuitous and unnecessary explanation. Like Barnes, he seems to think that a commentator is bound to say something on every clause of every verse, however simple it may be. He evidently has a very low opinion of the perspicacity of his readers.

We may mention as amongst the most valuable notes in the volume, those on John's baptism, on Repentance, and on the Sabbath—his sound and brave remarks on demoniacs, and his firm defence of Inspiration against rationalistic commenting. As specimens of acute exposition, we may notice the observations on Mark iv. 11; v. 6; viii. 4 and 11; x. 21 and 30; xi. 4, 13, and 23. On a few points, however, we cannot agree with this able expositor. We cannot think that the account given by Josephus of the populousness of Palestine in his own day 'is exaggeration;' else how could a country about the size of Wales have defied for so long a time the whole military force of the Roman empire, wielded by its greatest generals, such as Vespasian and Titus? Some of Dr. Morison's alterations of renderings do not seem to us emendations. 'If Thou willest, Thou *art able*,' is surely no improvement on 'If Thou willest, Thou *canst*.' Nor can we fancy that in the surname 'sons of thunder,' 'there is a simple reference to some deep-toned peculiarity of voice.' Our author makes an unnecessary difficulty about the word παραδῷ in Mark iv. 29: When the fruit is, '*brought forth*,' literally, *yielded up*. Is not this precisely the same idea as that of the word *yield*, as synonymous with *crop*—'a good yield,' 'a fair yield,' or 'a poor yield;' and with the Biblical use of the verb '*yielded* almonds,' 'a tree *yielding* seed,' etc., etc.?

On the whole, however, we regard this as the most useful commentary on St. Mark with which we are acquainted.

The Hem of Christ's Garment, and other Sermons. By Enoch Mellor, D.D. With a Biographical Sketch by H. R. Reynolds, D.D.—Dr. Mellor is as favoured in having his friend Dr. Reynolds for his biographer, as John Ely was in having his friend Dr. Richard Winter Hamilton to portray his character and sketch his life. The *Biographical Sketch* is throughout most affectionately and sympathetically appreciative. It is, indeed, much more than a *Sketch*: it is a full-length portrait, with no lack of living colour. Dr. Mellor's prominent features as a preacher, a platform orator, a writer, a debater, a pastor, and a friend, are drawn with a careful, skilful hand, and with a tender touch. We have also twenty of his most characteristic sermons. Dr. Reynolds calls special attention to the one which appeared first in this Magazine (July and September, 1881), in our series of *Texts for the Times*—contributed by Dr. Mellor only three months before his death—'the passionate and pathetic pleading with Christian souls founded on the grand refrain, "For My Sake."'

The Theology of the New Testament: A Handbook for Bible Students. By J. J. Van Oosterzee, D.D. Translated by M. J. Evans, B.A. Fourth Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.—Van Oosterzee has won his place amongst the great theological thinkers of the age. We are right glad of another edition of this useful Handbook. It starts with a significant and very handy distinction between *Christian Dogmatics* and *Theology*, limiting its scope to the former. The Professor thus disembarrasses himself, at the start, of captious criticism, controversial contentions, and ecclesiastical or denominational definitions. He goes straight to the Scriptures. This method, of course, records the first and immeasurably the most important—the only authoritative—part of the history of Christian doctrine; and whilst, with due dignity, it holds itself free from the conflict of theological theories, it yet takes close cognizance of the connection between the New Testament and the Old, and of the historic conditions of nascent Christianity. Hence the important preliminary chapters on *Messianism*, *Prophetism*, *Judaism*, and John the Baptist. Our author next educes from the Gospels the

dogmatics (that word should surely have been retained in the headings of the chapters, as well as in the title-page of the book, and not substituted by the term 'theology')—*the dogmatics* of our Lord Himself. He then examines the *Epistles* and the *Apocalypse*; 'the higher unity' of the teaching of the Apostles with each other, and of all with the Master, being clearly demonstrated. The section on *The Church* is brief and incomplete, but sound; the observations on St. John's conception of the Church being the most valuable. The remarks on Baptism are very short, but sensible and Scriptural: those on the Lord's Supper, just, to their extent, but very inadequate. He assigns the true meaning to the word *Catholic*.

Though Oosterzee shows a very scant acquaintance with English exposition and theology—Ellicott, Alford, Candlish, Halley and Graham being, we believe, the only British writers quoted—the Dutch theologian is himself characterized by a strong British good sense, as may be seen, *e.g.*, in his treatment of the doctrines of Christian Perfection, the Second Advent and the Resurrection, and in the sedateness and solidity of his deductions as to Future Punishments. In this respect he presents a contrast as striking as it is salutary to that of our theologizing rhetoricians of the school of Canon Farrar. There is in Oosterzee, at the same time, no lack of keen, deep insight, combined with an exemplary moderation and cautiousness. His quotations from French and German writers are very choice. His summings-up of doctrine are as fine as they are useful; and in this work, as in his *Practical Theology*, his *Points for Enquiry* are amongst the most useful and suggestive parts of the book. There are some exquisite touches of exposition on the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Apocalypse. The question of the authorship of the former he does not discuss; but he truly calls it 'a faithful impress of the spirit of the great Apostle of the Gentiles.'

Whilst not committing ourselves to every detail, we heartily commend this book to students and preachers. It accomplishes the purpose of its author: to close up a gap in theological classwork and Biblical literature.

From Sin unto Salvation. By the Rev. T. Griffith, A.M. London: Hodder and Stoughton.—Here we have another comment on Romans vii., viii. 1-17; and that a remarkably fresh, clear, sound and vigorous one, and withal devout and edifying. We rejoice in the uncontroversial tone of the book: the writer is usually content to honestly educe the truth, and let it '*fen for itself*,' being assured of its competence to do so. He starts with an ingenious contrast between the theolcgy of Milton's *Paradise Lost* and that of his *Paradise Regained*. We cannot but think him unjust to the great poet, especially in forgetting that *Paradise Regained* is but a fragment of the work planned by Milton. The noble opening passage of that grand epic, one clause of which our author quotes:

'Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
By one Man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation; and the tempter foiled,'—

would be endorsed by St. Paul, on whose Epistles to the Romans and the Colossians it is in fact based. It was necessary, in order to make his later poem the counterpart of the former, to give great prominence to Christ's conflict with and triumph over Satan.

Mr. Griffith rightly sets forth the Saviour's absolute obedience and sacrificial death as preparatory to His glorification and the gift of the Holy Ghost. He gives an able and helpful, though sometimes rather too free, paraphrase of Romans vii.—viii. 17, followed by a powerful exposition, in which the upward path 'from Sin unto Salvation' is luminously described. He sees how untenable is the Calvinistic interpretation of Romans vii. He says: 'If chapter vii. 1—24 were a type of Christian experience, the viii th would be superfluous, nay, contradictory;' and he shows that Augustine was the inventor of this—as of so many other errors. Much side-light is shed upon the passage, from Greek, Roman, Oriental and Christian writers. We commend the book to believers and to doubters alike: it will be found by no means dull.

Led by the Spirit: Memoirs of Mrs. Caroline E. Walker. By the Rev. Edward Jewitt Robinson. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road.—Among the many choice records of saintly lives in which the Methodist Community is so rich, we have not seen a more pathetic and beautiful soul-history than that recorded in the volume before us. The Memoir is compiled almost entirely from Mrs. Walker's own journal and letters; the editor's choice remarks are wisely, though sparingly interspersed. This simple story of persecution for Christ's sake, cannot fail to stimulate any who are in danger of lukewarmness because their lines have fallen in pleasant places. We earnestly recommend the book.

Memorials of the Rev. John Henry Anderson: with a Brief Memoir, by his Brother, the Rev. T. D. Anderson, B.A London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road.—Mr. Anderson was a young Minister of great promise, much beloved in his Circuits, and beginning to be widely known as an able preacher and speaker. The promise was only to be partially fulfilled on earth. After a few years of struggling with feeble health he died at sea, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, and the eighteenth of his ministry. The *Memorials* consist of seventeen sermons, a lecture on St. Paul, and a speech delivered in connection with the Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary in 1877. Mr. Anderson's style was pictorial and popular; and this little volume will doubtless be read with interest, not only by those who had the privilege of knowing him, but also by many who never listened to his voice.

Memoirs of Charles James Finney. New Edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton.—We are glad to see the life of this remarkable evangelist in a portable and compact form. Very little of the larger volume has been omitted, except incidents which have little interest for English readers. All who would be wise to win souls would do well to study this record of Professor Finney's labours, and to seek to learn the secret of his marvellous success.

Mischievous Foxes; or, The Little Sins that Mar the Christian Character. By Rev. J. Colwell.—Polished Stones from a Rough Quarry. By Mrs. Hutcheon. London: T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road.—The first of these pretty little books contains very lively and sensible counsel on matters of interest to all; for the 'little foxes' treated of here are an almost universal plague. The book cannot fail to be of service to those who read it in the spirit in which it is written.

Mrs. Hutcheon's book is a beautifully-written account of laborious, but ultimately successful work in what seemed a most unpromising field. The many thrilling and well-told incidents, as well as the earnest, loving spirit in which it is written, will encourage other labourers for Christ.

Monaco, and its Gaming Tables. By John Polson. Third Edition. Enlarged and Revised. London: Elliot Stock.—At Monte Carlo, in the tiny principality of Monaco, are the only public gaming-tables permitted in Europe. The revenue derived from them is enormous; and no expense is spared to render the Casino attractive. The object of this little volume is to expose the profligacy and misery these gaming-tables cause, and especially to circulate information as to the terrible number of suicides for which they are responsible.

An International Association has been formed for the suppression of the gambling-rooms; we devoutly wish it speedy and complete success. Among the patrons are the Ex-Lord Mayor of London, the Bishops of Gibraltar and Meath, Mr. Spurgeon, and Dr. Donald Macleod.

Days of Grace in India: A Record of Visits to Indian Missions. By Henry Stanley Newman. London: S. W. Partridge & Co.—This 'Record' gives a just, impartial and appreciative view of the work of the Churches in India. The writer is evidently deeply interested in the spread of Christ's kingdom, and longs to excite a like interest in the minds of others. This his very readable and profusely-illustrated volume is well-calculated to do.

The Problem of Religious Progress. By Daniel Dorchester, D.D. New York: Phillips and Hunt, 1881.—The assertions of Mr. Froude and of Roman Catholic controversialists, that Protestantism is a proved failure, and the echo of the charge by 'liberal Christians,' seems to have produced, so far as the Evangelical Churches are concerned, a much greater impression in America than in this country. Here the preachers of this doctrine have received much the same half-admiring, half-contemptuous treatment as that which Professor De Morgan used to bestow upon vendors of astronomical paradoxes. People generally have recognised their ingenuity and have pitied their ignorance. Dr. Dorchester sets himself seriously to work to examine their statements. He demonstrates by the inexorable logic of facts, and confirms by pertinent and trustworthy testimony, that the morality and the spiritual vitality of the Christian world is far superior to that of the pre-Reformation period, and that there has been real, if not regular progress from the date of the dawn of Protestantism. He points out that the hindrances to Protestantism have been, to a great extent, legacies from Popery, and that some of the darkest-looking symptoms of our age have a brighter side to them.

Almost half the volume is devoted to 'statistical exhibits,' and 'Ecclesiastical statistics.' The results are startling. The most enthusiastic Protestant would be scarcely prepared for the enormous relative and actual growth

of Protestantism during the last half-century. Coloured diagrams make clear to the eye the real meaning of piles of figures. Protestantism is now the dominant creed of the Christian world, whether you measure that world by population or square mileage. The one question is, are Dr. Dorchester's figures correct? So far as we have been able to test them, we can reply unhesitatingly in the affirmative. And he invariably refers to the authority for his statements, and nearly always accepts the calculations of Roman Catholic statisticians. The book is a model of painstaking industry, and is the outcome of years of enquiry. We should much like to see an English publication on the pattern of Dr. Dorchester's, in which prominence should be given to the British aspect of the question.

In style this volume is less distinctively American than most of the books that come unedited from the other side of the water. Nevertheless many of its expressions grate awkwardly upon English ears. But surely to confound 'sequestered' with 'sequestrated,' is not an Americanism.

Spiritual Power for Missionary Work. By the Rev. Griffith John, Missionary to China. Morgan and Scott.—China: Her Claims and Call. By Rev. Griffith John, of China. Hodder and Stoughton.—The two *brochures* before us possess great interest and value, not merely to every friend of Missions, but to all working Christians. The first is a sermon based on Acts i. 8, on the relation of the Holy Spirit to the Church, with special reference to Missionary work. It is powerfully written, and evidently comes from a heart endued with the Spirit of Power. Three questions are elaborated: 1st, Are the Churches of these days filled with the Holy Ghost? 2nd, Is a new Pentecost possible to us? 3rd, How is this fulness of the Spirit to be obtained? Associated with this is a stirring appeal on the cry, 'Come over and help us.'

We gather from these valuable books that the author is a true Missionary, with a large heart, labouring for many years and working still in China in connection with the London Missionary Society. We earnestly desire that the friends of Missions should read these little books and judge for themselves.

What Might Have Been. By the Author of 'Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars.' London: James Nisbet and Co.—Another touching story of the rescue of a self-wrecked life, from the pen of one whose earnest English heart and hand has, through God's grace, saved many from despair. This 'sad story with a glad ending,' will be read with great interest by Christian workers.

Bits from Blinkbonny; or, Bell o' the Manse. By John Strathesk. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. Second Edition.—Very fresh and bonnie are these 'bits' from Scotch village-life, their interest centring round the Manse and the Kirk. The portraiture of Scotch life and character forty years ago is drawn by a faithful and artistic hand; and the genial humour which breathes through the book is sure to make it a favourite. The simple and effective illustrations are quite in keeping with the character of the word-painting.

OBITUARIES.

On August 18th, 1879, after twenty-seven years' widowhood, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins, of Milford Haven, passed home, at the age of eighty-five. She was the relict of Mr. Lewis Perkins, whose obituary appeared in this Magazine for 1853. Mrs. Perkins was converted in early life, and was a consistent member of the Methodist Society to the day of her decease. To the last, even when quite blind and very deaf, she evinced great interest in the cause of Christ. By long and careful observation she had become familiar with the details of Methodist agency; and no one could be more particular in enquiries about it, or more solicitous for its successful operation than she was. The remembrance of friends, especially ministers, whose word had been made a blessing to her, was cherished with quenchless ardour. What was recorded of her beloved partner as to his kindness, hospitality, generosity, and devotion to God and His servants, was equally applicable to her. With advancing age came diminished means, but she did not murmur. Throughout her protracted and severe affliction she manifested unshaken confidence in God, which was frequently expressed in passages of Scripture and choice hymns from the Methodist collection. The Bible was her constant companion until sight failed, and next to it she loved the Wesleyan Hymn-Book and other Wesleyan publications.

W. P. E.

Mrs. Dickinson, of Kirton, was the

daughter of, Mr. Edward Waddington, of Eagle, near Lincoln. When young she was removed to Kirton, near Boston, where she lived nearly fifty years. Having sprung from a Methodist family, she was carefully trained in the ways of religion, and became in early life a devout Christian. Her talents and sound sense, cultivated and sanctified, fitted her for usefulness in the Church, and for many years she sustained the office of Class-Leader. In this office, and as visitor of the sick and sharer in every good work, she was so useful that her name is 'as ointment poured forth.' Her joy was never so full as when the cause of God prospered in the village or Circuit. She delighted in secret prayer, and in the social means of grace; but especially in the public ministry of the Word, from which she was never carelessly absent. She looked well to the ways of her household. She ate not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed. She was a help meet for her husband. For several years previously to her death she suffered great pain and exhaustion. After having walked in the light of God's countenance for nearly sixty years, she fell asleep in Christ, September 8th, 1879.

JAMES KENDALL.

MR. RICHARD B. POTTS was born at Buxton, in 1816. It was not until late in life that his father became a Christian, but his mother was Class-Leader for some years. At the age of thirteen, Mr. Potts was apprenticed to an ironmonger in Liverpool. At twenty-one he was converted; at twenty-three he was appointed a Leader, and held the office with remarkable success for forty years. At twenty-seven he became a Local Preacher, and hundreds of souls were brought to the Saviour as the result of his instrumentality. In 1853 he removed to Birkenhead, where he laboured with constant diligence, and filled the offices of Society and Circuit Steward with great fidelity and courtesy, and to the great comfort of the Ministers and their families.

He was of a very cheerful temperament, and a most affectionate disposition; but although he appeared so joyous, he was by no means exempted from heavy trials. It was a fine feature of his character, that he did not allow his private sorrows to interfere with a loving and loyal discharge of his duties to the Church.

Two years before his death he returned to Liverpool with failing health, but still he laboured even beyond his strength. It soon became evident that his fine powers were becoming enfeebled, and that the sun-setting was near. There was no impatience, no expression of fear, but a calm waiting for the end. He had reached an elevation from which he could look tranquilly on death, and from which he had bright glimpses of his heavenly home. When asked if he felt at peace with God, he promptly replied, 'O yes! I am going home to glory. Jesus is very near me.' He remarked to one of his relatives, 'I shall soon be with my blessed Jesus.' He softly whispered:

'If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away.'

He died, as he had lived, in the full assurance of faith and hope, on the 16th of December, 1879. He has left a stainless name, and a precious memory. The salient points in Mr. Potts' character may be given in few words.

He was a *good* man: real, transparent, faithful, loving, loyal to his Saviour and to the principles and discipline of the Church of his choice. He was '*a four-square man*.' He was thoroughly *upright*. He stood on a true pedestal in clear, bold, and statuesque form, in harmonious proportions—a fine embodiment of Christian excellencies.

He was a *gracious* man: so kindly courteous and judiciously appreciative, and had such pleasant words and loving looks. There are men of high principles, of great mental activity and irreproachable lives; men undoubtedly on the side of truth, honour and integrity, who win our respect, but somehow or other are not very gracious. They are sharp, incisive, satirical, with a vein of self-conceit, lacking suavity, and are feared rather than loved; but Mr. Potts, while possessing a sensitive and susceptible nature, was thoughtful, patient, forgiving, and under habitual self-control. To use an expression well-known in Lancashire and Cheshire to denote a group of superlative excellencies, 'he was a *gradely* man.' He did things not only well, but handsomely.

He was a *noble* man: his life was holy and beautiful; for while diligent in business, he was fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. While engaged in industry, he roamed away to the Delectable Mountains, and inhaled the air of heaven. He had worthy conceptions of God: while awed with a sense of the Divine holiness, he claimed his relation to God as a loving Father. He firmly grasped the atonement, and had a rich experience of

the deep things of God. I have known many brave men who have nobly battled with storms and risen above difficulties; many strong, kindly, lovable, honourable men; but few have impressed me so much with their *Christian thoroughness* as did Mr. Potts. He lived well, and died well.

G. M.

MRS. THOMAS, of Halifax, was an 'elect lady,' whose rare gifts of mind and heart, whilst adorning her home, were diligently employed in the service and fellowship of the Church, showing how perfectly consistent are the culture of a refined character and the exemplary discharge of domestic duties with work and witnessing in the Church of Christ. She was born in a godly home at Sowerby Bridge. At twelve years of age she was converted to God, and became a member of the Methodist Society. Although unable whilst at school to meet in Class, she never ceased to be a member, and on her return home she eagerly applied herself to religious culture. Blessed with a vigorous mind and a good education, she ceased not during the whole of her life to enrich her stores of varied knowledge by reading, meditation, and prayer; hence there was combined with the healthy cheerfulness of her disposition a tone of chaste devoutness. An eminent layman remarks: 'Mrs. Thomas possessed a fine nature and a large intelligence, purified and ennobled by an enlightened faith.'

Trained from early youth to habits of industry, to be unemployed or triflingly employed, seemed foreign to her nature, and perhaps no feature of her character was more marked than its resolute and unwearying activity. At the age of twenty-two she was happily married, and removed to Keighley. There she entered heartily into Christian work. Soon the family removed to Haworth, which became to Mrs. Thomas a sphere of more extended usefulness. On being requested to form a Society-class, she gathered a number of the senior Sunday-scholars and others of the congregation, her Class soon becoming one of the most flourishing in the Society. Tender sympathy, practical wisdom, and fervent piety, eminently fitted her for the office of Leader; and, both here and at Halifax, to which the family afterwards removed, and where for more than twenty years she successfully discharged the duties of the office, her example and godly counsels were greatly prized. In every kind of Church-work that lay within her province, she manifested untiring energy. Her sympathetic nature gave her great tact in dealing with the sorrowful, and often enabled her to draw the story of their needs from that class of sufferers who, having known better days, would have found it difficult, if not impossible, to confess it to any one less delicate. It also gave her a large tolerance and liberality, and the power of seeing good in those whose opinions and characters were most widely different from her own. She exhibited in a high degree the winning graces of the Christian character, and her cheery voice and bright smile have been longed for and welcomed in many a sick chamber. The following resolution, passed by the Halifax (South Parade) Leaders' Meeting after her death, shows the high esteem in which her labours were held: 'This meeting records its deep sense of the loss the Society has sustained by the removal of Mrs. Thomas, who for a period of many years filled the office of Class Leader, bringing to this work and to others in which she was engaged a strength and refinement of Christian character, an intelligent and deep spirituality, which rendered her counsels and prayers a great blessing to those under her care.'

At Halifax, as at Haworth, Mr. Thomas's house was a well-known Preachers' home, and the Ministers of the Circuit, as well as others whose services were sought on special occasions, were welcomed with the most cordial hospitality. The Rev. J. H. Lord says, in writing to Mr. Thomas: 'I have often thought of the time when I enjoyed your hospitality. I well remember how I then thought you the happiest of men in your domestic relations, your home brightened by one whom, as a Christian, a wife, and a mother, I esteemed a model.' The Rev. J. Hartley pays the following tribute to her memory: 'All who had the opportunity of observing Mrs. Thomas's walk before God and man, know how pure, bright, unselfish, and Christ-like her life was. We feel that the Church and the world are poorer now that such example and influence are gone.' The Rev. H. L. Church says: 'I well remember seasons in South Parade Chapel when her devout manner in worship, her earnest attention, and joyous countenance rendered me much assistance when trying to preach.'

This happy life was brought to a close earlier than was expected either by herself or the family. For some months her strength had been greatly reduced, and the last few weeks of her life she passed in great suffering. But her

patience and resignation never failed, and she always expressed thankfulness for the least attentions shown her, her character being perfected through suffering. During the early part of her affliction she clung to life with great tenacity, but as the end drew on, she longed to be with Christ, and during the closing moments of 1879 she passed into the presence of her Lord, in the sixty-eighth year of her age. L. L.

JANE WHITEHOUSE was born at Harpenden, Beds., in 1794. In early life she was savingly converted to God, and joined the Methodist Society. Her Christian course from this time was the 'path of the just' shining 'more and more unto the perfect day.' After her marriage, she and her husband removed to Redbourn; but their love to the people of their choice was so great that through winter's snow or summer's heat they walked to Harpenden to attend the Methodist services there. After a few years a zealous young man stationed in the St. Alban's Circuit began to preach at Redbourn in the open air. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse then gladly opened their house for the services. A Society was formed, and a small chapel built. Many souls were born again within its hallowed walls. For more than forty years Mrs. Whitehouse was the Leader of one and sometimes two Classes. The writer can never forget the loving interest she took in the young members. A beautiful chapel, with a large school-room, superseded the old one, and greatly did the aged saint rejoice when, being assisted up the steps, she was able to join in the opening services.

In her later years she had to struggle with poverty and bodily weakness, but the Lord was her support and comfort. She triumphed gloriously over the last enemy, on December 30th, 1879.

MRS. BOWYER, of Trowbridge, died January the 8th, 1880, at the age of ninety-one. A biographical sketch of her husband, Mr. Abraham Bowyer, appeared in this Magazine in 1875. Mrs. Bowyer was converted to God in early life, and under the training of an excellent Methodist mother, gave herself at once to every good work. She remained a member of the Society seventy-three years; and from the year 1847 until prevented by infirmities, she was the faithful Leader of a Class. In the prime of life she was of strong health and active habits, and a help meet for her husband, assisting him in his business as well as carefully ministering to her family and to the large household that gathered around her by reason of his prosperity.

She had a large-hearted and fearless zeal, and approved and encouraged much her husband's liberality to the cause of God, notably at the time of the erection of the chapel in Trowbridge; and gave herself with a hearty and practical common-sense to the help of everything connected with Methodism. She outlived her generation; and of late years her infirmities enforced upon her a life of almost complete seclusion, but she patiently endured the painfulness of the decline of life. On the Sunday before her death, she spoke, in reply to one of her sons, of the still-felt 'preciousness' of Christ. H. M. H.

MR. THOMAS WORDSWORTH, of Pontefract, passed away to the joys of heaven, on February 15th, 1880. He was born in 1804, at Methley. Blessed with a good moral training, he experienced the benefits of it throughout life. When a youth he removed to Wakefield, and subsequently to Leeds. Here, under the ministry of Robert Wood and Frederick Calder, he became deeply impressed, joined the Wesleyan Methodists, and thoughtfully gave his heart to God. Soon afterwards he removed to Pontefract, where the choice he had made was tenaciously maintained. Of a retiring disposition, he was remarkable for the strength of his attachment to the Church of his choice, and was prepared at all times to stand by her. Amid the pressure of business and many public duties, as Town Councillor, etc., he secured time for more spiritual occupations.

In the offices which he held, as Trustee, Treasurer of several funds, Chapel Steward, and Sunday-school superintendent (which office he sustained for more than forty years), he was exemplary, and rendered valuable service to Methodism. He was a strict observer of the Sabbath, and reverenced the sanctuary of God: this he evinced by punctual attendance, having sought preparation by previous secret prayer. He was a devout reader of the holy Scriptures, and a great lover of Wesley's hymns, several of which he sung with his family the last Sabbath evening of his life. For some time previous to his death there had been a manifest preparation for the great change, and as it drew near it was met with calmness and submission. On the Sunday before his death he occupied his accustomed seat in the chapel; during the ensuing night he was seized with sudden illness, and in one week the mortal strife was ended.

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WESLEYAN-METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1882.

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES:

'THE LAW OF CHRIST.'

BY THE REV. DR. STACEY, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.'—GALATIANS VI. 2.

THERE is seeming collision between this verse and the fifth, in the latter of which we are told that 'every man shall bear his own burden.' But the collision is *only* seeming, as the words rendered respectively 'burdens' and 'burden' are not the same, with only a difference of number, and need not therefore be regarded as expressing precisely the same thing. It may not be easy to mark the exact distinction between the two; but Dr. Lightfoot suggests that this may possibly be found in the difference between what is adventitious only, and what is natural and fitting—between what, though painful, may yet be got rid of, as opportunity serves, and what, whether painful or otherwise, must be accepted and borne throughout. The Revisers of the New Testament indicate their sense of the distinction by translating the one word *burdens* and the other *load* (in the margin), which perhaps sufficiently represents the difference between the two. Burden always suggests something that is oppressive, while load need stand for nothing more than what is heavy.

But even were the words in the two passages precisely the same, the passages themselves would not therefore be in mutual conflict. They are not in the nature of two separate commands, enjoining duties that are incompatible with each other; only one is of this character, the other being a simple statement of fact. When the Apostle says, 'Every man shall bear his own burden,' he means only that every man will have to bear it, that the burden will come upon him naturally and inevitably, as something from which he cannot even hope to be free. But to say this, does not forbid that he should also say that each should bear the other's burden. The certainty of the fact in no wise interferes with the possibility of the duty. We may, clearly, bear our own burdens, and yet lend heart and help in bearing one another's burdens. And to do so is, in truth, to secure other and even higher advantages than mere relief from inconvenient and painful pressure. To bear our own burdens is to cultivate a spirit of self-reliant and patient courage. To bear each other's burdens is to develop into sympathetic activity the combined affections of brotherly-kindness and charity. To do both is to add fortitude to tenderness, and bravery to

benignity, and so to form and build up a character in which moral beauty shall unite with moral strength.

From the text itself we learn three things: first, that every man has a burden of his own; secondly, that each should nevertheless bear the other's burden; and, thirdly, that in so doing he fulfils the law of Christ.

I. *Every man has a burden of his own.*—Probably the Apostle has reference first of all to some burdens in particular. 'Brethren,' he says in the verse preceding, 'if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.' And then, continuing the exhortation, he adds in the text, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' But in continuing, he also greatly enlarges it, including in his words not one class of burdens only, but every class.

And many classes there are, even as human nature is susceptible of many forms of suffering. Every power which man possesses, whether of body or of mind, may become the instrument of pain as well as of pleasure, and every condition in which he is placed may, by such changes as commonly occur, become the means to one no less than to the other. Some things, no doubt, are deemed burdens which are not so in themselves, and others are made burdens which need not be. Fancy and fear have much to do in suggesting the former, while vanity and vice are never wanting in power to create the latter. Still, of burdens that are real and inevitable, there is no lack to make human life at the best a chequered scene, and human joy at the most a bitter-sweet.

> 'To each his sufferings; all are men
> Condemned alike to groan,—
> The tender for another's pain,
> The unfeeling for his own.'

Not that all are burdened alike, though all alike are burdened. There are great visible differences in men's present conditions, sometimes indeed so great as not only to perplex our reason, but even to try our faith. Perhaps it could not well have been otherwise, save as men themselves by improvement of their own circumstances might have made it so. It may even be that no other arrangement than the one which allows of these differences would have furnished equal possibilities of human happiness and well-being on the whole and in the long run; while it is certain that many of them will altogether disappear, or, at least, find their complete vindication, in that wider view of the course of Divine Providence which will be obtained when the past is looked back upon from the high vantage-ground of the future. In truth, many of them disappear now, on familiar acquaintance and a close inspection. Prosperity is found to have its dark side as well as its bright, and luxury its 'bitter herbs' as well as its 'sweet wine.' In homes the very fullest apparently of a pleasant and joyous life, the proverbial skeleton may be met with in some secret recess, and even at

the king's table may be seen, if looked for, the sword of Damocles quivering on its slender thread.

It tends to our deception in the estimate we form of each other's burdens, that some are in their own nature much more outward and self-revealing than others; such, for instance, are poverty, sickness, bereavement, and the like, all of which have but to exist to be known. Other burdens there are which cannot be known at all. They are not only inward and secret, but so profoundly and specially so, that they could not even be told to another, or if told could not probably be understood. Experience alone can give us adequate knowledge of any great sorrow whatever; and of some—perhaps of most—of the greatest sorrows in human life, experience is confined to a few.

So, again, our misconception is aided by the great difference in spirit and manner in which burdens are borne by different individuals. Some bear them silently and secretly, others openly and aloud. The latter cannot restrain their emotions. Their sorrows, as their joys, come to the surface and flow over almost as soon as they are felt, especially where a craving for sympathy unites with great tenderness of sensibility. The former, on the contrary, seek no fellowship in their suffering, or seek it but seldom. Whether from pride, as in some; or from meek submission, as in others; or from a delicate reserve and sense of something like sacredness in sorrow, as perchance in a few, they choose to bear their burden resolutely and quietly alone; weeping, if at all, where no one can see them weep; groaning, if they must, where no one can hear them groan. Not the least bitterly, we may well believe, do these silent ones suffer.

But while all men have burdens of some kind, every man has distinctively what may be called *his own burden*, and this for the most part is such that exchange with another, seemingly more favoured than himself, would bring him but little present relief and no ultimate benefit. It might free him from some particular calamity now felt to be specially grievous, or put him in possession of some particular advantage now thought to be peculiarly desirable; but it would not therefore of necessity make his burden lighter or less. It might rather, and probably would, if only because of its unsuitableness to him, make it more oppressive and painful. Our burdens are ours not by accident or arbitrary will, but by providential arrangement, taking the form of established law. They come to us as part of our inheritance at birth, or else as growing naturally out of the circumstances in which we are afterwards placed, and which do so much to shape our future character and career, and hence become ours in a sense that makes them fitter and better for us—probably more easy to bear, and assuredly of greater use and profit in the long run—than those of any other person would or could be.

The truth, then, is, that as every 'heart knoweth his own bitterness,' so there is a bitterness for every heart. The burden may be visible or invisible, proclaimed openly to others or kept as a secret sorrow in one's own heart,

but it is surely there, if not at one time yet at another, if with little pressure to-day, yet with painful severity to-morrow.

And why should it not be there? How were exemption possible to any one? And why should exemption be even desired?

Burdens are not correctly apprehended when apprehended only as calamities. We miss their true character unless we see in them a Divine meaning and a Divine purpose. And they have much of both. They mean, among other things, that man has grievously transgressed against God, and that God is justly angry with him. They mean that the race has corrupted itself by sin, and that corruption cannot exist without punishment. They mean that human life is under a discipline of trial, and is thereby in a process of training for something ever better and higher. This last is their deepest meaning, and so their most characteristic purpose. God cannot take delight in suffering as such, and must therefore, in ordaining it, ordain it not for His own pleasure, but for our profit. He uses it, in fact, as the refiner uses the fire into which he casts the adulterate metal, to separate the precious from the vile, and to make it continually more precious. Only, to this effect He must have the co-operation of the individual will; for resistance would be fatal to the intended result. And, unhappily, many do resist, with this inevitable consequence, that the dross in their natures remains not only unpurged away, but fused and hardened into greater solidity and persistency than before. Man, unlike the metal, cannot be neutral in the process; he must either help or hinder, and so be made by it either better or worse. Only let him choose the former alternative, and the success of the experiment cannot be doubtful, for Divine grace is never wanting to human endeavour freely put forth. Let him but yield himself frankly and resolutely to the will of the great Refiner, and the fire that is kindled for his purification will infallibly perform its appointed office. Tribulation will work patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. 'The lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life' will consume away in the furnace, and in their places will come, as gold most precious, whatsoever things are true and honourable, just and pure, lovely and of good report. And thus, in the final issue, what would otherwise have been felt to be only a burden, will prove itself to have been altogether a blessing.

II. *Each is to bear the other's burden.*—This of course presumes that he *is* able to do so; it were else a sheer mockery to require it. And, generally, the needed power exists. It seldom happens that a man's affliction *is* absolutely overwhelming. The prophet but interprets the common experience when he says of the Almighty, 'He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind.' The burden may be grievous, but it never presses on all sides at the same time, certainly not in equal measure. If it strains and overtaxes one power, or one part of our nature, it suffers another to go free. If it afflicts the body, it does not paralyze the mind. If it oppresses both, it does not injure the circumstances. If it painfully

affects each and all, it does not so affect them that nothing is left for the claims of brotherly kindness and charity. In most cases the burden is only partial, and even if general it is only temporary. The pressure of to-day is relieved by the deliverance of to-morrow, and the severity of the trial is compensated for by the brevity of its duration.

The requirement of the text is nothing very singular. It fits into the general constitution of things. Nothing exists but exists under the two-fold condition of giving and receiving. Everywhere and in all things we see exemplified the law of mutual dependence and mutual help. The heavens refresh the earth with rain, and the earth again supplies the heavens with cloud. The sea is the source of springs and streams, and springs and streams flow ever onward to the sea. The atmosphere feeds and nourishes every kind of vegetable life, and every kind of vegetable life contributes to purify and sweeten the atmosphere. Vital heat promotes the digestion and assimilation of our daily food, and these in turn repay the benefit by keeping up the store of vital heat. So it is everywhere throughout the whole economy of physical nature. So, too, it is in the higher economy of human life. Society generally is held together by means of this law. Nations, communities, single individuals among themselves, in their chosen relations to each other, all supply instructive examples of its beneficent operation. The one most instructive, however, as well as the most beautiful, is the family institution. Here the law acts with the greatest force, and yet with the gentlest and sweetest movement. The family is so constituted that, alike by natural instinct and choice of loving will, the 'members' of it 'have the same care one for another;' so that if 'one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.' It is a similar but still higher exemplification of the law that the Apostle requires in the text. He would have us to cherish and exhibit the family spirit. He addresses the Galatians as 'brethren,' and in this light looks upon all believers in Christ Jesus. To him the Church is a family, 'the household of faith.' He would hence have us to show that we are veritable members of it; that we are connected with it by a true spiritual birth, by the habitual manifestation of brotherly affections and sympathies, by looking kindly and tenderly on each other's faults and failings, and by bearing in any other way, as opportunity and ability may serve, each other's burdens.

But the injunction of the text has its reason and authority in our own mental constitution. We are formed to pity and compassionate distress. Whether pity is an original affection of our nature, or a modification of a much larger affection, answering to special circumstances appealing to it from without, we need not enquire. It is enough to know that it is distinctly and essentially human, and that, as in the case of all our human affections, its free development and purification by the spirit of the Gospel is necessary to a complete Christian manhood. We might indeed add, if only to illustrate its exalted character, that it is Divine as well as human;

for 'the Lord,' says the Apostle James, 'is very pitiful, and of tender mercy!' But pity is not a merely passive feeling, content to enjoy the luxury of its own excitement. It is not an affection which flows back upon and subsides into itself, but one which goes out towards the suffering that occasions its existence, and seeks, as far as may be, to remove or assuage it. This is its characteristic function. It is as a Divine provision in our nature to impel us to deeds that are themselves Divine—as an active force wrought into our hearts to move and constrain us to the exercise of that charity of which Sir Thomas Brown quaintly but pithily says, it 'has the power to translate a passion out of one breast into another, and to divide a sorrow almost out of itself.' The Apostle, therefore, in the words of the text, but interprets the silent language of our own nature, and bids us show how truly human we are.

To all this it should be added that sympathy with others is virtually kindness to ourselves. The relief we give is not seldom balanced, and overbalanced, by the relief we obtain. All genuinely-benevolent acts have a reflex influence on those who perform them, conferring on them benefits they did not directly seek. Thus it was with the Alpine traveller, in the well-known anecdote, who, all but overcome by the fatal sleep that sometimes steals so irresistibly over a person when traversing snow-clad heights, suddenly struck his foot against something hard lying across his path, and finding it to be a fellow-man in similar but worse condition than himself, put forth the little strength he had to raise him up in his arms, and by vigorously chafing his stiffening hands and breast, brought back life and energy to both of them at the same time. Even the mere sight of a greater sorrow than our own often gives healing, and where not healing, anodyne. Many a burden has fallen off by the bed of sickness. Many a grief has been forgotten and lost in the presence of death. There is hardly any affliction that may not be lightened by a sympathetic regard for some greater affliction; there is hardly any want that may not be lessened by a generous consideration of some deeper want. The sorrow that is only or mainly self-considering tends naturally to its own embitterment; the suffering, on the contrary, that is tenderly and self-forgettingly compassionate contains within itself the secret of its own relief.

III. To bear one another's burdens is *to fulfil the law of Christ.*—The Apostle says not 'fulfil' only, but rigorously, thoroughly 'fulfil,' the preposition attached to the verb he uses giving it this more extended meaning.

By the 'law of Christ,' is meant comprehensively the law of love, not as delivered in any one single precept, but as diffused throughout His whole ministry and life. The love, moreover, is not a mere passionate excitement or fluctuating sentiment, easily kindled and as easily extinguished, but a living principle and persistent habit of the soul, divinely begotten, and fed continually by supplies from the upper springs of a true spiritual life. It does not, therefore, stand alone, but has for close and inseparable com-

panionship other high moral qualities. The love of the New Testament always attaches to itself the attributes of righteousness and true holiness. If these do not enter into its essence, they are yet necessary to its existence; and if they are less distinctly manifest, where nevertheless all are equally present, it is because they are overpowered and lost in its much greater and even transfiguring splendour.

Now the law prescribing this love is characteristically and pre-eminently *the* law of Christ; it enters, that is, into the very essence, and forms the distinguishing principle of His whole moral teaching.

Addressing His immediate disciples, He said: 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.' How Jesus loved His disciples, the whole history of His intercourse with them sufficiently shows; and what kind of love He would have them to exercise towards each other, He made abundantly manifest in His own person, when, on the very occasion of His giving this commandment, He took a towel, and girding Himself, stooped down and washed His disciples' feet, enforcing the lesson thus significantly taught by the memorable words, 'Ye call Me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.' That is, the love He required and commended was something intensely real and practical, tenderly compassionate and generously self-forgetting, willing to assume the lowliest positions and to discharge the humblest offices by which an urgent want can be met, or even a transient sense of comfort be given. The commandment enjoining this love He calls a 'new' commandment, as if to invest it with a higher rank and authority in the moral economy of the Gospel than it had previously possessed, though for the further reason, possibly, that obedience to it was henceforth to become the outward sign of a true discipleship.

But the love demanded by our Lord had a much wider range than this. Adopting and re-enacting, as a condensed expression of His own moral teaching, the two great commandments which virtually included all the law and the prophets, He gave to the second of these, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' a clearness of definition and a breadth of application which had at the time all the force and vividness of a new revelation. 'Neighbour' was a somewhat ambiguous term, and advantage had been taken of its ambiguity to restrict its reference to those whom passion or partiality of some kind might choose to call neighbours; but Christ cleared away the ambiguity at once, and settled the question of neighbourhood for ever. This He did in the exquisite parable of the good Samaritan, of which the obvious lesson is, that each man is neighbour to his fellow-man, but especially to his fellow-man who has need of his sympathy and help.

Nor does this law of universal charity exclude even enemies It is

rather made, by explicit reference, directly to apply to them. 'Love your enemies,' says Jesus expressly; 'bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.' The circle is thus complete. The law of Christ embraces as its objects all mankind, and embraces especially, because by special mention, those whom it is and must be most difficult to love. But then it supplies a more than adequate motive to this love: 'That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven,' says Jesus, implying that to be like Him, and to be His children, are the same thing. Likeness is obtained by birth, and birth reveals itself in likeness. The highest perfection of which our nature is capable is to resemble Him Who 'is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil.'

But the law which Christ taught was the law which He Himself exemplified. He acted on this throughout. It was love that moved Him at first to that act of infinite condescension by which He 'became flesh, and dwelt among us.' 'Ye know the *grace* of our Lord Jesus Christ,' is the Apostle's account of it, 'that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor; that ye through His poverty might be rich.' This love became the pervading inspiration of His whole life. It took, for the most part, the form of miracle; not only because miracle was necessary to attest the divinity of His mission; nor only because it was, if I may so speak, natural to Him to perform miracles; but also because these were the fittest and most effective vehicle for the due expression of the love itself. If other attributes were sometimes markedly present in what He did, love was never absent, nor ever, indeed, subordinate to these. He could not look on human suffering without pity. He could not be appealed to by human weakness without bestowing help. Nor did He wait for casual opportunities for either one or the other. He 'went about doing good,' is the testimony of St. Peter. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' was His own testimony. His experience of this blessedness was unceasing, because His gifts were unceasing. They were such, moreover, as to answer to every variety of human need, but especially to those needs that were deepest and sorest. Very remarkable was the message He returned to John in prison, when the latter sent two of his disciples to enquire of Him, 'Art Thou He that should come, or look we for another?' 'Go your way,' said Jesus, 'and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me.' This occurred in the early part of His public ministry, and so the miracles to be reported formed but the beginning of His mighty works. They were, however, a type and sample of the rest. The like deeds of mercy were scattered over the following years; not at distant intervals and in solitary instances only, but very frequently, and not

seldom in great numbers at the same time. Again and again it is said that He had 'compassion on the multitude,' and again and again it is added, implicitly or expressly, that 'He healed them all.' Indeed, so rich was His life in benevolent activities and gracious gifts—so unceasingly did virtue go out of Him, in word and deed, and even in simple effort of will—that St. John tells us, though of course in bold hyperbole, that if all the things He did were 'written every one,' the world itself would not contain the books in which the record was given.

But the law of Christ's life became, with immensely-added emphasis, the law also of His death. Here His love rose to its highest conceivable expression, attaining, if I may so say, the full measure of His essential divinity. It was love, not for a few, nor even for a many, but for *all;* and was manifested, not in the gift of something He possessed to single individuals distributively, according to their respective needs, but in the complete and absolute sacrifice of Himself for the entire race. Love greater than this is inconceivable; as inconceivable, in their whole extent, are the benefits resulting from it. By His decease which He accomplished at Jerusalem, He became in very deed, and in the fullest sense, what before He had been by an eternal act of self-consecration, 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' Taking away the sin, He took away the curse. He delivered us from its burden and bitterness, and if He did not cancel all present suffering as connected therewith, He yet procured the grace by which even this might cease to be an evil, in becoming the means to a great and permanent spiritual good. He thus, as the Prophet says, in those remarkable words of his,—meant no less for history than for prophecy,—'bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows... The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.'

The lesson is obvious, and may be given in the singularly appropriate and striking language of the Apostle John: 'Hereby,' says he, 'perceive we love,' as though all other love were no love in the comparison, 'because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.' This, indeed, is the conclusion of the whole matter. Christ is at once our Great Instructor and our Great Exemplar. To learn of Him is our highest wisdom; to become like Him our noblest attainment; to do both our only true blessedness, whether for this life or for the life to come.

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF ANN ELIZABETH MASON.

BY HER HUSBAND, THE REV. JOSHUA MASON.

My wife's father was the late Mr. Charles Turner, of Tickhill, near Doncaster, of whom a memoir was published in the *City-Road Magazine*, October, 1874. The maiden name of her mother was Esther Lawson Atkinson, of a worthy Methodist ancestry, also belonging to the Doncaster Circuit. Her obituary appeared in this Magazine for 1829. A few years after she

entered into her rest, a paternal aunt took charge of the motherless children, and aided the father to 'bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' The aunt was one of the best and brightest Christians; and although, not long after her marriage, she became nearly speechless and helpless through paralysis, yet she had 'joy unspeakable and full of glory,' until she sweetly fell asleep in 1863.

In a child of such godly nurture, and drawn to the Saviour from infancy, conversion was not likely to be marked by violent experiences. It was not so. When at Mrs. Crossland's school in Gainsborough, a revival broke out among the pupils, and Annie Turner gave her heart fully to God. She kept sunny memories of those days, and ever cherished a lively esteem for the Ministers that used to give weekly instruction at the school.

When her aunt married, my wife was yet in her teens, and she had early to undertake housekeeping. But her training had been thorough in the priceless ability *to-manage:* and this, with her accomplishments, fitted her to keep open for her father some years longer one of the most hospitable and happy Methodist homes in England. Such education enabled her in due time to manage on 'Preachers' allowances.' Would that all who are engaged in educating the future women of England may bear in mind that domestic training is essential!

The Methodism of her native place for many years has had among its adherents not only the godly poor, but also educated and well-to-do people. Early in her Christian life Annie Turner followed her sainted mother's example in loving-kindness towards those in need; and in the little town she had her select circle of young friends that loved her and looked up to her. One of them remarked: 'Our town never seemed like itself after dear Annie left us.' Then, there were well-read and godly women whose affection was intense for the cheery, beautiful, motherless girl. Miss Metcalfe, her Leader, watched over and counselled her, and became her guide in slippery paths, following her with prayers and letters when from home. She never lost a friend. In Tickhill she took an active part in various Christian work. Dearly did she delight in the public means of grace, in Prayer-meetings and in Love-feasts. The Lord's Supper was to her then and ever afterwards a season of heart-searching and of fresh consecration to the Redeeming Trinity. And the Class-meeting, however at times it might have been a cross to her, she never neglected, but gratefully enjoyed.

In 1854 we were married. In a short time we went to our Circuit—Aberdeen—to reside at Peterhead. In those days it was hardly dreamt of that Ministers who had travelled only five years should have houses provided. It was not till my tenth year of travelling that we had one. Still, from the first, our wants were considered. Good Miss Volum, of Peterhead, fitted up *a flat* for us. Miss Volum's family had been staunch Scotch Episcopalians for generations. She was converted and joined the

Methodists, and was followed by other members of her family. One sister is now the widow of the Rev. Robert Haworth. Miss Volum bore years of affliction with exemplary patience, ever doing good; and in 1859 her death was as peaceful as her life had been charitable. Our *flat* was in contrast with the *home* my wife had left, but she made it home by her warm heart and good taste. She unostentatiously entered into her husband's visitation of the sick and dying; and in his studies and varied toil was 'a help meet for him.' A number of elect ladies soon gathered around her. The young were charmed by her simple, kindly manners, and the 'common people' were always pleased to see her, and often spoke lovingly of 'the braw English lassie.' The Lord did a great work in Peterhead during those years, fruit of which remains; but other Churches, as often occurs in Scotland, garnered most of the harvest.

Our next Circuit was John Street, Glasgow. Then we came into English Circuits; but both of us always cherishing love and esteem for Methodists in Scotland that ministered to our necessities during the first four years of married life. And there is good reason for believing that in Glasgow as well as Aberdeen our united labour was not 'in vain in the Lord.'

Maternal duties multiplied, bringing sorrows and joys, but more joys than sorrows. Our sixth and last babe, born in Manningham, was our first to enter heaven. This bright child, just beginning to prattle, was taken after a short illness from the arms of his mother to the bosom of Jesus. She was nursing him, as she supposed, to sleep, when 'the soul outbreathed as incense on the breast of its Redeemer, softly, silently.' Her look of dismay and grief on finding her babe gone, cannot be forgotten. But she calmly rose above the sorrow, resting in the Lord, and striving to keep up for the sake of her husband, and her other children. The Divine hand was heavy upon us at that time, in the affliction of our children. From that hour my wife never felt herself so strong as she had been.

When we were stationed in Nottingham, our second son was taken, a lovely boy of nine summers, clever and devout. A few hours before he left us, he turned to me and said, 'Papa, you must be a glorious preacher of the Bleeding Lamb.' Some minutes ere his happy 'life was rounded by a sleep,' his face brightened, he rose and stretched out his hands. It was felt by us all: 'They have come for thee, Charlie!' This blow, that made her husband reel, his wife 'endured' with fortitude, 'as seeing Him Who is invisible.'

Let no one suppose that our Itinerant homes could have had but little sunshine in them. There was much; only that it became richer and more pensive. Funeral days had to be kept as well as wedding and natal days; flowers taken to the graves, as well as placed on the table and elsewhere. My wife's face still wore its benign cheerfulness, but chastened; and it reflected more deeply 'the image of the heavenly.' The public worship of God and the social means of grace were very precious to her. Her unobtrusive ministries to the sick and sorrowful were continued with an

ever-growing freshness and fragrance. Nor should it be unnoticed that her care to leave the Minister's house clean and comfortable, though involving a great strain upon her declining health, brought letters of commendation.

In our second year at Carlisle, our younger daughter died of consumption. I may not detail the weary months of nursing the mother had to pass through, with alternating hopes and fears. The strain on mind and body was extreme. When the end came, our child was 'ready.' In one of the last conversations she had with us, she said: 'If I am taken, it will be all right, for I shall go home. Jesus has come to me, and taken my little hand, and He has buried it in His great, soft hand, and holds it. It will not be long before we meet again.' When she had gathered herself up like a tired child to sleep in Jesus, she stretched out her hand and felt with it. We knew Jesus was holding hers in His.

Five weeks after this, my wife's father went *home*. His sudden decease told heavily upon her stricken heart. She said to us on the morning of her own departure, 'the world has never been the same world to me since my father left it.'

It was about this time that the complaint through which my wife was destined to suffer so much, showed itself. In April, 1874, she went to Newport, Isle-of Wight, to be under the care of Dr. Angé, and remained fourteen months. In the interval, our eldest son had an attack of *peritonitis*, and, in a few months afterwards, of typhoid fever; and in each case his life for a time trembled in the balance. Her own sufferings, too, were often great, and her faith and patience were much tested; but she never murmured. Her home letters at this time are models of unfaltering trust, perfect submission, and 'lively hope.' And yet never were outpourings of maternal tenderness fuller, or sympathy for loved ones deeper. In June, 1875, she returned to Carlisle, hoping, as we all did, that she was cured. Oxford was our next Circuit, and before leaving it for Swansea, she paid a short visit to Newport. Her medical adviser prescribed for her, and hoped there was nothing to fear. In a year and a half, however, she was obliged to return to the Isle of Wight. Here, for nine months, she resided with kindest of friends—Mr. and Mrs. Dore—who treated her as one of their family, and now mourn her decease with profound sorrow. The medical treatment she underwent was severer than at the first, and her general health was not so good. Still she was bright-spirited, cheering every company she met; she was like a sunbeam to not a few of her fellow-patients, 'the peace of God' keeping as a garrison her heart and mind 'through Christ Jesus.' But when, as her doctor thought, she was within reach of a perfect cure, he himself suddenly died. Still 'blessed hope' did not desert her. She came home early in 1879. She had made many fast friendships in the Isle of Wight, and her numerous friends in Swansea received her with open arms.

At the Conference of 1879 we were appointed to York. The people did not find her looking like an invalid. Her noble soul concealed her sufferings.

Still she was very unwell. In February, 1880, she left for Ryde. She bore the journey better than was expected. Mr. Warner, who had been sometime assistant to Dr. Angé, undertook the case; but, as he afterwards intimated, more out of compassion than hope. Under his treatment, with the balmy air of the island, she rallied wonderfully. Her letters were brighter than ever. She wrote to many friends in all parts of the country. She was much blest in the services of the sanctuary. Her only daughter was with her as a ministering angel to the last. They had happy seasons amongst the kind-hearted Methodists of Ryde. In one of her latest letters she speaks of weeping in gratitude that they had been so good to her.

There were orphans who used to call her 'mother.' Her boys, though far away, were brought near by her precious epistles. On the occasions of her husband's visits she used to speak of feeling 'better.' Just before the Conference of 1880 she took a chill. Still she would go about. I returned to York. In a few weeks word came that she was suffering from pleurisy. In a letter dated September 16th, she says: 'Joshua, now I have been further in the furnace, I do pray I may be purified and made fit for the Master's use if spared to come out, or made fully meet for the home above.'

There was abatement of acute symptoms, but weakness and night unrest ensued. Her husband wrote, telling her that one morning, while he was praying, a bright light seemed to be over her; so glorious as not to be describable, not to be gazed upon, only to be glanced at reverently. In her letter of September 18th,—the last she ever wrote, for the right hand that had held a pen to make visible wise thoughts and loving feelings to interest and bless hundreds, was soon to 'forget its cunning,'—she said: 'I am sure I am a little stronger to-day; but my restless, sleepless nights unfit me for anything. On Thursday night I felt wonderfully supported and happy. At times I feel as if I had passed through so much, it is all I can do to be patient. Day after day and night after night, I have felt so cheered when thinking of "the bright light" you named. It was not sent to you by chance; and often when thick darkness surrounds, light, bright and cheering, breaks through.'

I left York on the day this letter was written, to attend the funeral of one of my brothers, suddenly called to his reward. On the 20th I went to Ryde, and was much struck with her altered appearance. During that week she strove to rally, and even took several short walks with me. She was often in severe pain, yet she had some hours of respite, and then her mind was clearer and her spirits brighter than ever. But in a few days complications arose in her ailments; yet in moments of abated pain she talked most sweetly 'of Christ and things divine.' On the 24th her sons came and her brother. The interview was most affecting; but it was a comfort to her, and she was sustained. Our servant Susan, faithful to us all and devoted to her mistress through long years of affliction, arrived only just in time to see her passing away on the 27th. Pain had now

become less severe, but prostration greater. During the night of the 25th she was often unspeakably happy, her face beaming with its kindliest radiance. Texts of Scripture and verses of hymns were frequently on her lips, such as 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee.' She would repeat with heart-felt emphasis:

'Help us Thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined, etc.'

Her rest on the atonement of Christ was absolute, and she exclaimed, in triumph:

'Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.'

When I entered her room as the Sabbath morning broke, she was filled with joy, and said, 'Come and look at the beautiful sky! How lovely! I have often lain awake watching the sunrise, and have so enjoyed it.' She added, 'I do love the blessed Sabbath, and if I were strong again I would go to the early morning Prayer-meeting.' Her motto through life had been, 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.' When the hour of morning service came, she urged all to go that could, and to be in time. So also in the evening. About half-past six o'clock she fell into a deep slumber. Her boys were sent for from chapel. She awoke, saying she had just had such a sweet sleep. Then she began her dying charges to us all. Her voice was clear as in health, words flowing appropriate and various; beautiful turns of thought and irresistible appeals; messages sent to loved ones away, to each a word in season. The kiss of love and peace followed for each. It was rapture; the most beautiful, sublime, yet awful scene I ever witnessed. It was 'the Gate of Heaven.' At the close she said, 'I am tired now; better all leave me; I don't think I shall die to-night.'

We felt that her work was done. She had taught us *how to live* and *how to suffer*, and all that remained for her was to show us *how to die*. Weakness brought wandering during the night; but the recital of a verse of the Bible, or a stanza of a hymn would calm and collect her mind in a moment. Often did she say, with most blessed assurance of faith:

'In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.'

There were intervals when her lovable, womanly self appeared. She was so concerned lest we should take cold, or not get refreshment; and occasionally there was the sparkle of her wonted genial humour. At length there was a severe struggle, and speech partially failed. We all knelt and commended her soul to God, praying submissively for her easy transition to the home above. She said 'Amen.' Prayer was answered. She often called 'Jessie,' and whispered, 'Friends at York.' Her last words were 'Jesus'—'Happiness.' Her breathing grew shorter and stiller.

The face began brightening. The eyes, wide open, were beaming and translucent. There seemed, as it were, a halo on her brow. She had well said, 'The bright light was not sent by chance.' Her night-veil was taken off. 'Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.' He was there Who 'turneth the Shadow of Death into the morning.'

> 'More glorious than the sun the city shone,
> With open gates of welcome, and I saw
> The answering brightness on my dear one's face,
> Whilst darkness covered mine.'

She died on October the 4th. On the following Thursday all that was mortal of this saint of God was carried to the Ryde Cemetery, and committed to the safe keeping of the 'Lord both of the dead and living' —'until the day break, and the shadows flee away.'

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF JOHN CLARKE, ESQ.,

OF DAIRY-HILL, IRELAND.

BY THE REV. W. LINDSAY.

JOHN CLARKE, ESQ., died at Dairy-Hill, in the Abbeyleix Circuit, May the 16th, 1880, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He was born at Maguire's-bridge, in Fermanagh, of very respectable parents, connected with the late Primitive Wesleyan-Methodist Society. They hospitably received the Ministers of that Body. He was converted to God when young. My acquaintance with him commenced in 1848, when I was appointed to the Maguire's-bridge Circuit. We had about one hundred Class-Leaders, among whom was John Clarke. I soon formed a high estimate of his piety and worth. In 1851 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Harrison, daughter of the late George Harrison, Esq., of Dairy-Hill, Queen's County—a very devoted man, at whose house the Primitive Methodist Ministers were warmly received. After his marriage he came to reside at Dairy-Hill. Mr. Mercier, who knew him intimately for many years, has supplied the following views of him:

'Like a true Christian, he was concerned about the welfare of those around him. In the houses and hamlets near him, and occasionally in the chapels, he began to preach. Nor was his labour in vain. There were, of course, some features of his character more strongly marked than others, but he was "an all-round" Christian. He did not exalt one virtue at the expense of another. His Christianity shone out through everything, and at all times. He would as feelingly, as faithfully, and as lovingly speak to a single hearer about Jesus, as to the many. He was eminently a man of prayer. Prayer was apparently the atmosphere of his soul. He has told the writer how it was his deligh to spend long seasons—evening, morning, and at noon —in reading, prayer and meditation upon the Word of God.

'Not very many months ago, speaking of a gentleman who was then ill, with whom he was in no way connected, our brother said to the writer, "I am praying for him, and I am sure the Lord hears me." Two days afterward the gentleman died. We

had every reason to believe that prayer was heard in the salvation of his soul. One who was addicted to drink for the greater part of a lifetime, whom all other men looked upon as a hopeless case, was taken up by our brother as a burden before the Lord. For two or three years he and others prayed. Blessed be God! the answer continueth unto this day. And the subject of those prayers has told the writer that he now has not even the desire for stimulating drink. But why multiply instances? Thanksgiving and praise were ever on his lips.

'Mr. Clarke was of a *loving spirit*. He showed this by his works. We could not imagine him acting from any impulse the opposite of love. We have known him for twenty years—knew him intimately for ten years; we never heard a word or knew of a look or action which was not dictated by love. By other denominations besides his own, he was esteemed and loved. Methodism, the Episcopal Church, the Evangelical Alliance, Colportage, Temperance, the Union Prayer-Meeting, the Christian Convention, the Sabbath-school, the Cottage Lecture, with the varied means of grace, the Supper of the Lord, the Love-feast, the Class-meeting, all in their turn commanded, when health enabled him, his ready presence, voice, and hand.

'He was marked by *Christian earnestness*. Not too fitful were his labours in the cause of Christ, nor was he "weary in well-doing." Of late years such was the delicacy of his health, that he could not walk a quarter of a mile. Yet he never on that account absented himself from the means of grace. Only three weeks before his death, he occupied the chair at a Missionary meeting.

'The present writer (a Wesleyan) can scarcely say that Mr. Clarke had any change to make at the time of the Union. He was always as one of ourselves, "a brother beloved." He was deeply interested in a new opening for preaching the Gospel, some two or three miles from his residence. He went there every Sabbath afternoon, when not engaged in another direction. He often said, "We ought to pray much for this place," and was greatly cheered after a good meeting. He personally looked after a Sabbath-School there. His removal has left a sad blank. Of late years it was apparent that our brother was ripening for heaven. His Christian acquaintance could notice a distinct elevation of experience and a meetness for glory. His references to private communion with God were always of the most happy kind, and his distinct statements of experience concerning "the blood of Jesus Christ" were a means of grace to those who heard him.

'His last illness came gradually, slowly, like the shades of evening, and he was ready. We saw him two days before he passed triumphant home. "Brother," said he, "pray that the Lord's will may be done, and that if it be His will, I may be saved from this pain." We offered prayer calmly, and fervently he responded. His weakness would not permit of excitement. We both felt we should scarcely meet again below. We loved as brethren, for the "Elder Brother's" sake. Lord's day morning, May the 16th, 1880, was indeed to our brother "the Day of rest." He fell asleep in Jesus.'

Brother Clarke kept a journal, but only a small fragment of it has come into my hands. He commenced it in the year 1846.

'July 27th.—This day I have commenced a new era in my Christian life, by writing down every night how and in what state I have lived before my Saviour through the day; and I thank Him for a degree of His peace imparted to my soul.

'28th.—Throughout this day I have often found myself much refreshed at the hands of a pardoning God. I feel this evening the fountain of redeeming love as healing and salutary as ever.

'Sunday, December 10th, 1854.—I held my first Prayer-meeting at Mrs. Wilkinson's. Made a few remarks on our Lord's healing the leper, and felt great comfort in speaking to the people. I feel that in beginning this good work I must endeavour to

live closer to God than ever. My greatest ambition is, that I might be instrumental in the conversion of souls.

'August 17th, 1862, Sabbath.—This morning I rose before five o'clock. For the last week I have been endeavouring to follow the plan adopted by Mr. Wesley, of going to bed at a stated hour. And although I would like to rise at four o'clock, I fear my constitution is such that I will not be able to rise sooner than five. Since I commenced this practice, although I often feel wearied in body, I find my sleep to be sound, my bodily health better, my spiritual health much better, and I am in every way much happier. This Sabbath-day the Lord has been very present with me in the sanctuary, at the Throne of Grace, and while reading His Word.

'January 1st, 1863.—For the last few days my mind has been greatly drawn out towards God, in serious, profitable thought, reflection, meditation, and prayer. The passing away of the old year and the coming in of the new, which I have been spared to enter, I have found to be a solemn, sweet time with God, not only in my going out and coming in, but more especially at the Throne of Grace. Last night while holding my little Watch-night service at my bed-room fireside, as I read the thirty-seventh Psalm, my mind felt greatly comforted by the sweet promises there made to all the faithful servants of the Most High. My sincere prayer is that the Lord will make me a useful member of the Church. This is my greatest ambition, that the Lord would bless myself and my little family, and permit us all to magnify His Holy Name, and make it honourable on the earth.'

In 1869 he expresses his thankfulness for sparing mercy, after being laid aside from active life for three years and a half, through ill-health. He was very happy in the Lord and submissive to His will.

'April 24th, 1871.—Yesterday has been not only the Christian Sabbath to me, but also a day of much humiliation and serious reflection, for the reason that it has been the anniversary of my fiftieth birthday. I think I can truly say, from experience past and present, "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God!" I thank Thy dear Name, O Lord, that it hath pleased Thee in Thy tender mercy and loving-kindness to spare my comparatively worthless life in the land of the living to the present period of my existence. This day is also the anniversary of our marriage.

'March 8th, 1872.—I retired after tea for the purpose of holding communion with God. I felt my mind greatly drawn out in prayer, with a happy, joyous faith in Jesus. I seldom ever realized more of the Lord's solemn presence. So much so that I was very reluctant to rise off my knees; even when I did, it was to sit down in the same happy frame of mind. "Truly God is good to Israel." I cannot but with heart full of gratitude to the Lord, make a record of such love to my soul.

'July 18th, 1873.—This day I endeavoured in the Name of the Lord to set apart a time for humiliation and prayer, that it would please God in His infinite mercy and love to lead each of my dear children to seek the salvation of their souls now while they are young.

'October 2nd, 1874.—I rejoice in spiritual prosperity and gracious nearness to Jesus in every time of need.

'December 5th, 1876.—This day I am encouraged to make a short record of my Christian experience, having had for some time past such gracious manifestations of the Divine Spirit to my mind as enable me to go forward from faith to faith in full triumph.'

He regularly held Sabbath meetings at Mr. Pratt's, Deal-grove. A few weeks before his death, Mr. Pratt died unexpectedly. Our brother was greatly grieved. The last letter he wrote was to sympathize with Mrs. Pratt in her bereavement.

The latest entries in his journal are:

'July 28th, 1879.—Sabbath morning, commenced our little Class-meeting again (after illness) after an interval of some years. May the Lord assist us to carry on this means of grace, so much blessed to my soul in days gone by.

'August 15th.—This day I have set apart as a day of humiliation and prayer, that I may be renewed in the spirit of my mind more and more.'

At the annual Conference of the late Primitive Wesleyan-Methodist Society he was representative for the Queen's County Mission for many years. He fell in heartily with the union of the two Conferences, as he loved all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, especially the Methodist family.

For years he was a collector for the Primitive Wesleyan Missionary Society, and took a deep interest in its work. His house has been and still is a home for the Methodist Ministers. I saw him a few hours before his death; gasping for breath, he said, 'The will of the Lord be done; all is well, all is well.'

'ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE REIGN OF VICTORIA.'*

BY THE REV. J. T. SLUGG.

To students of English literature, and to those who would prefer to be called 'general readers,' Mr. Morley's latest work should be most welcome. It is clear in outline, compact in arrangement, and yet contains all necessary details, so as to form for the reader a complete map of the Victorian books and authors. It is written in the first instance for the German public, at the request of Baron Tauchnitz, the eminent publisher. Yet Mr. Morley writes with a patriotism that is refreshing to meet with amongst the higher critics, who often, like Matthew Arnold, accuse the English mind of barrenness of ideas as compared with the German; or like Swinburne and Rossetti, fall down before the literary standards of France. Mr. Morley writes for the foreigner as he would for the Englishman, with a due appreciation of the intellectual worth of his subject.

But the great excellence of the book lies in its philosophical conception. It is a good illustration of Coleridge's teaching in his *Essay on Method*, that to all method and harmony a ruling idea is necessary, which shall give shape to what otherwise would be a mere congregation of isolated facts. The ruling idea of this book is, that English literature is the expression of the life of the nation, and is shaped, coloured, inspired in every age by the character of the social conditions and national movements of the times. This truth explains the varying features of the literature of each century, and sometimes of different portions of the same century. The power of genius to illumine, to please, or to move, is the same in all ages; but the precise character of the manifestation of that power, varies according to the circumstances and influences amidst which it works, and of which it is the living voice to its age and to all time. 'Literature of all things upon earth the most significant, is no chance feast of scraps, it is the best utterance of the mind of a people which has its embodiment in deeds

* *English Literature in the Reign of Victoria, with a Glance at the Past.* By HENRY MORLEY. Leipsic: Tauchnitz.

set forth by the historian. But the present thoughts of a man cannot be understood without some knowledge of the thoughts that led to them. For men and nations yesterday lives with to-day, and travels with to-day into to-morrow.'

To find a fruitful principle like this in a book which only professes to be a hand-book, is like feeding on good roast-beef after a course of sea-biscuits. Mr. Morley sees clearly the great fact of the unity of all life. Carlyle's Norse tree Igdrazil, is to him also the symbol of life. 'All life is figured by them as a tree. Its boughs stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are histories of nations. The rustle of it is the noise of human existence, onwards from of old. Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all, how the word I speak to-day is borrowed from all men since the first man began to speak, I find no similitude so true as this of a tree. Beautiful, altogether beautiful and great!'* To have illustrated and been guided by this thought, is the honour of modern literature. The first modern who was most completely swayed by it, was Edmund Burke. He saw how futile was the rebellion of the French Revolution against the past, and the effort to produce a new world in a day. From this principle has arisen our more sympathetic views of the past, of men and institutions so widely different from those of the present. It is the fruitful parent of our modern charity.

Mr. Morley gives us a glance therefore at the past of English literature, linking its history with the stream of national life which has flowed side by side with it. He boldly begins with the sixth century. In that period took place a great struggle between the Cymri and the Teutons, and the complete overthrow of the former. The despair of the vanquished finds its voice in many songs by bards with strange names. Then ensued four centuries of Saxon rule, which we may describe as the years of the making of England. The life of those years is in their literature. 'From Bede, who was born when Caedmon lived and sang, to king Alfred who toiled to restore the broken forces of his country; and beyond the days of Alfred, the whole company of the first English writers laboured with one aim. Bede, devoted from childhood to the service of God, spent his life in the monastery at Jarrow in work and worship. All hours but the hours of prayer were hours of strenuous work for the increase of knowledge, and, through knowledge, of wisdom among his countrymen. He crowned his literary life with an endeavour to tell faithfully the history of that shaping of England which was still, in many of its details, within living memories.'

From Alfred to the Norman Conquest, the Saxon chronicles, the religious dialogues and allegories, and the educational works written by bishops and monks, reflect the growing life of the kingdom. After the Conquest, the life of England was enriched with new political and social forms, which prepared the way for a higher and more varied form of literature as its reflection. Thus we come to Arthurian romances, satires on the corruptions of the religious orders, the scientific observations of Roger Bacon, and a literature having a wider scope, a more artistic treatment, and a more vital interest. Hence we come, following the stream of history, to Wycliffe, who gave a voice to the craving of

* Carlyle's *Hero Worship*. Lect. I.

the dumb masses for saving teaching, by his translation of the Scriptures; to Gower, who expressed the social misery of his time in his *Vox clamantis;* to Langland, who sought amidst the terror and death of the Plagues, in his *Piers Ploughman*, to turn the people to repentance and Christ; and to Chaucer, who, by his ideal of perfect womanhood, and by his genial humanity, helped to soften the asperities of the times.

The wars of the Roses, and the paralysis they entailed, were not favourable to the utterance of thought. But the fall of Constantinople, which scattered learned Greeks and their ancient literature; the discovery of America by Columbus; the Protestant Reformation; and the printing-press of William Caxton, created just those conditions which are favourable to high literature. Accordingly we are brought down the stream to Tyndale's and Coverdale's translations of the Bible, and to Sir T. Moore and his *Utopia*, in which he condemned the political and social evils of the England of his day, and pointed to what a State might be. In his time we find the rising of Euphuism, an excessive straining after ingenious daintiness of speech, which, though ridiculous in its excesses, yet betokened in its followers a renewed interest in the beauties of literary expression, under the paramount influence of Italian literature. The same influence inspired many song writers, such as Earl Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt.

It is when we come to the reign of Elizabeth that we see the most splendid illustration of the principle Mr. Morley lays down, and the ultimate result of the various influences we have just mentioned. Only in such an age as that of Elizabeth, having a national life so buoyant, so heroic, so romantic, so restless, so inquisitive, could a literature as noble as that of Elizabeth's reign have arisen. As Professor Green says: 'The sphere of human interest was widened as it never had been widened before or since, by the revelation of a new heaven and a new earth. We see the influence of this new and wider knowledge of the world, not only in the life and richness which it gave to the imagination of the time, but in the immense interest which from this moment attaches itself to Man.'* Man became then the supreme study of man. Hence the peculiar character of the Elizabethan literature. 'That literature,' says Froude, 'was but the rhythmic echo of the life around.' Therefore we find humanity to be the supreme subject of that literature, and its chiefest influence. That was the theme of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Spenser, Hooker; and even Bacon's science and philosophy were moulded by their influence on, and their relationship to, the welfare of man. All studies then were humanized.

The next great era in English literature is the Puritan: an age of contest between the different parts of the constitution, of civil war, and of deep religious enthusiasm. Therefore we find the literature of the period rich in theology and sermons, in political disquisitions discussing the fundamental principles of society and government, and a poesy over which hang the solemn heavens of the infinite thoughts of God and the spirit-world, and having strains unknown to the less heavenly literature of the preceding era. The names of Baxter, Howe, Owen, Hobbes, Harrington, and Milton will illustrate the above statement. Milton especially was the voice of the Puritan period, and his *Paradise Lost* was

* *Hist. of English People—Reign of Elizabeth.*

the great lament sent up to God over a lost cause. 'The broken hope which had seen the kingdom of the saints pass like a dream away, spoke in its very name.'

Again the scene changes, and again the literature of England is pitched in a new key. Two influences may be traced in the thought of the next literary era. One was the feeling of disgust with the low moral principle of the statesmen, and the general littleness of the aims of the time; a feeling which afterwards found expression in the cynicism of Swift, who could find no more fitting emblem of this kingdom and its men than Lilliput and its inhabitants. The same feeling of disgust was a hot-bed for that fashionable infidelity to which Butler's *Analogy* was the best antidote the age could find.

The other influence shaping this next great literary era after the Puritan one, was that of France, at whose feet Charles II., in exchange for a pension and several mistresses from Louis XIV., had laid his country. French influence thus became paramount for many years. Shakespeare began to be looked upon as an irregular genius, who, if he had only known a little more Greek and Latin, and could have sat at the feet of Corneille, might have written as well as Pope, or even as Dryden. English literature became an image of English society: satirical, polished, neat, clear but conventional, and steeped in self-satisfaction. It was the literature of a small society which met in drawing-rooms, and there gossipped or gambled, or drank or cursed, as the mood was, but always in most exquisite fashion. It was a literature which needed to renew its youth in contact with green fields and scenes of country life, with unconventional human beings, and with the play of those elementary passions of the heart which had been the theme of Shakespeare, or with those religious truths which had inspired Milton.

The eighteenth century was out of joint and sick at heart. Mr. Morley does justice to the influence of the Wesleys and their coadjutors in helping to restore health to the body politic and the body ecclesiastic. Yet a feeling of unsoundness runs through much of the remaining literature of the century. Mr. Morley has a striking passage on this point: 'There is more evidence of hypochondria and actual insanity among writers in the eighteenth century than at any other time. Healthy men were touched with the gloom of bondage. Robert Blair's *The Grave* dwells far more on the mortality within the churchyard, than upon the spiritual life beyond. The gloom of Young's *Night Thoughts* is implied in its sequel, *The Consolation*, but the note of melancholy runs through all. There is less gloom in Gray's *Elegy*, but the sadness of the times was felt by Gray. In his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, the manner of musing is characteristic. Now a crowd of boys in a playground would suggest to a moralist fresh energies of a generation that shall carry on the labours of the present. To Gray it suggested nothing but the miseries in store for them when they should be men:

> "Alas! regardless of their doom,
> The little victims play."'

To these instances we may add William Collins, who died insane; Samuel Johnson, who throughout life was tortured by hypochondriasis; and Cowper, whose mind was so distressingly unhinged. As exceptions to this melancholy rule, we may mention the humour and pathos of Sterne, and the magnificent rationality of Burke. But the cheerfulness of some of the exceptions seemed to have the character of a reaction against the prevailing gloom; and

even in Burke one fails to find that sympathy with ideals which our own century has shown, but which to him in an age of failures seemed useless. The past, and not the glowing future, was the scroll Burke unrolled, and prophesied out of with an eloquence and a wisdom all his own. Hume and Gibbon are only additional illustrations of the cynicism of the century, bred of the failure of man to make his brother man either good or happy. In all this lies the secret of much of the drinking and gambling which made the age eminent as the era of gout and ruined fortunes.

The next period was ushered in and largely moulded by the French Revolution. That event influenced the literature of the dawn of this century, by first of all stirring the minds of men. 'When the minds of men are stirred about essentials, life finds its highest utterance, and literature, the voice of life, is at its best.' There was therefore, at the beginning of the century, a fresh development of power, and the glory of the reign of Elizabeth seemed once more to shine on England. What a galaxy: Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, Scott, Shelley, Keats, Southey, Charles Lamb, De Quincey, Professor Wilson, and Jane Austen! Most of these writers were the prophets of new ideas, which seemed to have been imprisoned by the French Revolution, and let loose upon the world. As Keats wrote:

'So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty born of us,
And fated to excel us.'

But of this band several died young. Most of the others lived on into Queen Victoria's reign, and whilst they held to the aim of the Revolution to produce a new world, they became impressed by the immediate failure of that movement. They then saw that the regeneration of the individual citizen, by religion and education, was the true method of the regeneration of the State and of the world. Therefore Wordsworth and Southey, though still aiming to create a new earth, devoted their genius to the work of 'citizen building,' as the sure way of building a truly civilized society.

This brings us to the reign of Victoria. Here the ruling idea of Mr. Morley's book receives further sanction. The Revolution brought the people to the front as the supreme care of the statesman and of the monarch. Hence this great work of 'citizen building' has been the note of the literature of the present reign. The best writers of the age have not been ashamed of what some think detrimental to good literature—to have written with a purpose. Our greatest writers have thus been political and social prophets. Witness, for instance, Carlyle, Ruskin, Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, G. Eliot. They have all preached as well as painted. Even our scientific men have come down into the arena. There runs through the Victorian literature, at its best, a noble aim, a high aspiration, a conscious moral effort to attain to a civilization not yet realized.

The Victorian age is one in which the essentials of politics and religion have been discussed. Therefore we find a depth in the literature of our period which only such discussions can give. Our best literature has for its background the Infinite. There broods over it all the sense of the mystery which is 'within the veil.' Stuart Mill shows his divergence in spirit from David Hume, by a return to a species of Theism. Carlyle's writings seem to swim in the 'Infinitudes.' Tennyson has disclosed depth of thought and feeling which only a profound spiritual creed and philosophy could inspire. The fountains of the great deep now seem to be opened, and

our literature for the last forty years has reflected the tremulous emotions and aspirations thus evoked.

One cannot but be struck, as one surveys the list of authors and books given by Mr. Morley, with the vast quantity of the Victorian literature. It gives the reader the idea of a tropical forest, both in the variety and in the number of its products. Truly a man's tastes must be singular in the extreme, if he be unable to find there what will suit him. The mental activity of the age, judging by its printed books, deserves the high name of a new 'renaissance,' and has all the restlessness and fruitfulness of the first great Renaissance in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. No one field of thought occupies exclusive attention. Theology, Physical Science, History, Antiquities, Politics, Art, Fiction, Poetry, Æstheticism, none are neglected.

But what can be said of the quality of the Victorian literature? How many names are there in it, that in the far future

> 'Will ring like a golden jewel
> Down a golden stair,'

and will become classics of our tongue, as Spenser, Milton, Hooker, Burke and others have become? The answer probably must be, not so many as one would think from the multitude of books, and the frequent loudness of contemporary fame.

What are the conditions necessary to immortality of fame, and consecration as a classic? First, there must be finish of workmanship, beauty of style, perfection of art. 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' Next there must be originality of conception, and the power to make an epoch in a nation's life, and be the spring of a great movement of thought or action, as in Bacon's *Novum Organum*, or Newton's *Principia*. Then there must be a special relationship between a book and its age, which will make it live by reason of its historical associations.

Judged by these canons, much of our own literature will be used in the future for book-binding and parcel-wrapping. The present seems, with a few exceptions, to be an age of fact-collectors in every sphere of enquiry. This may be a necessarily preparatory stage to an era of constructors. The next age may see the great divine, the great poet, the great literary artist, arise and erect a perfect and lasting building from all these materials which so many busy myriads have gathered together. Justin Macarthy has said that 'We live in the age of *Punch*, and not of Swift or of Juvenal.' We are glad that we do, for the humour of *Punch* is better than bitter gall and despair, however literary their dress may be. But we cannot help thinking that the synthesis of the coming ages will be all the more perfect, imposing, and enduring, by reason of the searching, though disheartening analysis of the present.

YOUNG MEN'S IMPROVEMENT CLASSES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM UNSWORTH.

Every Young Men's Improvement Class should be a training institution for Church-workers, as well as a school for mental and moral culture. The culture ought to be as complete as we can possibly make it, the culture of the whole being—physical, intellectual and spiritual; and the whole of these powers should be directed into a proper channel of usefulness, which is the aim of all true culture. Unless this object is

perpetually kept in view, I can easily understand that Young Men's Improvement Classes will be troublesome and disappointing, as I am informed has often been the case.

In this age and nation, I think no one can reasonably doubt the great need there is of caring for young men, who are so largely the hope of the Church. This is an age of peculiar intellectual difficulties. Young men of every class of society are exposed to the extreme of credulity on the one hand, or of doubt on the other. Romanism and Rationalism, superstition and infidelity, are busily at work in our own country and on the Continent to-day. And it is for those who have conquered doubt, to assist others who are fighting with doubt. All young men who begin to read and think, immediately find difficulties starting up in their pathway of enquiry, which they never dreamt of before. They cannot escape from this condition of mental life, unless indeed they ignore their manhood by ceasing to read and think. But that would be to wrap their talent in a napkin, to bury God's money in the earth, instead of putting all gifts to use, so that the Giver may in the end receive His own with interest. Mental idleness, which means intellectual stagnation, will certainly bring down Divine condemnation on all who indulge in it. All talents are given to be employed for the glory of God and the good of men. God will reward the faithful use of them, but punish the guilty neglect of their improvement and employment.

Under these circumstances, is it not wise and necessary on the part of intelligent and capable men in the Christian Church to gather young men about them, and to assist them in their mental conflicts? Young men will have to meet and master all kinds of difficulties with or without help. Will they not overcome such difficulties more successfully with a competent guide than without one? I know that it is frequently objected that Young Men's Classes are too much occupied with the discussion of modern doubt. Modern doubt will be discussed by them whether they be guided through their difficulties or not. There is not an artisan or a young scholar in England to-day who can get away from this state of things; it is the very atmosphere in which he lives. In all the schools and workshops of our country, discussions are perpetually going on, and our newspapers and periodicals are full of them. I do not fear enquiry; it will ultimately lead to a stronger and more intelligent faith. But a man who has had to fight his own mental battles may at present do immense service to those who are just buckling on the armour. If we cannot lead our young men to intelligent faith in Christianity, we cannot keep them. And when once their doubts are settled, the no longer doubters will enjoy a marvellous peace of mind from the consciousness of firm intellectual foothold.

Some Young Men's Improvement Classes, it is said, have been fruitful of great mischief. This, I think, must have been in cases where there has been an incompetent or frequently absent president; and it is not fair to condemn Young Men's Classes altogether on this ground. No doubt some men ought never to attempt the formation or conduct of Young Men's Improvement Classes. They are not fitted by nature and extensive reading for such a position. They lack sympathy with young men, or they have too much sympathy with the current scepticism, or they are not acquainted with modern thought, or they have little or no patience with minds formed differently from their own. These men have their own proper sphere, and may be exceed-

ingly useful in it. But to lead young minds through the difficulties of modern thought is evidently not their sphere. One man cannot do everything; and we must all be content to do what we can.

Not only may Young Men's Improvement Classes be of importance as aids to Christian faith, but also in the formation of a truly Christian character. The temptations of young men in these times are great. It is hard for a young man to stand alone: without advice, encouragement and assistance from his seniors. He needs them to reason and to remonstrate with him in multiplied instances. He needs the sympathy and help of other young men. I know from experience and from the testimony of scores of young men, that unspeakable advantage has been reaped from association with Young Men's Improvement Classes. I am continually meeting with cases like the following. At a railway station in Cheshire, a young man came to me and said, 'Are you Mr. Unsworth?' I answered, 'Yes; but I don't know you.' He replied, 'I was three years in your Young Men's Improvement Class in Derby, and it was the making of me. I was at that time in great danger of going wrong, through my connection with certain young men, but that class saved me. I am now a commercial traveller, married, and shall soon commence business for myself.' Many, in various Circuits, have frankly acknowledged that through my Young Men's Classes they have been led to join the Wesleyan-Methodist Society. Others have stated that through these classes they have been better able to keep their Christianity. Occasionally I have met with a case of this kind. At a Missionary meeting in Yorkshire, one of the speakers came to me and said, 'Look at me; do you think you ever saw me before?' I intimated that my impression was that I had seen him somewhere. He said, 'It was through your advice and guidance that I first began to read and think; and now I am a Congregational Minister.' I believe I could furnish cases by the dozen in which young men have come to me and thanked me for the intellectual and spiritual assistance afforded them by my Young Men's Improvement Classes, at a very critical period of their life.

After twenty-four years of hard work among young men, there ought to be some results justifying the labour expended; and it is one of the greatest joys of my life that from my Young Men's Improvement Classes about eight or ten have entered the Christian Ministry, and from thirty to forty have become Local Preachers. It is far from being agreeable to me to make these personal references, but I can hardly avoid it with the object I have in view. I have no feeling of self-glorification in referring to these particulars. I only wish to encourage others to enter this important field of labour. Ministers wonderfully multiply their power to do good when they fit others for Christian work and find employment for their talents and energies. But for my profound concern for the young men of Methodism in this age, and but for my desire to encourage my brethren who may have less experience than myself in this particular kind of work, by the plain statement of a few facts and the offer of a few practical suggestions—not one word of this article would have been penned.

Young Men's Improvement Classes afford a valuable opportunity for training Church-workers, which I think it is criminal to neglect. Men are trained for all kinds of secular work. An apprenticeship for years is served to the commonest trade. Yet Christian work, of all work the

loftiest and the most difficult of accomplishment, is one for the doing of which we provide little training; too commonly no training at all. Is this right or reasonable on the part of Ministers and Church-officers? Is God's work to be done in a style inferior, and on a method infinitely below the commonest piece of secular enterprise? We drill our armies to fight our battles. We educate our clerks and men of business and schoolmasters. For intellectual and commercial life we act sensibly; but for Church life and work we act with unspeakable folly. We must have trained men to face the enemies of Christianity, and to do the most important work under the sun. Perhaps the most astonishing thing to-day in connection with the Christian Church is that so few ever dream of training workers for Christ.

Look at the social and sanitary work to be done, the laws of health to be taught the people, the interest it is necessary to take in the whole affairs which concern man's well-being for time and eternity; and it will be seen that we ought to make the intellect of Church-workers keen, and to keep their souls and sympathies strong. We must train the whole man for Christ's work more carefully than we train him for our own. Church-work has been blundered and spoiled, because we have so frequently acted as if it required no particular thought or care or preparation, but only the power of God to make up for the indifference and idleness of Christians. I hope the day is rapidly passing away when Christians will do God's work on a method worse than that on which they do their own. It may be that the methods on which they do secular work require great improvement in many cases; but it is especially necessary that the work they do for God should be done with greater thought, ·re and painstaking, if Christian work is to be more prosperous and lasting.

There must be the careful training of the intellect and of the moral and spiritual sympathies. Young men must be taught to look at all the needs of the age, and at the best methods of doing Christian work. There must be the careful cultivation of breadth of thought and breadth of sympathy; so that Church-workers may get into the way of caring for all that is of importance to humanity, but especially caring for the spiritual regeneration of society. All human interests must be dear to us, but spiritual affairs must be allowed a lofty pre-eminence. By watching his opportunity in debate, the president of a Young Men's Improvement Class may frequently insert important principles in the minds of young men, correct false reasoning, expose narrowness,—or, what is quite as common and as mischievous, vagueness, looseness,—and teach them to look on all sides of subjects.

The improvement of the young men may appear to be slow and small; but if habits of careful observation and investigation can in any measure be taught them, it will in the end be a great gain. If we can get young men to look at the facts of mental, moral and social life, and to see all the conditions of successful Christian labour, the next step will be the doing of such work. If we can in any fair degree draw out their sympathy toward the completeness of Church-work, this enlargement of heart will be a wonderful advance in the path of usefulness. It is the ignoring of the facts and circumstances of society, which has so greatly hindered Christian work, and entailed disappointment on loving hearts. We have too much neglected the surroundings of the people. Consequently our most precious success

has often been lost, wholly or in part. Preventive work, 'emptying by filling,' should henceforth be more than it ever has been the policy of the Christian Church.

It may be asked, Should there be essays and debates, readings, recitations and speeches, in connection with Young Men's Improvement Classes? I think there should, as an intellectual training for Church-workers. We cannot tell what any young man may become; and if we can put him in the pathway of self-improvement, and just start him in the mental race, it is nearly all we can do; the rest almost entirely remains with himself. Writing papers on definite subjects leads to the definite expression of ideas; and a person can scarcely lay claim to ideas till he has expressed them in language. Debating leads to the free and forceful utterance of opinion, and to the formation of the valuable habit of looking on different sides of truth. Readings and recitations give a little work and interest in the Class to those who have not the courage, in the first instance, to prepare a paper; and such exercises are often of great value in after-life, in the Sabbath-school, the cottage Prayer-meeting, on the Missionary platform, or in the pulpit. And speech-making on selected subjects teaches young men to speak in public with some degree of confidence and precision.

If these opportunities and exercises are rightly used, they are of unspeakable importance to Church-workers in an age and country like our own. How are we to secure suitable and effective Local Preachers, Class Leaders, Sunday-school teachers and superintendents, and Church-officers generally, unless we train our young men? It is this consideration which has led me to plead for Young Men's Improvement Classes; and to direct the reading and thinking of young men as best I could in the Circuits where I have resided. We may not like the characteristics of the age, or the features of the work now to be done; but if we be prudent we shall adapt ourselves to our own age, as our forefathers adapted themselves to theirs. It is wise to seek fitness for the work to be done, whatever it is; and cowardly to shrink from difficulties.

The plan on which I have conducted my Young Men's Improvement Classes is simply this: In addition to that which I have described in the previous paragraph, I have got the young men, in my present class, to divide their spare money into three parts—one to be given to the Circuit Board, one to poor old people, and one to defray working-expenses. I give them a brief report of the Circuit Quarterly Meeting, from time to time, and this trains them to care for the Circuit finances. As to poor old people, I say to the young men, now it is *your* work to seek them out, and to take them what relief you can afford them. I will take care to do my own work, but not yours too. This trains them to care for the poor, the aged, and the afflicted. Besides this, they have conducted through the winter six or eight cottage Prayer-meetings, without my help, excepting direction and advice in the Class, and enquiring frequently how they were getting on. In the summer months they have gone with me to open-air services. I do not know of a better plan than this. Every Class ought to have some kind of home-mission work to do. To make Young Men's Improvement Classes into mere intellectual luxuries, I hold to be a great mistake. In the class I had in Derby, we raised £30 a year for the Circuit Board, for three years; and then the Rev. J. M. Pilter took

the Class, and they did it for a fourth year. This helped to secure the fourth Minister to the Circuit, and to prepare for dividing the Circuit. The point is to adapt the Class to the locality, and to do the most needed work, aiming at the most complete training of young men for usefulness.

We have always raised the ways and means by lectures and by voluntary contributions. We have not paid for lectures, nor have we incurred heavy expense for travelling and printing. Our point has been to secure near and well-known men to lecture. No fixed contribution has ever been required from the young men, because there was a fear that it might exclude some of the poorest youths, for intellect is impartially bestowed by the Almighty.

I have left many questions untouched; but this brief sketch will be sufficient for practical purposes. I shall be most happy to learn better methods from any one. My irrepressible desire is to see the young men of Methodism taken by the hand, aided in their conceptions of Christianity, and prepared as far as possible to spread the truth as it is in Jesus. For the sake of the young men themselves, and of the Church of their choice, as well as for the good of men and the glory of God, I am exceedingly anxious that Young Men's Improvement Classes should be formed; but formed on a proper basis, and prudently conducted; else they will be a curse to young men and a trouble to the Society with which they are connected.

I heartily wish Young Women's Improvement Classes could be extensively formed. Of course they would necessarily differ from Young Men's Classes. In addition to Bible-lessons, lessons might be given in cooking, sewing, ventilation, sanitation, and general economy. This kind of work is much needed in some of our manufacturing districts. Why cannot our intelligent Methodist ladies enter more into this important field of Christian labour? Salvation from dirt and waste and bad health must largely come through women, as well as salvation from sin.

BUDDHISM IN CHINA.

BY THE REV. F. J. MASTERS, OF CANTON.

SECOND PAPER.

Let us consider some of the causes which have led to the dissemination and apparent success of Buddhism in China.

Had the Buddhism of India been transplanted without any modification of form into so uncongenial a soil as the Chinese mind, or succeeded in the face of the difficulties already mentioned, we should have a problem the solution of which would not be very easy. As regards popular Buddhism, however, its conflict with Chinese tastes and habits is not so obvious, and these difficulties lose much of their force. While many of them would exist in any form which did not surrender its distinctive character, it is only to the Buddhism of India that the stronger phases of this hostility apply.

If, as is very probable, its first missionaries presented their religion to the Chinese in its native garb, we find the results of their labours precisely what might have been expected. Indian Missionaries are

said to have arrived at the capital of China as early as the year 250 B.C., and their ranks were repeatedly reinforced; yet it was not till the year 62 of our era, more than three hundred years after its introduction, that the least perceivable results were accomplished. In fact, modern critics of Missionary enterprise would have pronounced their undertaking a miserable failure. A failure no doubt it would have been had they persisted in presenting it in its primitive and unmodified form. Even when brought down from the dreamland of mysticism into the sphere of practical life, and into alliance with popular superstitions, its progress was very slow. Not till the fifth century can it be said to have struck its roots in Chinese soil; not earlier than this period were monastic institutions tolerated sufficiently to gain a foothold in the country; and not till the fifteenth century was that canon of Buddhist Scriptures complete, which presented the speculative phases of this teaching to the popular mind. For these reasons the present writer is obliged to dissent from the opinion of not a few, that this religion was rapidly disseminated, or that it was propagated in the primitive form in which it was first introduced.

In adducing some of the causes of Buddhist extension, State patronage may be mentioned first.

The usual order of things, which makes the establishment of a religion a consequence of its acceptance by the nation at large, would seem to be reversed in this case. Considering that the secular aid was secured at a time when Buddhism was unpopular, it would be interesting to know how this was brought about. Our curiosity is not easily gratified. A haze of tradition has gathered about the origin of this religion, in which nothing is distinct. Some particulars are preserved to us which bear the stamp of history, and some legends the truth of which there is no reason to discredit.

Chinese armies had invaded Central Asia, and had passed through countries where Buddhism was being propagated or already established. In these campaigns, Chinese generals would have occasion to make repeated reference to its influence in their reports to the throne. From one of these expeditions the conquerors returned laden with spoils, amongst which was a huge golden image of Buddha, which found its way to the Chinese Court. In the second century some Buddhist books formed part of the present of a foreign ambassador to the emperor. All this would prepare the way for that celebrated dream to which, in the opinion of the Chinese to-day, Buddhism owes its fortunes.

In the year 61 of the Christian era, the Emperor Ming-ti saw in a vision the image of a foreign god of enormous size approach and enter his palace. Its body was of exceeding brightness, and its head encircled with a halo of glory. The dream was interpreted as the image of Buddha. The will of Heaven was revealed, thought they, and this religion must henceforth receive imperial favour, and be adopted by the emperor's Court. An embassy was then despatched to Cashmere in search of books and teachers, returning with one or two image-worshipping priests, a statue of Buddha, and one sacred book, which was immediately translated and published by imperial authority. That the emperor should have made no appeal to the missionaries already in the field can be, to my mind, only accounted for by the assumption that Buddhism had been hitherto taught in China in a form that offered no encouragement to this demand for image-worship. However this may be, one thing is certain: a foothold was secured for

it by means of State patronage, and its first important extension effected by the aid of successive emperors of different dynasties, who furnished funds for its support, busied themselves in studying Sanscrit and translating books, made use of its divinations in their military expeditions, defended it from *literati* persecutions,* and issued decrees glorifying its Buddhas and extolling its doctrines. Another cause of Buddhist extension was the proximity of the Buddhist Holy Land. Christianity has always suffered a disadvantage in China, on account of the inaccessibility of those places which were the scenes of our Lord's life and ministry, and the labours of His Apostles; but above all, the inaccessibility of that literature from whence the historical evidences of Christianity are derived. The only evidences they have are internal; any other must be received on the testimony of the Missionary.

The promulgation of Buddhism had no such drawback. India was comparatively near; the scenes of Sakyamuni's life, teaching and death were close at hand, and its vast pile of scriptures and histories within the reach of enquiring minds. '*There* were the monuments commemorating the chief events of the great teacher's life; there were the shrines where his relics might be worshipped; there the monasteries where tradition had preserved his sayings and his doings; there the schools where the tenets of different sects which had sprung up in the course of time might best be acquired.'† How these scenes were explored by enthusiastic pilgrims, the innumerable book-hunting expeditions made to India, the opening of imperial colleges for Sanscrit learning, and the zest with which these studies were pursued to verify Buddhist facts, speak well for Chinese enterprise and industry, and will form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Chinese religions.

But the principal cause of Buddhist success, which has been already anticipated, is found in its flexibility and the adaptation of itself to the needs, social condition and prejudices of the Chinese.

Buddhism, as a philosophy, is one thing; as a religion for every-day life, quite another. The history of every religion in the world sadly illustrates how widely the life and practice of its followers can diverge from its standards of faith and duty. Especially is this seen in religions whose Scriptures are unknown or unintelligible to the common people; or where they claim no authority, are not regarded as a basis of faith, a standard for appeal, and a rule for daily life. Every *earth-born* religion has only maintained itself on its native soil by becoming conformed to the growing intelligence and ever-changing habits of its adherents; and has only been propagated abroad by becoming adapted to the genius of the people upon whom it depends for support. In China, as elsewhere, Indian Buddhism never surmounted its environments, but like organisms low in the scale of life, suffered these environments to modify its form, to tone down its abnormities, to eliminate elements too offensive to national prejudices, and to incorporate other elements, foreign to its constitution, yet essential to its survival.

* The establishment of Buddhism provoked the bitterest hostility of the Confucianists. Some ventured openly to remonstrate with their sovereign, and for many centuries persecuted its adherents with fire and sword. Even to-day it would be an insult to ask a literary man if he were a Buddhist.

† Max Müller's *Chips*, Vol. I., *Buddhist Pilgrims*.

The cold Pantheism of India would never do for the Chinese. A life of abstraction and yearning after an infinite 'void' would be too ridiculous to their temporalizing, materialistic minds. 'Logicians may reason about abstractions,' says Macaulay,* 'but the great mass of men must have images....some visible and tangible object of idolatry.' The Buddhist philosopher might sit down and elaborate his system of nihility, the Buddhist missionary might rebuke the popular craving for personal deities, he might point to his absolute noumenon and his utter *void;* ignorant men were only repelled by preaching which presented no image to their minds and hearts.

It was inevitable that the people should set up objects for ideas and occult powers, and anthropomorphic deities in the midst of that *void* which the relativity of their conceptions disenabled them to grasp. It was inevitable that Buddhism should cast off the philosopher's cloak and assume a religious garb more adapted to the instincts and cravings of the multitude around. The result was the substitution of personal gods and the introduction of thaumaturgies, ritual and priests. Buddha was no longer an idea, but a plurality of gods of the most anthropomorphic kind. Out of the depths of Nervana extinction these Buddhas were called back to life and personality, and apotheosized as '*Lord of the Ten Heavens,*' *Hearers of prayers, saviours of men.*

But this compromising spirit did not rest here. With personality came image worship, and the erection of temples and altars for their worship. Gilded Buddhas, fat and sleek, sit lazily enthroned on canopied platforms, with benevolent, indulgent-looking faces that beam with rest and peace to toiling men, and with uplifted fingers, as if in the very attitude of gentle protest against so much turmoil and strife in a world so transitory and unreal. Towards these kind, sympathetic faces crowds of heavy-laden men turn, as to their only source of solace; they place their offerings before them, prostrate themselves at their feet, offer up their prayers to them, and adore their smallest relic with superstitious awe.

With image worship came priestly intercession, wonder-working, magical and clairvoyant gifts, astrology, divination, exorcism, curing of diseases, supplying the elixir of immortality, and everything to meet the demands of the superstitious. Mystic figures and carvings, revolving prayer-chests filled with written invocations, rosaries, drums, the smell of incense, the lighting of candles, the burning of gilt paper, the droning of prayers in unintelligible sounds, saying masses over the dead and the dying, and the sale of transmigration indulgences by vagrant priests—all had a strange fascination for those weak minds for whom philosophy had no charms.

Having said this, very little remains to be described in Chinese Buddhism. As a religion it has sunk into a gross superstition—an empty formalism, consisting of liturgies, invocations, and multitudinous ceremonies; but its philosophy, doctrines, and ethics have long ago become a dead letter for all but a few learned priests. To the masses, Buddhism is nothing more than image-worship. Its *Nirvana* of extinction has given place to the more concrete glories of the Western Paradise. Its hideous transmigration theory is practically ignored, or has been substituted by

* *Essay on Milton.*

Judgment-halls modelled after District Magistrates' *Yamens*, and the ten prisons of torture with the turnkeys and executioners with which the priests profess to be *en rapport*, and who for the consideration of a dollar or two will procure the release of the departed spirit from such an abode. As for the ancestor-worship of Confucianism, not only is it tolerated, but directly encouraged in special masses for the dead, and the transmission of paper money, clothes, goods, and chattels through flames and smoke to the world of shades. Even the system of monasticism, the very inner sanctuary of Buddhism, has been toned down to pacify popular prejudice. 'The vows of the novice,' as one writer remarks, 'are confined to familiar precepts of Chinese morality, and his ordinary duties only carry out the familiar teachings of home and school in a new sphere.'

As for that life of meditation and world-renunciation so distasteful to a Chinaman, it is well known how many of these monks can make a life of luxury and vicious indulgence consistent with vows of poverty and self-abnegation which they never intended to fulfil. These facts serve to illustrate some of the eliminations on the one hand and accretions on the other, which this religion suffered in its adaptation to popular instincts; and it is to this policy of accommodation in Buddhist missionary enterprise that much of its dubious success is to be traced.

But there were also elements in *popular** Buddhism which responded to long-felt needs. It gave objects of worship to people who had been long seeking to satisfy the highest yearnings of the human spirit, and to whom a religion of patriarchalism could give no rest. Buddhist missionaries found the highest objects of worship recognised by the sages of China far removed from the reach of common men, to say nothing of women. Heaven and *Shang-ti* could only be approached by their Melchizedek. Their Emperor High Priest was responsible to the Supreme Ruler for his people's welfare, and offered up prayer and sacrifice on their behalf. For the people's religious needs no provision had ever been made, no encouragement given by their sages to worship a god at all, beyond a simple fetichism which their own necessities had provided. Too glorious in majesty for ordinary mortals† to approach, Heaven could only be worshipped for them by Heaven's vicegerent, who styled himself *the Son of Heaven*. It was not unnatural, therefore, that a community excluded from any share in the national religion should be disposed to accept foreign deities that could be worshipped by all, irrespective of rank and sex, and adopt the rites and observances connected with their service.

Buddhism met another deficiency of the Confucian system in its doctrine of future rewards and punishments, which supplied motives to a virtuous life. If the form in which earlier Buddhism presented these future-life theories was revolting to the minds of the learned, its underlying principle must have been acceptable to the great mass of men. The endeavour of Confucian moralists had been to raise morality to that higher level of spontaneous, disinterested obedience to duty. Virtue was to be loved because it

* I say *popular* to distinguish it from *primitive* Buddhism, which taught no such thing as a personal God.

† Hung-wu, the first Emperor of the Ming dynasty, issued an edict prohibiting all prayer to Heaven except his own, as the height of presumption. See Chalmers' paper on *Chinese Natural Theology*.

was beautiful, and practised because of its intrinsic reward. The teaching of Confucius only comprehended the limits of the present world. If he spoke of rewards and punishments, he left them undefined, never furnished a hint of the time and place of their distribution, or said anything about a future life. As to this life, beyond which his followers were not allowed to look, they would see such apparent contradictions of their master's teaching—that happiness and misery were apportioned according to merit and demerit—as were sufficient to nullify its value as an incentive to virtue. The mass of weak, sinful men needed a stronger motive. Confucius had over-estimated the national character, when he expected a Chinaman to do work without pay. Besides, another life was surely needed to adjust the inequalities of the present, and solve its mysteries. A future judgment and a hot hell was surely needed for villains like Ts'o-Ts'o, who lived out their wicked lives unpunished. A better reward than this life gave was surely deserved by the honoured sage who lived out his virtuous life unrewarded and unknown.

Numbers of men, impatient of mystery and weary of Confucian agnosticism, found rest in positive dogmas on those problems of future life which philosophers left unsolved. Numbers of men who could only be restrained from sin by vivid pictures of its future penalties, and who could only be made virtuous by promises of eternal reward, found the needed motives in that modified form of Buddhism which spoke of future judgment, the bliss of the Western Paradise and the pains of the ten Hells; and which taught that every act of worship, every chapter of Scripture read, every repeated prayer and every kind act, good desire, and holy purpose are unerringly recorded to their credit in life's great ledger, or placed in the right side of those scales which a man hopes to see bump down with his accumulated merit.

But Buddhism met another need when it offered *the hope* of mercy and salvation to sinful men. Confucius had laid down the doctrine that 'he who sins against Heaven has no one to whom he can pray.' In what this unpardonable sin consists it would be difficult to say. The sage possibly distinguished between sins against Heaven and sins against men. Be that as it may, Confucianism is practically a system of despair. It gives no hope to the sinner, no comfort to penitent, broken hearts, no sympathy for men struggling to escape the lashes of remorse. It is a system of Phariseeism that can lay heavy burdens of proprieties and duties upon men's shoulders, but will not give the help of a little finger to their distresses. It contains many beautiful truths, useful maxims, and lofty ideals, but it leaves Job's problem, 'How should a man be just?' unsolved. It leaves the sinner without a mediator, uncared for, unpitied and unforgiven.

Modern Buddhism gave a ray of hope to these—only a ray. It told men to commence a virtuous life, imitate Buddha, take rest in him, and past sins might be forgiven, though as numerous as Ganges' sands. In the absence of that Divinely-appointed standard of duty which commands the service of God with the whole heart and life, it could set up works of supererogation by which past sins could be forgiven through a man's own merit. It set up priestly intercessors, who professed, by a jargon of Sanscrit sounds and by mystic rites, to expiate human guilt, destroy evil influences, alleviate pain, deliver from hell, and obtain for the lost an entrance into one of the paradises above. It

brought to sad and troubled hearts the image of a 'goddess of mercy,' 'the hearer of earthly cries,' the solacer of griefs, abolisher of hells, and the redeemer of sinners, though not till sinners had worked out their own redemption, whose vow is taken never to rest till all souls are saved, and brought safe 'to the other shore.' Thus it taught hope, though it gave no help; forgiveness of sin, but no emancipation from its power.

But there were certain phases of Buddhist teaching that were positively attractive to Chinese minds. If its philosophy jarred upon Confucian moods, its ethics must have presented much that was in harmony with a duty-reverencing people. Coming from a land where the worship of the gods raised impurity and murder to sacred rites, Buddhism is not only wonderfully clear of the least taint of such devilish corruption, but presents a moral code which, for purity, excellence and wisdom, has never been surpassed by any other system of heathen philosophy. Its books are full of exhortations to outward and inward purification, and to a life of self-sacrifice and pitying love of mankind. Not only are men required to abstain from outward sins, such as murder, adultery, theft, lying, bad language, but from heart-sins, such as anger, lust, covetousness, pride and suspicion. Not only did they enjoin negative precepts, but also inculcated positive virtues, such as almsgiving, benevolence, purity, patience, courage, and self-sacrifice. Its Sutras glow with precepts unknown in any other heathen system.* 'When reviled, revile not again;' 'when smitten, be not angry: return evil with ungrudging love;' 'when threatened with death, bear no malice.' Surely nothing sublimer or purer than this was ever heard, save from the lips of Him Who spake as 'never man spake,' and whose superscription they bear.

As M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire says: 'Save Christ alone, there is not among the founders of religion a figure more pure nor more touching than that of Buddha.' Its *Sutra*, the first work translated into Chinese, also inculcates the highest virtues, and is so fully in harmony with Chinese teaching that it might have been an outgrowth of their own classics. Its grand definition of goodness: 'the agreement of the will with the conscience;' its doctrine of the middle path between extremes, 'strength without rashness,' 'success without inflation,' 'use of means without compromise of principles,' 'seeing and touching without desire,' all bear a striking affinity to Chinese teaching. It would not be surprising, therefore, if a nation of ethicists were induced to tolerate the defects and excesses of the Buddhist faith, for the sake of a moral system so pure and so entirely in harmony with their own recognised standards.

Another attractive element of Buddhism which gave it a special advantage over other religions, was its boundless charity and universal brotherhood. The influence of a teaching that struck at caste barriers, by addressing itself to caste and outcast alike, was not likely to be felt so strongly in China as India. Still there was something in the humanity of Buddhism which could not but appeal to every human heart. Its announcement of good will to all men, its offer of salvation to men irrespective of class and sex, the self-abnegation it taught in promoting the welfare of mankind, the charity that recognised the brother under every garb and in every communion, and that taught the monk to make prayer for the salvation of every

* Our own Spence Hardy, in speaking of the *Dhamma Padam* or *Footsteps of ww*, has made a similar admission.

living thing the first of his daily duties, or while the convent bell was ringing to offer up the seven times repeated prayer 'that the music of the bell might be heard throughout the wide world, ringing in to every heart that peace of Buddha which is perfect rest and quiet from every care,* are a few illustrations of that grand catholicity which was a redeeming feature of their Buddhist system.

Another attractive feature was seen in that promise of final rest which it held out to these hordes of Sabbathless men. If the Chinese love hard work, they are not insensible to the sweets of rest. The old *Nirvana* 'void,' transformed into the more concrete glories of the 'Western Paradise,' presented such visions of bliss as transcended the Chinaman's sublimest dreams. Far away in the infinite azure depths of space, beyond this world of turmoil of life and death, beyond the ceaseless ebb and flow of the tides of this 'miserable existence,' lay the Beulah lands of the life immortal. There the sun never scorches and storms never blow. There green forests wave, and unwithering bowers fill the air with their fragrance. There rivers of everlasting peace flow between banks of diamond, where, in the presence of the all-compassionate Amitabha, no care or toil or fear or death can ever reach to disturb the eternal rest of his favoured saints. Who could wonder if thousands of these sons of toil, groaning hopelessly, many of them, under the burdens and miseries of an unrewarded life, should be attracted by a religion which showed the way to such a paradise of bliss and glory.

Coming down to present times, we see in the easy conditions of salvation, lax discipline and indulgent spirit of modern Buddhism, another reason for its popularity. It attracts a people who want to be religious by giving up as little as they can, and doing as little as possible. It comprehends within its pale men utterly ignorant of its teachings; men who claim to be followers of Confucius and believers in his doctrines; men who will ridicule Buddhism one day and worship its images the next. With a wide-open door to all the world, it is an easy thing to become a Buddhist. Few restraints are imposed on the human heart and life; few sins are recognised but what can be atoned for by a few *cash* and prayers, and a few hours fasting from animal food; few souls pass away that cannot be redeemed by calling in a priest to 'break open the earth prison.' In short, all the professed benefits of Buddhism can be obtained without any self-surrender of will and life. The convent is a refuge for the unfortunate, for bankrupts and orphans, and even for criminals, who have been known to escape detection and punishment by adopting the tonsure and monastic dress. A comfortable home, unfailing supplies of rice and clothes, and a gossiping, lazy and oftentimes dissolute life, have attractions for idle, worthless fellows whom society can very well spare. The majority of its inmates, in South China to-day, are men who saw an easy way of getting rice without work, who are fonder of obscene books than of Buddhist Sutras, and find a pipe of opium more conducive to meditation than squatting on a board to look at a blank wall.

Their study of Sanscrit has been long ago given up; few know anything about the teachings of their religion or about its history; and yet these monks are the recognised followers of Sakyamuni, and the only open professors of his religion to-day in China! Surely if such wretched specimens of humanity as

* *Beal's Catena of Buddhist Scriptures, etc.*, p. 240.

we see in these monasteries are to be regarded as the exponents and representatives of Buddhism, and if every layman who worships at a temple, or calls in the services of a priest once or twice a year, is to be considered a Buddhist, we need not wonder at the number of its so-called adherents.*

It is next to idle, then, to speak of its present position as a success, much more to make it a problem that needs solution. Buddhism in China has undergone so many new departures, such great revolutions, such perversions of its grand *Sutras*, such disruptions of its philosophies, and such a disintegration of its whole system, that we might as well discuss its failure as try to account for its success. It stands like a shaken fortress, the outworks of which have been dismantled and forsaken, and its last entrenchment left with only a disloyal garrison and no defenders without. Buddhism in China seems to be on its last supports. It is like an old castle, a relic of past times, whose tottering walls have been patched so long that they can be patched no more. Its superstitions like the tendrils of some creeper clinging about its ruined pile, are all that holds it together, and all that gives it a semblance of life and strength, and when they are dead its end will have come.

A GLIMPSE AT SAMOA.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

THE story of the conversion of the much-tattooed but little-clothed warriors of Samoa abounds in picturesque detail. Thus, when the great chief Malietoa promised Mr. Williams that he would become a Christian, his sons declared their intention of doing likewise, but he forbade them, till a sufficient time should have elapsed to prove that the God of the Christians could protect him, Malietoa, against the wrath of the forsaken gods of Samoa. He bade them wait six weeks; but at the end of the third, seeing that no evil had befallen him, they refused to delay longer, and calling together a great company of friends and kinsmen, they proceeded solemnly to cook a large quantity of *anae*, a silvery fish, which was the *etu* of their tribe. These being laid on freshly-gathered leaves, were placed before each person, and the teachers solemnly offered prayer, ere, with fear and trembling, these young converts nerved themselves to swallow a few morsels of the sacred fish, hitherto held in such reverence. So intense was the hold of the old superstition, that the young men, unable to conquer their fear lest the *etu* should gnaw their vitals and destroy them, immediately retired to swallow a large dose of cocoa-nut oil and salt-water, which, acting as a powerful emetic, tended greatly to counteract any malignant influence of the offended gods.

Soon after this, a great meeting of chiefs was convened, to consult on the fate of Papo, the venerable god of war. This renowned relic was nothing but a strip of rotten old matting, about three yards long and four inches wide, which was always attached to the war-canoe of the

* Some statistics put down the whole population as Buddhists. This is an unfair statement. Nearly every Chinaman's religion is a compound of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism in different proportions.

highest chief when he went forth to battle. Now an impious voice suggested that this venerated rag should be thrown in the fire, but a burst of disapprobation silenced this cruel suggestion. However, all agreed that Papo must be exterminated; so, as drowning was a less horrible death than burning, they resolved to launch a new canoe in which a number of high chiefs should row out to sea, and having fastened Papo to a heavy stone, should commit him to the deep. They had actually started on this errand, with great ceremony, when the teachers hurried after them in another canoe, to beg that the old war-god might be presented to Mr. Williams, the missionary. The chiefs were immensely relieved by the suggestion, and the venerable strip of matting is now to be seen in the museum of the London Mission.

I cannot solve the mystery of this Samoan reverence for certain ancient mats, but I well remember our astonishment when the Samoan chiefs came to Fiji to consult Sir Arthur Gordon on the question of British protection, to see with what infinite solemnity these fine, stately men presented him with a very dirty, exceedingly unfragrant and tattered old mat, which, I believe, was to be offered to Her Majesty Queenie Vikatoria; but has, I think, found an asylum in the British Museum. What makes this so very strange is, that the mats worn by the Samoan chiefs and ladies are beautifully fine and glossy, of most delicate straw-colour, and edged with handsome grass fringe.

Whatever may have been the origin of this form of antiquarian lunacy, its existence is an unmistakable reality. The Samoan chief treasures the dirty and ragged old mats of some revered ancestor, as a British regiment does the tattered colours which find their honoured rest in some gray sanctuary. The old mat which from generation to generation has been jealously guarded by his clan, is his patent of nobility and the title-deed which proves his right to broad acres. Some of these strips of dirty old matting, which no rag-man would pick off a dust-heap, are known throughout the group by special names. There is one which is known to be upwards of two hundred years old, during which period its successive guardians have all been duly enrolled. It is called *moe-e-fui-fui*,—*i.e.*, the mat which slept beneath the vines, in allusion to its having lain hidden for several years among the lilac ipomeas which twine in matted tangles all along the sea-shore. No money would induce a Samoan to sell one of these unsavoury treasures, though I certainly cannot imagine any sane person offering one hundred cents.

However, it is simply a form of relic worship, and probably no whit more foolish than the adoration of dirty old clothes and kindred objects supposed to have been hallowed by the touch of Christian or Buddhist saints. Indeed, I am far more inclined to sympathize with the heathen Tahitian who wore as an amulet the toe-nail of the father whom he had loved, than I can with the multitudinous Christians who sanctify their altars by the presence of some splinter of saintly bone. Apropos to which we returned to Leone just in time to witness a very striking ecclesiastical procession on the occasion of the Bishop consecrating the site of the new Roman Catholic church. An immense crowd of Samoans had assembled, and the influence of European bad taste was too apparent in several cases; as for instance, in the uniform selected by a large college of young men, and provided by themselves; namely, white trousers, magenta blouse, and sky-blue waist-band! The girls wore white

calico *sulus*,* and pale-green pinafores, which, with their hair dyed yellow, were becoming. But they looked a thousand times better when, at a school festival held later, they exchanged the white skirts for very fine cream-coloured mats, embroidered round the edge with scarlet wool, necklaces of large scarlet berries and green leaves, and scarlet hibiscus and green leaves in their hair. They went through some very pretty school exercises, illustrated by much graceful action.

Then some very fine women came up wearing handsome new mats of hibiscus fibre, which, when newly prepared, is pure white, and after awhile becomes creamy in hue. They presented us all with very pretty fans of woven grass. Then came a presentation of much food, including about thirty pigs, which were erelong devoured by the assembled multitude.

On the following day, we shaped our course for the large isle of Upolu, whose verdant hills rise to a height of four thousand feet; but they are not so beautiful in form as some of their neighbours, and our eyes, satiated with the beauty of volcanic peaks and crags rising from billowy masses of rich foliage, looked critically on the somewhat shapeless hills which surround the horse-shoe-shaped harbour of Apia, the capital of Samoa.

It is a pleasant little town, consisting of about two hundred houses and stores, German, English and American Consulates, a Roman Catholic College and Cathedral, a Congregational Chapel, and two newspaper offices, representing the stormy politics of the isles, namely; *The Samoan Times* and *The South Sea Gazette*. The great college of the London Mission is situated at Malua, about twelve miles down the coast, a situation most wisely selected on account of its isolation from the various points of possible conflict, and certain disturbance of mind consequent on endless disputes and discussions by a race who carry their politics to the bitter end.

The strong point of Apia is the excellence of its harbour, a point which the German traders have made good use of, in securing their own right to a large part of it. On arriving here, I was kindly made welcome at the British Consulate, Mrs. Liardet, the wife of the Consul, and her mother having been our friends in Fiji ere they were sent to Samoa. We found the whole community at loggerheads, every man's hand against his neighbour, and the whites secretly fanning the flames of Samoan disturbance. Thanks to the machinations of these bad men, there had been a sharp skirmish, actually in the town, about three months before our arrival. The fight occurred between the British Consulate and the Convent, where the French sisters have established a large and excellent school for girls. It lasted all night. Sixty men of the Puletoa faction were slain, and their heads were cut off and sent to friendly chiefs as delicate offerings.

It was a night of horror to the French and English ladies, who heard on every side the noise of battle, the firing of muskets and the shouts of the warriors, but were prevented by the dense darkness from seeing what was going on. In the first glimmer of dawn they looked out and saw a great crowd of poor terrified refugees of the Puletoa party crouching round the flag-staff of the British Consulate, claiming protection of the Union Jack.

That symbolic flag had from that moment never been lowered, day or night, as the conquerors would give

* The *sulu* of the Friendly, Fijian and Samoan Isles, the *pareo* of Tahiti, the *sarong* of the Malays, or the *comboy* of the Singhalese, is simply a fathom of calico wrapped round the lower limbs, and reaching to the knee or the ankle.

no definite promise to spare the lives of the vanquished. Others, who at first had taken refuge in the scrub, had since crept in under cover of night, so that upwards of fifty men, great chiefs and their followers, with their wives and children, were living in the very confined grounds of the Consulate. The men never dared to venture outside its bounds, knowing that for long the place was surrounded by guards of the enemy, watching to shoot any of the refugees who might venture to step over the enclosure, which, at the time of the fight, was only partially fenced in. The women and children were, however, allowed to go out and forage.

The principal chiefs slept in the dining-room or passages, or wherever they could find room to lie down; so that as I passed to and from my room at nights, I had to pick my way in and out among the sleepers. But the majority of the great men's retainers had built a large native house in the garden, where they slept; and, as they dared not go out even to bathe, they had dug a deep well for their own use, and Mrs. Liardet had given them her tin-lined piano-case, which they had converted into a very good, comfortable bath, having sunk it near the well, and fenced it round, so that it answered capitally, and had the merit of being quite a novel use for a piano-case.

The refugees were most tidy in all their arrangements, and were a fine dignified lot—especially the chiefs—and all were so very nice and respectful, that their presence in and about the house was not half such an inconvenience as might be imagined. They are a handsome race; and happily do not, like the Tongan chiefs, affect foreign dress, but wear fine mats, or else very thick handsome native cloth, made from the fibrous bark of bread-fruit or paper mulberry. Very few wear any covering on the shoulders, so their fine bronzed figures are seen to full advantage, and they seem naturally to form themselves into groups such as an artist would love to paint.

But all the poor refugees looked unspeakably sad, as well they might; for even if their lives were safe, all their property was lost, and some of them had been the wealthy nobles of the land. Besides, there was every prospect of the renewal of a bloody civil war, fraught with misery for all Samoa.

Within a stone's throw of this strange city of refuge, lay the French Convent, where four lady-like French sisters and two Samoan sisters devote themselves to the care of about sixty girls—some native and many half-caste, children of Samoan mothers, and French, English, or German fathers, — bright, pleasant-looking lassies. The native sisters appeared to be thoughtful and devout. The atmosphere of peace and calm within the Convent grounds was strangely in contrast with all the disquiet which prevailed outside, and right merry were the games played by the children beneath the cool green shade of banana and bread-fruit trees. Pleasant too were the sweet young voices.

But chiefly interesting to us was an expedition to the great Protestant Training College at Malua, of which Dr. Turner, senior, is the head. You must not infer from my speaking of a college, that it bears the slightest resemblance to any Collegiate institution in Europe. It is essentially South Sea, which means that it is suitable to the climate and the people. It consists of a large village of about sixty neat thatched cottages, laid out in a square, at one side of which stands the large class-room. Each cottage is the home of a student with his wife and family, preference in the filling-up of vacancies being given to married men, both as a means of

educating the women and children, and also because the people, in applying for teachers, generally make special request for one whose wife can teach their wives and daughters. There are also about twenty big boys and a number of small ones receiving a careful education. Each cottage home is embowered in pleasant greenery and bright flowers, for each student is required to cultivate a garden sufficient for the requirements of his family, and to raise a surplus supply, which he may sell to provide them with clothing.

Dr. Turner himself founded this College in the year 1844, when the Mission began to realize the extreme difficulty of keeping up a supply of trained teachers, not only for two districts in the group itself, but for the numerous other isles to which the Samoan teachers had gone forth as pioneers. It was therefore decided to commence the educational business by the purchase of fifty acres of land, quite apart from all existing villages. This land was reclaimed from the bush by the students themselves, who raise yams, taro and bananas in abundance, and have also planted several thousand bread-fruit trees, cocoa-palms, and other fruit-bearing trees; so that this noble institution is almost, if not altogether, self-supporting. From its commencement to the present day, fully two thousand teachers and native Ministers have here been trained, including a considerable number of men from far distant Papuan Isles, from the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, the Tokelau and Savage Isles, all speaking different tongues, but here meeting together to learn what they can, and then carry the Truth to their own distant isles. O, how those perplexed teachers must long for a new Pentecostal gift to enable them to address these men each in his own language!

It would be difficult to imagine a healthier, happier life than that of these students. At the first glimmer of the lovely tropical dawn, the College bell rings to mark the hour for household prayer (there is probably not a house throughout Samoa where the family do not assemble daily for morning and evening prayer). Then all the students go out, either to work in the gardens or to fish in the calm lagoon. At eight, the bell rings again to warn them that it is time to bathe and breakfast, to be ready for their class at nine. Classes and lectures continue till four, when they are again free to go fishing, gardening, carpentering, or whatever they prefer. At sunset, each family meets for evening prayer, then the men study by themselves till half-past nine, when the curfew-bell (true *couvre-feu*) warns them to put out all their lights.

The institution rules are few and simple; but for any infringement of them the penalty is a fine, which goes towards the expense of lights.

The course of instruction includes arithmetic, geography, natural philosophy, writing, composition, Scripture history, and systematic and practical theology.

At the time of our visit, the students numbered eighty, forty-two of whom were married men, occupying the pretty cottages which form this South Sea College. About twenty big boys, and a number of younger ones, are also provided for, and receive a most careful education. They are brought here from every island in the group, and are the sons of all the principal families, who, alas! are now ranged in battle array on the various sides, struggling for supremacy. Here, however, politics are excluded, and all parties agree to regard this admirable institution as neutral ground.

I have rarely, if ever, seen a finer set of young men and women than

these students and their wives: their keen, intelligent faces lighting up with interest as they speak, or hear some lesson propounded. They work whole-heartedly, as if determined to acquire all the knowledge within their reach.

As soon as they are considered to be well grounded themselves, they are allowed to begin a sort of preparatory training for their future work, by occasionally going to help the teacher of some neighbouring village, and as they advance, they are allowed to preach to others the truths they have been taught, that so they may gain some experience before being appointed to the sole charge of a congregation. But, of course, only men who have been long trained and well tried are promoted to the rank of native Minister.

It can certainly not be said that these men choose their profession for filthy lucre's sake, for the scale of salaries is wretchedly small, in no case exceeding ten pounds a year; the only addition being that each village supplies a native house for its pastor, and certain occasional offerings of food. The nominal ten pounds are contributed in the form of a few mats, worth from two to six shillings each, some pieces of native cloth worth a shilling apiece, a few yards of calico, a couple of pigs, a few fowls and ducks, and some nondescript coins of various nations. The value of these is determined by certain members of the congregation, and should they be considered to represent a sum in excess of ten pounds, the surplus is sent to a common fund, to supply the deficiencies of the poorer villages, which perhaps cannot raise above five pounds.

No agent of the Mission is allowed to engage in any manner of trade or secular occupation, beyond the cultivation of his own garden. Every hour of his time is the property of his flock.

It is important to bear this fact in mind, as so many unfair and false statements and insinuations are made by white traders, and quoted without further enquiry by many travellers; statements to the effect that many Missionaries are in reality grasping and avaricious traders. The true interpretation of such statements being that in such countries as these, where useful goods are more appreciated than coin, a Missionary very naturally pays a native who does work for him, or brings vegetables and fish, by barter: giving him a better knife and more cloth than he would get from the trader, who thus finds prices raised; while the native learns something of the fair value of his work or of his goods.

Moreover, the only form of 'offertory,' in support of Home and Foreign Missions (in both of which these good Christians are ready and abound,) has hitherto been made in offerings of the produce of the soil, and chiefly in measures of cocoa-nut oil; and these have been annually collected by the Mission-ship on her return to the Colonies. Hence the nickname of *The Palm Oil Ship*, so derisively bestowed on her by men who do not reckon the support of Foreign Missions as one of their own religious duties.

They even sneer at the sale of copies of the Bible and other books. Though not themselves in the habit of distributing books or other property gratis, they seem to think that the Mission certainly should take no money from the people; forgetting the enormous outlay involved in the publication of works in unknown tongues; works which are offered for sale at prices little if at all in excess of cost price. Every agent of the Mission, and each student at the College, receives a copy gratis of every book published in the Samoan tongue, and other natives show how they prize the precious volumes, by

eagerly buying up all that can be procured.

There are many proofs of the keen intelligence of the students, and of the very striking illustrations made use of by the preachers, drawn from facts in natural history, and from reference to old Samoan mythology and native customs; many of the latter so singularly resemble those of ancient Judæa, that they furnish most apt parallels.

What striking parables from nature are drawn from such subjects as the snow-white tern, which beneath its snow-white plumage has a dull black skin—meet symbol of the hypocrite, whose fair feathers shall one day be plucked off to reveal the false professor. Or the sugar-cane, tall and beautiful to the eye, but pierced at the root by loathsome worms, who have crept in unawares, while decayed leaves were suffered to accumulate, and so have drained the precious juice. Such is the growth of little sins.

So, too, the insignificant black fungus which settles as a canker spot on the glossy leaves of the bread-fruit tree, and rapidly spreads from tree to tree till the whole grove is blighted. For this disease one only remedy is known. In the depths of the forest there grows a beautiful lily, *Crinum asiaticum;* and if its bulbs are planted among the roots of the sickly tree, the natives say it will recover. 'Even so,' said the preacher, 'when the deadly rust of sin has cankered the heart of man, one only remedy can avail, namely, the life-giving influence of Him Who is called the true "Lily."'

How strangely significant to Samoan ears is the promise, 'Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God,' taught, as he had been, that in Pulotu, the Samoan Paradise, the temple of the great god was supported by human pillars: men who in this world had been great chiefs, and whose highest aim had been the attainment of this honoured office.

Samoan Mythology furnished a curious version of the Darwinian theory. It taught how 'In the beginning' the great god Tangaloa sent his daughter, in the form of a bird, to visit the dark waters which then covered the face of the earth. She found a rock rising above the surface, and there rested awhile. Liking the spot, she returned at intervals, carrying with her some gift from Pulotu: first some earth; then a creeping plant. After a while the plant covered the earth, which enlarged as the waters dried up. Then the plant withered and decayed, and as it turned to slimy nastiness, a multitude of worms appeared, and they grew fat and flourished, and in due course of time, men and women were evolved!

So, you see, the Samoans had traced the human race back to a slimy ancestry long before such a theory was propounded in Britain. But they have now rejected this ignoble ancestry in favour of the Divine: 'Which was the son of Adam—which was the son of God.'

For many early years there were of course no books to help the students, so every day Dr. Turner and his colleagues were obliged to write out copious notes of all they had taught in class, and give these to the students to copy. Consequently, at the end of a four years' course, each student had a large store of papers for reference.

Thanks, however, to the diligent labours of Dr. Turner and his associates, Samoa now possesses Scripture narratives and commentaries on the Old Testament, commentaries on the Epistles and Gospels, elements of astronomy, elements of natural philosophy, and various other works.

Dr. Turner began his Mission work in stormy times, and has been a chief actor in many a thrilling scene, in isles extending from the far west of

the Pacific, to this central group. Among many pleasant memories of the South Seas, there are few to which I look back more happily than to our visit to the peaceful Mission-House at Malua, standing on a grassy headland, palm-fringed, the sea washing three sides of the lawn. It is quite an idyllic home, a true earthly Paradise, where the useful and loving life glides on day by day, undisturbed by the wars and rumours of war on every side. But the peace and the home have alike been purchased by many a year of hard, ungrudging toil, in the burden and heat of the day.

Our last day was spent at Apia, with the kind friends so rapidly made in those far isles. At early morning we embarked. As I left the '*city* of refuge,' all the Puletoa chiefs crowded round to say good-bye, and I ran down the garden for a last word with their 'orator,' a fine young fellow, who was nursing his new-born baby in the large native house. His wife was an especially nice, pretty young woman. I felt truly sad at leaving them all, not knowing what tidings of woe might next reach us; and it was not long ere the smouldering fire of war again broke out.

THE REV. T. T. LYNCH, PREACHER AND POET.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

Mr. Lynch has been drawn into fellowship with the Methodist Societies by the adoption of his hymn, 'Gracious Spirit, dwell with me,' as part of our metrical worship. Methodism was but slightly if at all recognised by him as an institution conserving with jealous care the great articles of evangelical faith, and receiving new impulses of power from the Spirit whose indwelling might be so ardently desired. But his lovely strain is now frequently sounded in Methodist chapels and vestries, and thousands of Methodist hearts crave, as he craved, a sensitiveness to evil and to good resembling that of the flower to the darkness and the light.

The interest of Mr. Lynch's life is not in a series of richly-varied incidents, but in processes of thought and workings of religious experience. He was beloved and admired by the congregation to which he ministered, but he had not the physical qualifications necessary to great public appearances. It may be said of him as Wordsworth said of Milton: 'His soul was like a star and dwelt apart.' But the comparative solitude in which he spent his days was favourable to meditation and to the development of a beautiful idealism in prose and verse.

Mr. Lynch was the son of a surgeon, and was born at Dunmow, Essex, July 5th, 1818. When he was two years old his father died, and he was left, with other children, to the care of his mother, a woman at once firm, energetic, cheerful and affectionate. In early childhood he manifested an interest in religion which was deepened by a long illness, from which he suffered in his eighth year. He was for some time a pupil, and then an usher, in a school at Islington. He was noted for ability and eagerness for knowledge, while his amiability and pure character won for him the esteem and admiration of all in the school. His ushership was brought to an end by a sudden constriction of his throat, which prevented the taking of solid food. Though his appetite was good, he could swallow nothing but liquids; and he had frequently to endure the pangs of hunger while

sitting at a well-spread table. Enforced quietude did not make him unhappy; and doubtless his retirement was often cheered by such experiences as the following: 'Cattle in the pastures—the broad, bright, unhidden spaces of deep blue above—the stately, calm-sweeping clouds, voluminously built up, like ship-palaces of the sky, limited off from the broad expanse of heaven by bright gold margins;—as we behold these, the spirit exults weepingly—has at once within it strange swellings and repose—feels holy love, and devout heavenly longing quite inexpressible—feels as in God, and as having God with it. And most truly it is so; for now is there communion of the creating and the created heart. There is silence. Deep is the joy of social silence when we speak not with the loved, but feel their presence. And now in this our silence is there consciousness of highest intercourse. We are wrapped in the grandest of the social sympathies; that with Him Whose we are and from Whom our love is.'

Botany was one of Mr. Lynch's favourite recreations, and for miles round his dwelling the wild flowers were familiar to him as the faces of old friends. He had also pleasure in music, for which he had a good ear. 'Music,' he said, 'ventilates my spirit. My ears become the opened windows of my soul, and sweet airs enter—airs from the everlasting hills of hope, across which lies the heavenly country.'

Verse-making was one of the lighter employments of his youth. Some of his little poems are exquisite in rhythm and imagery. One of them contains the following beautiful thoughts:

'I would not have another sky,
Nor other sun or moon,
Nor other starry lights on high,
Nor other flowers at noon.

O, no! of those that now we have
I never sure can tire,
I've loved, will love them to the grave,
Nor any change desire.

'And thus, O Lord! this book of Thine,
This sacred book of truth,
Although with its contents divine
Familiar from my youth,
Is still as fresh and fair to me
As Nature's smiling face,
I ask not, want not, novelty,
In Thy displays of grace.

'Its sacred stories are like flowers
Of every form and dye;
Its truths like stars at midnight hours,
That speak immensity;
Its Sun of Righteousness that shows
At every page His light,
Like Nature's sun, for when he glows
Surrounding heaven is bright.

'In these I've ever something new,
Fresh with each coming day,
Some beauty to attract my view,
Whose charm will not decay.
I want not any change till Thou
Shalt will that I shall die,
And make the past Thou giv'st me now
Whole, in eternity.'

But though enfeebled in body, Mr. Lynch was not an elegant trifler. Botany, music and poetry were with him as the light wreaths of rainbow-gleaming spray thrown off by the mill-wheel on the river—the signs of stern power busily working. There was strength as well as beauty in his intellect; laborious energy as well as graceful play; and he went low down into the mines of truth that thence he might bring up treasures above price for his own and other souls. 'Sweat of the brain,' he said, 'how gladly would I sometimes exchange it for sweat of the arm. Yet many toil with the arm, and the heart and the mind too. Truly the travail of man is great. There must be hope for man; the world shall have rest from its labours. Perhaps it is good for a world, as for a man, to "bear the yoke in its youth." Our hope for self is strongest and least selfish when it is blended with our hope for the world. I seek wisdom; and my

endeavour, though often wearying, cannot be vain. But my chief hope is here; there is wisdom for the world, and of this I may be partaker. Bright doors shall be opened into the inaccessible light, and I may be one of the great entering company.'

Mr. Lynch had a clear perception of the truth that ardent piety may be conjoined with high intellectual attainments. Writing to a friend, he said: 'I thank you for the hope you so kindly express that in my case affliction may have been the means of spiritual improvement: this is the result it ought to produce in me, and I trust that it has in some measure done so. Let me assure you that the friendly earnestness with which you press upon me, what I as well as yourself feel to be the most important of all subjects, needs no apology. I have for some time felt the evil of my own heart, and the necessity for its renewal by those influences of God's Spirit which are alike needed by all and promised to all. But I will freely confess that though religion has ever had my respect, and I have been ready to acknowledge its importance, it once occupied but a subordinate place in my practical regard. I trust that I have now a deeper feeling of its value and its claims, and endeavour to act accordingly. I now feel that the greatest acquirements, the highest mental cultivation, are vain if religion be neglected—incapable of affording happiness to their possessors, or of benefiting the world as they might do if joined to true piety. But though I feel this to be true, I do not for a moment allow that there is any necessary opposition between the pursuits of human learning and the claims of religion. I will readily admit that many of the wise of this world have been either indifferent to the revelation of their Maker's will, or have openly scoffed at it and derided its authority; but this is not because there is any peculiar tendency in their pursuits to produce such a disposition; it may be traced to causes altogether independent of them. Science and literature may be pursued with the paltry object of gaining distinction. When this is the case, the zeal and ardour which are directed to their cultivation are but one of the many forms which that love of the world which is enmity to God can assume. But when they are loved for their own sakes, when the mind finds its reward in the pleasure it derives from the contemplation of truth, the danger of the record of *Divine* truth being neglected is far less. God manifests the same attributes in the plan of the universe, in all that man can understand of its vast extent and its varied details, that He manifests in the volume of Inspiration; and I do not really believe either that the Bible can be properly appreciated without a love of science—that Science which teaches us to admire God's works, or that Nature in all her grandeur, loveliness, and perfection can be fully understood without the Bible.'

In 1841 Mr. Lynch became a member of an Independent Church in Islington. He had no wish to dream himself quietly into Paradise, but was a diligent labourer in the cause of God, officiating as a Sabbath-school teacher and District Visitor. Wishing by all possible methods to benefit his fellow-men, he frequently preached in a Mission-room. His addresses were not loose exhortations, but were devoutly studied and carefully adapted to the circumstances of his hearers. He had high conceptions of the style and manner of Christian ministration needed by the poor. 'Any man that wishes to act on the mind

of another, must believe something, and believe it in his very soul. Sincerity and earnestness, in fact, a certain degree of enthusiasm, are essential to give effect to spoken thought. A man must brood over his own thoughts till his mind takes fire, and then he may hope to fire other minds. The poor require truth to be presented to them very pungently, intelligibly and interestingly. At this I aim, and sincerely trust I may do some good, if it be but little. I never speak without much thought, and, I need hardly say, without prayer; for I am persuaded that the help of the Holy Ghost is something *real*.'

During a visit to Wales, Mr. Lynch lectured on Music and other subjects, and also delivered a number of sermons. Of a service at the Mumbles he wrote: 'The congregation was the humblest and most picturesquely primitive I ever addressed. Great pleasure the service gave me. The attendants were mostly fishermen, their wives and children. The men occupied one side of the chapel, the women the other. I suppose Peter has established for fishermen a perpetual claim to regard and affection; certainly there was no lack in those I addressed of warm, strong feeling. Their countenances expressed also much intelligence. A man is a man, though he be a fisherman.'

Purposing to serve God in the work of the ministry, Mr. Lynch became a student at Highbury College; but the state of his health was such that he was only able to attend classes for a short time. He was disappointed, but quietly acquiesced in what he regarded as an appointment of Providence. After several months of uncertainty as to his future course, he was chosen as the pastor of an Independent Church at Highgate. The cause was in a dwindling condition, and the congregation, even when augmented by a few thoughtful young men from London, was very small. Mr. Lynch said that nightingales and cuckoos abounded in the neighbourhood, but that Christians and Dissenters were not so plentiful; and seeing little hope of success, he resigned the charge at the end of eighteen months. As soon as his determination to leave Highgate was known, he received two invitations, one from Stamford, the other from a congregation meeting in a room in Mortimer-street, London. He accepted the latter, thinking that he would be more likely to be useful in London than in the quiet, old town on the Welland. While at Mortimer-street he published his *Memorials of Theophilus Trinal*,—a work slightly autobiographical, and containing meditations in prose and verse. The late Lord Lytton wrote of it: 'I think it very remarkable in point of thought, power and eloquence, and am exceedingly glad to have made acquaintance with its writer. None can read it without profit and pleasure.'

Mr. Lynch delighted in Christian psalmody. In an address to his people he said: 'On Sundays let all consider silence at song-time their error and fault. All dumb, unmelodious people are here marked and disapproved. It is almost a question whether they ought to have a seat and be allowed to hear our sermons, if they will not sing. Let us get distinguished for the fervour and human excellency of our public hymns, making the fulness of our melody a part proof of our earnest heart and "cheerful courage."'

Not satisfied with the range of hymns supplied by Dr. Watts, Mr. Lynch brought out a collection of his own compositions, entitled *The Rivulet*. The publication of the little book brought upon him a torrent of wrath, and excited a con-

troversy perhaps the most furious known in the annals of modern Independency. Dr. Campbell was specially indignant, and waved all the terrors of his *British Banner* in the face of the author. He denounced the work as a deliberate contradiction of God's Word, and as one that 'might have been written by a man who had never seen a Bible, and never heard more than a few words and a few names which might all have been uttered in a moment of time.' There was cause for complaint; but ponderous Dr. Campbell putting himself in critical attitude against hymns so delicate in thought and tremulous with feeling as those of Mr. Lynch, was like harnessing a team of oxen to a heavy plough for the purpose of uprooting a knot of cowslips in a meadow.

It must be confessed that there are unguarded statements in *The Rivulet*, but it is not the outcome of a cold, destructive Rationalism. The fault of the book is not heretical teaching, but the absence of those qualities which would have made it 'in effect, a little body of experimental and practical divinity.' Christian facts and doctrines are not orbed in clear light as in the works of the approved hymnists of the Church. Moreover, many of the compositions in *The Rivulet*, while beautiful as religious poems, are not suitable for the service of the sanctuary. The book is one to be mused over in the shadow of summer woods, or in the lichened hollow of a rock, but is too florid and contains too much imagery for congregational singing. Considered simply as a hymn, perhaps 'Gracious Spirit, dwell with me,' is best, but the following is at once sweet, graphic, and suggestive:

'Folded close the shadows are,
And no disappearing star
Tells of morn, still distant far,
Coming slowly on.

'On his dusk and silent way,
Hark, the Lord goes forth to pray!
He Whose mercies yesterday
On the city shone.

'Homes where late was sore distress,
Now unusual slumbers bless;
Tired with very happiness
Hush'd the sleepers lie.

'He for strength must go alone,
See the sun ascend his throne,
Feel that symbol of His own
Glorious victory.

'Loneliness to Him is rest,
In His deep and open breast
Then arise those fountains blest
By which earth is healed.

'Now the day is bright and broad,
Crossing the still dewy sward,
Strong to do the work of God,
Lo, He stands revealed!

'Coming from communings sweet
With His Father, see Him meet
The enquiring throng, and greet
All with wisest love.

'Day advances; we must reach
Other cities, there to teach;
Far and wide good news to preach
Came I from above.'

Notwithstanding the tempest which darkened over *The Rivulet*, Mr. Lynch went on quietly with his Ministerial work; but in 1858 he suffered so severely from neuralgic pain, and was so feeble in body, that he was compelled to retire for a season from the pulpit. In 1860 he resumed his ministry, and preached first in a hired room, and then in an iron chapel which his congregation built near Mornington Crescent. His preaching combined the thoughtful with the picturesque. Of Zacchæus in the sycamore, he said: 'Zacchæus sees the crowd coming. He hears the hum of voices, the stir of feet. He sits back, hidden, as he thinks, in the thick foliage. "Which is He?" he asks himself, as the crowd comes nearer. He puts out his head, and draws back again. He is not sure he should like to meet the eye of the Prophet. Shall he catch a word of anything Jesus may be say-

ing? *That* he would like. "They are very near now! Is that Jesus of Nazareth? Yes, that must be He. How very unlike a Scribe! and yet not like a publican either! What a manly man! How kind, and how simple! Something of a woman in His face, too; but no weakness. He looks tired, though. How I should like to entertain Him! But it cannot be. No one would ever think of mentioning Zacchæus to Him." And here Zacchæus feels very lonely. The wind sighs through the tree; he sighs with it. A few minutes more and the crowd will have passed: Jesus will be gone. "Well, I am glad to have seen Him." And as he says this, he is still looking at Him through the leaves; when, suddenly, Christ's eyes meet his own. The Saviour has looked up. Jesus of Nazareth is looking at Zacchæus. What a clear, inviting eye! He speaks: "Zacchæus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house." *To-day! to-day only?* Zacchæus is as eager to come down as he was to climb up, and welcomes his self-invited Guest.'

Mr. Lynch went on with his ministry until 1871, when he was stricken by fatal illness. When convinced that he would not recover, he said, 'Now I am going to begin to live.' He died in the fifty-third year of his age, and was buried in the Abney Park Cemetery. On the tombstone reared over his grave were inscribed the words he had himself used in portraying the true Pastor:

'A herald of God, loving His message. A guardian of the light of God, holding it forth conspicuously. A shepherd, whose wisdom was as a fold for the Saviour's sheep, and his comfortable words a hospice on the rude mountains for those who are crossing them on their way to the promised country.'

Mr. Lynch took a dangerous position in reference to scientific theology, thinking it enough to give the essence of revealed truth without the form, the spirit without the definition. But while we dissent from his judgment on creeds and systems of doctrine, we agree with him in his desire for sanctity of heart and life:

'With feet of burning brass,
When times are dark as night,
Thou through the world dost pass,
Consuming in our sight
Dry trees and withering grass,
With dreadful, happy light.

'O Thou consuming fire,
Why should I fear Thy flame,
Who purpose and desire
To burn what Thou shalt blame,
Ill weeds, and every brier
Of folly and of shame?

'With shining beams that smite
The chains of darkness through,
Thou smilest in the height,
And all things smile anew;
Thy heat, in subtle might
Works with the gentle dew.

'O Thou creating fire,
I feel Thy warmth benign;
My hopes a flowering spire
Arise, unfold, and shine;
And fruits that I desire
Shall soon be mine and Thine.'

THE TWENTY-THREE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CONFERENCES HELD AT LEEDS.

BY THE REV. JOHN NAYLER.

FOURTH PAPER: 1797-1806.

THE four years which intervened between the Leeds Conferences of 1793 and 1797 were the stormiest years Methodism had ever known. The decision of the late Conference that Societies which were unanimous in

desiring it should have the Lord's Supper in their own chapels, worked admirably where the Societies *were* unanimous. But where they were not—and this was the case in the great majority of instances — the question was farther from settlement than ever. It was urged that the same concession should be made to Societies where a large majority of the members desired to have the Sacrament. Some of the Preachers were of this mind, while others thought that the Conference had already granted too much. The result of these differences of opinion was that some of the Circuits, when they found that the Preachers appointed to them were not of their way of thinking, refused to receive their ministrations. This brought the people into direct conflict with the Conference, and the whole Connexion was soon plunged into a heated controversy. Circulars and pamphlets were issued on every side, Bristol being the battle-ground for a time.

The Conference of 1794 issued a list of chapels at which the Sacrament was to be administered, including one of the Bristol chapels. When, however, the Preacher proceeded to carry out the wishes of the Conference, the Trustees who clung to what they called 'the Old Plan,' ejected him, and closed the chapel against him. This controversy now involved the rights of Trustees versus the rights of the Conference. The whole Connexion took part in the conflict. Leeds, of course raised its voice, or rather *voices*, for it had *two*, while the Trustees of Leeds, Armley, Bramley, Birstal, etc., sided with the Trustees of Bristol, the Leeds Local Preachers took the opposite side.

Meanwhile, the feeling seemed to be growing, that the views and wishes of the laity were not sufficiently represented in the Conference, and Alexander Kilham took advantage of this opportunity to publish his proposals for altering the Constitution of Methodism. But Kilham did not content himself with setting forth his principles and waiting, like Bradburn, for the gradual spread of the views which they then held in common. He commenced an ill-advised agitation, which, favoured by the political excitements of the times, seriously threatened the well-being of the Connexion; and having at length gone so far as to represent the Conference as virtually an organized conspiracy for depriving the people of their rights, and the Preachers as tyrannical and dishonest, there was no other course open but to expel him.

From the Conference of 1796 to that of 1797 the Societies were in a state of feverish excitement. The disputants, as usual, were divided into *three* classes: those who were thoroughly revolutionary; those who would consent to no alterations whatever; and a moderate class, willing to make concessions and adopt reasonable changes for the peace and prosperity of the Church. Writing about this period, Mr. Entwisle says: 'Our Connexion appears to be in an awful state. . . . Leeds is in a flame of contention. Mr. Kilham is to fix his residence there, and from thence the rays of the *Methodist Monitor*, a periodical publication by A. K., are to illuminate the three kingdoms. Manchester, Liverpool and Chester are in a distracted state.'

The Conference of 1797 was therefore looked forward to with the deepest interest and anxiety. It met on Aug. 1st. The Friday before the preliminary Committees met, Mr. Benson, who was just completing his term of service in the Leeds Circuit, writes: 'I ventured to recommend unity this evening by discoursing on Eph. iv. 3, "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." But it is impossible, I believe, to

preach at Leeds on such a subject without offending some. However, I have the satisfaction of endeavouring to do my duty.' The day before the opening of the Conference proper, Monday, July 31st, another Conference assembled in Leeds, for the purpose of deliberating on the questions which agitated the Societies, and, if possible, coming to an amicable settlement. This was a gathering of sixty-seven lay-delegates from all parts of the Connexion. Thomas Thompson, of Hull, was chosen President, and Thomas Day, of London, Secretary. Mr. Entwisle says that these Representatives 'were delegated by a number of dissatisfied persons in various Societies, chiefly minorities of those respective Societies. . . Their avowed object was a "Redress of grievances."' However, the majority of them at least were not unreasonable in their negotiations with the Conference.

The Conference began on Tuesday, August 1st. Dr. Coke, who had just returned from America, was chosen President, and Samuel Bradburn, now in the zenith of his power and popularity, Secretary for the second time. The increase of members, in spite of all the agitation of the year, was no less than 3,571. Of the Preachers who had died during the year, the name of one —*Thomas Hanby*—had long been intimately associated with Leeds Methodism. Hanby was led to Christ by a convert from Leeds. He spent his early manhood, received his religious training, and began to preach in the Leeds Circuit. Being appointed to Leeds in the year 1765, he painted the chapel with his own hands, and twenty-nine years later, while he was labouring in Leeds for the second time, his brethren honoured him with the Presidency, and now, after forty-four years of faithful service, his obituary was read at the Leeds Conference.

The first business was the consideration of the Rules of the Body. The Connexion being so unsettled, it was felt to be absolutely necessary that the Rules should be clearly set forth. To this end, Mr. John Pawson had, for some time, devoted himself to a careful revision of the *Large Minutes*, and having collected the more important regulations passed during Mr. Wesley's lifetime, and made such omissions and emendations as the circumstances of the times seemed to demand, he laid them before the Conference. *Two days* were devoted to their consideration, and they were accepted and published as the standard of Methodist Law. All the Preachers present signed the document as an avowal of obedience and good faith, except William Thom, who withdrew from the Conference and joined Mr. Kilham, who was then in Leeds.

At this point the Conference received from the Lay Delegates, who were still holding their sittings, a memorial which contained a series of resolutions requesting the Conference to publish an annual statement of the accounts relating to Kingswood School, the Yearly Collection and the Book-Room; and also to the effect that it was necessary, in order to restore and preserve peace in the Connexion, that two or three lay delegates from each District should in future be at liberty to attend the Conference every year. Having carefully considered this memorial, the Preachers sent a friendly reply to the Delegates, intimating their willingness to publish the Kingswood School and Yearly Collection accounts, adding that they could not 'admit any but travelling Preachers into their Body.' After this it was mutually agreed that a Committee chosen by the Delegates should confer with a Committee of the Preachers, 'in order to see what farther could be done to promote

the peace of the Connexion.' One of the nine of the *Lay Delegates' Committee* was William Hardon, of Leeds.

On August the 4th the Conference, still further to meet the wishes of the Trustees, decided that—District Meetings should make no Divisions of Circuits, or settle any temporal affairs which had not first met with the approbation of the Quarterly Meeting, and been signed by the Circuit Stewards. On the same day the assembled Delegates received a letter from Mr. Alexander Kilham, stating that he had been appointed a delegate by a majority of the Trustees of Hunslet Chapel, and desiring to be admitted to their deliberations. The delegates resolved 'that Mr. Alexander Kilham being a Preacher under the censure of the Conference of Methodist Preachers, cannot with propriety be admitted into this meeting.' Numerous communications passed between the delegates and the Conference in relation to the Bristol Chapel case, and various other matters of discipline and Church government, and a complete agreement was come to on all the points, and signed on behalf of the Conference by the President and Secretary, and on behalf of the delegates by eleven laymen, seven of whom were Yorkshiremen, two of them, William Hardon and Abraham Dickenson, of Leeds. The delegates passed a cordial vote of thanks to the President and the Conference for their courtesy to them, and the Conference acknowledged the vote by an affectionate letter.

It was not to be expected that every one would be satisfied with the decisions thus arrived at. On the one hand, some of the older Preachers thought that the Conference had made most dangerous concessions. Henry Moore wrote: 'The strangest thing which ever occurred among a body of men has now occurred in the Methodist Conference. They have conceded by one act *all their authority*, thereby violating Mr. Wesley's wish and intentions in reference to the work.' On the other hand, some of the more revolutionary spirits, both among the Preachers and the laity, were not by any means satisfied with what the Conference had granted. Finding this to be the case, Mr. Kilham rallied his forces, and while the Conference and the Lay Delegates were holding their sittings, he took an empty Baptist chapel, and formed a third Conference in Leeds. Mr. Thom and four other Preachers joined what henceforth became known as *The New Connexion*. One of them afterwards became an Independent Minister, and two others returned while the Conference was still sitting. Mr. Entwisle says, 'Mr. Michael Emmett, who at first joined them, soon left their meeting. He returned to his brethren....Mr. Henry Taylor, after several days' deep distress, returned to the Conference, convinced of his error in leaving us, and deeply humbled before God and men. He said, "It is one thing to read men's writings and another to see them act."' As Dr. Coke, the President, was again about to visit America, and as it was hinted that he was likely to settle there, the Conference sent an address to the American Conference, containing the following reference to passing events:

'In the midst of all we have experienced some violent convulsions. For some have arisen who, under the pretence of liberty (but in reality making it a cloak for licentiousness), and from the desire of being the heads of a party, endeavour to overturn our Itinerancy and discipline, and to destroy them root and branch. . . . However, they have been but too successful in drawing disciples after them, and though they have been sowing the seeds of discord for two years past, their plan has been but just brought to maturity, and they are now exerting themselves to the utmost of their powers to scatter and destroy the

flock. But we have a full confidence that the great Governor of the Church is on our side, and if so who can be against us? Nevertheless, it is our duty to use every prudential means to stem the torrent, as well as to pray mightily to God for His assistance. It is on this ground that we must request the return of our friend and brother the Rev. Dr. Coke. He has often been a peacemaker among us.....You must spare him to us for a time, at least whilst these convulsions continue in our Societies; and the sooner you permit him to return the greater will be the favour.'

This address is dated Leeds, August 10th.

The Conference also addressed long, firm, yet conciliatory letters to the Societies in reference to the disputed questions. As a statement had been published to the effect that the senior Preachers were 'tyrants and oppressors,' and the other Preachers 'mere cyphers,' ninety-six of the Junior Preachers at this Conference drew up a declaration expressive of their fullest confidence in, and esteem for, their fathers and brethren, the senior Preachers of the Connexion, and stating at the same time that they drew up this declaration of their own free will, and not by constraint or compulsion, as had been falsely insinuated. Nearly all the writers who refer to this Conference seem to have been so absorbed in the great Connexional questions and discussions, that they say nothing about the public religious services. Christopher Hopper has this short reference: 'July 27th, I attended our Conference at Leeds, and at the desire of my brethren preached. I hope the word did not fall to the ground.' His hope was realized, for Henry Moore, referring to an expression used in reference to Leeds by Mr. Charles Wesley, in a letter dated May 29th, 1743, thus writes:

'Of the spark which had fallen I am happy to be able to state the history. The venerable Christopher Hopper, after many years of arduous labour, was preaching at Leeds a few years after Mr. Wesley's death. The Conference was then assembled at that place. The chapels were full, and several Preachers were preaching abroad at the same time. He observed, "Just fifty years ago I opened my commission in a barber's shop in this town—the shop of William Shent. I had just as many hearers as the shop would contain. There the Lord sowed the grain of mustard-seed. Behold what it has come to."'

'A singular coincidence,' writes Adam Clarke, 'occurred at the Leeds Conference, prior to Mr. Kilham's division. That year some uneasy apprehensions were entertained on the subject of the decrease of the accustomed money supplies for carrying on the work, in consequence of great national depression. The tributary streams, however, poured in from all quarters, and it was found that when the combined amount was laid on the Conference table, it exceeded the accustomed well-doing of the Methodist Body. The result was a simultaneous ascription of praise from the assembled Ministers to Him Whose are the silver and the gold. Mr. John Allen, with a heart full of devotional gratitude—with upraised eyes and hands spread abroad over the table—gave out:

"This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend."

This was too much for the gravity of the Preachers—one looked at another—the sense of the ludicrous was irrepressible. All unconscious of the spirit he had awakened, Allen sang the lines, but finding the exercise was dwindling into a solo, he looked around upon the brethren. Mr. Bradburn at the same time whispering in his ear the cause of the ill-suppressed mirth, the good man could not help joining in the outbreak of which he had been the innocent occasion.'

The transition from the Conference of 1797 to the next Leeds Conference, held in 1801, is a transition from storm to calm. The results of the measures and legislation of the Conference just referred to were most beneficial. Conflicting opinions and party feeling, and the dangerous undercurrents of discon-

tent, seemed suddenly to have been stilled. With a clear sky and a fair wind the good ship of Methodism, her rigging and timbers all the more perfect for the overhauling which she had experienced, now sailed steadily and gracefully on her way. In the country at large, indeed, the outlook was not so bright. The eighteenth century had bequeathed widespread distress and discontent to its successor. Abroad, the forces of England were endeavouring to check the growingly-dangerous victories of Napoleon. And just about the time of the assembling of the Methodist Conference in 1801 our fleet was gaining great advantages over the French in Egypt.

The preliminary Committees for the Conference met the last week in July. Owing to the increasing number of Ministers who desired to attend this gathering and the very great expense entailed by their so doing, the question was seriously debated whether it would not be expedient to hold the Conferences only *every other year*. Mr. Benson, under date July 25th, says: 'We have completed as far as we are able the plan for the stationing the Preachers, and have taken into consideration a plan for biennial Conferences. This would save the Connexion about £1,000 every second year—an object surely of considerable magnitude.' This plan has never been found practicable.

The special services of Sunday, July 26th, were largely attended, but Leeds had still only one chapel. The ample proportions of the new chapel at this time in course of erection in Albion Street were as yet only just visible above the ground, and numerous services were held in the open air. The business of the Conference commenced early on Monday morning, July 27th. Mr. John Pawson, now that the Preachers were once more assembled in the place with which he and his family were so closely identified, was again elected to fill the chair. Mr. Pawson was the first Preacher who received this honour of re-election. Entwisle states that his 'uncle wished not to be chosen President, and used means to get the Preachers to choose another person. However, he was chosen by a great majority. He desired that Joseph Taylor, who had twelve votes, might fill the chair, but the cry was 'No!' Dr. Coke was elected Secretary for the eighth time. The returns showed an increase in the number of Circuits during the last four years of twenty-two. Mr. Benson was requested, in compliance with the wishes of Mrs. Fletcher, to prepare a Life of the Rev. John Fletcher. At this Conference it was enacted that Circuit Stewards should not have permission to attend the District Meetings except 'as evidence' in case of 'any accusation against a Preacher.'

In reference to the Conference Sunday, Aug. 2nd, Mr. Benson makes an entry which, taken in connection with his lament over the expense occasioned by their annual gatherings, is particularly significant: 'At the request of Mr. Pawson, I have taken his place this evening, and preached before the Conference on the occasion of the admission of the young Preachers. The subject I spoke on was, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." The chapel was so prodigiously crowded that there was no possibility of getting in or out or of *making the collection for the expenses of the Conference* in the seats. Indeed, there were several thousands who could not get in; so that there were four different Preachers appointed to preach without, while I was preaching in the chapel. I thank the Lord I was favoured with peculiar freedom in

preaching, and I believe it was a profitable time to many.'

On August 3rd some important changes were made in order to facilitate the business of the Conference. It was arranged that money affairs should as far as possible be settled in District Meetings, so that the time of the Conference might be employed to greater spiritual advantage. In order to improve the *Methodist Magazine*, a committee was appointed, consisting of twenty-one Preachers, whose names were to be printed on the cover of the Magazine. Towards the close of this Conference Mr. Entwisle writes: 'Peace and brotherly love have prevailed this Conference. I bless God, though my time has been fully taken up with business, yet my mind has been kept in peace and stayed upon the Lord.' And then he indulges in a hope which we who read his words eighty years after they were written are inclined to smile at somewhat sadly: 'I hope in a few years we shall have little to do with temporal matters at our Conference, and have more time for spiritual conversation.' Under date August 7th he adds: 'Our Conference ended in great peace. We had a solemn conclusion. Messrs. T. Taylor, Benson, Dr. Coke, and uncle prayed...My honoured uncle has received many marks of respect from the brethren besides their choosing him President the second time. He is "worthy of double honour."' Mr. Pawson's own words are as follows: 'Our Conference concluded in a very Christian-like manner.'

In 1805 the claims of Sheffield were recognised, so the turn of Leeds did not come round until 1806. The Preachers began to arrive in Leeds as early as Tuesday, July 22nd, and at once began to prepare the Stations, etc. By Saturday nearly all the Preachers had arrived. Adam Clarke writes that his fellow-travellers to Leeds were twenty-two in number: 'I was one of three on the box, with the coachman; Messrs. Bradford, Cole, and Goodwin were behind me; Mr. and Mrs. Benson inside....From every quarter I heard that it is the unanimous design of the Preachers to put me in the Chair....I am absolutely determined not to go into it. I have neither a state of mind nor nerves for such a work, and I would not take a handful of guineas to be obliged to preach the President's sermon.' Sunday, July 27th, was a 'high day.' Mr. Entwisle writes: 'This morning a vast concourse of people assembled at seven o'clock.' Adam Clarke adds, 'This morning, according to appointment, I rode out to Armley, and preached at ten o'clock. The good people would have sent me back on horseback, but I excused myself, and walked home in company with Messrs. Bunting, Collier, and Button. Brother Garrett we left behind to follow the blow.' Mr. Bunting thus writes: 'I heard Mr. Davies, Mr. Sutcliffe, and Mr. Clarke in Leeds on Sunday, and Mr. Clarke also at Armley:...all excellent sermons....I have seldom heard such preaching.'

Mr. Clarke seems to have looked forward to the evening service of that day with unusual anxiety:

'I have,' he informs his wife, 'to preach this evening again at the new chapel (Albion Street), the largest chapel in this town. This will be sore work. Mr. Bradburn preached this morning on Old Methodism, and acquitted himself, I hear, very well. How I shall get on, God knows; but I am pledged, and cannot recede. The people are coming in, I am informed, from twenty miles' distance and upwards. The following will show you in some measure their spirit and temper: A Quaker airing himself in the street by his own house about six in the morning, saw a plain-looking countryman covered with dust, carrying a very large great-coat, and sweating at every pore. He accosted him: "Friend, whither art thou come? thou appearest to have travelled

far and to be much fatigued." "Glory be to God," says Bluntspurs, "I am cooming to the Methodist Conference. I am coomed forty mile and ha' walked all night; I ha' got fifteen shillin', mun, and ha' saved it fro' my wages these twalve week at uppart o' a shilling a week." The Friend, struck with his appearance and honest bluntness, said, "Friend, I like thy spirit; thou seemest sincere and zealous in this way; turn in hither and refresh thyself, thou shalt be welcome to what the place can afford." Poor Gruff turned in, and found a hearty welcome and plenty to eat and drink.'

In spite of all his fears, Adam Clarke got through the service. 'I am now returned,' he writes, 'from preaching to some thousands...To relieve the excessive press, a Preacher was obliged to stand up without, while I wrought an *hour and fifteen minutes* within. At the last prayer we had an uncommon shaking, and some acts of solemn, self-dedication took place, never, never, I hope, to be forgotten.' The number of Preachers attending this Conference was so great—about two hundred and forty—that Henry Moore, the Superintendent of the Leeds Circuit, tells us that they experienced great difficulty in finding lodgings for them all.

At five o'clock on Monday morning, the 28th, a large congregation was assembled to hear Mr. Fish; and a little later the Conference was formally opened. Adam Clarke was elected President, Dr. Coke Secretary for the twelfth time, and Jabez Bunting, then a young man of seven-and-twenty, Assistant Secretary.

Adam Clarke, in his daily letter to his wife, says:

'This morning our Conference began, and the whole time before breakfast was employed in filling up the Deed, etc. After breakfast, as I had heard from all quarters that they designed to put me in the Chair—previously to the ballot, I addressed the Conference, and after having told them what I had understood, I proceeded to give my reasons why I could not go into the Chair, as my mind was made up on the business. This produced a conversation I little expected. All the old Preachers said that I was the most eligible person, and entreated me not to refuse. I insisted upon it that I would not, and solemnly charged every one who had intended to vote for me to give his suffrage to some other person. I then wrote my vote for Mr. John Barber, and showed my paper, and all about me followed my example. However, I trembled till this business was concluded, and what think you was the result? I was chosen by a majority of more than one-half above the highest, and was called to the Chair in the name of the Conference. I still refused; begging that the next person in the number of votes might take the Chair. We were thrown into a temporary confusion, during which Mr. Thomas Taylor and Mr. Joseph Bradford by main force lifted me out of my seat and placed me upon the table. I was confounded and distressed beyond measure, and against all my resolutions was obliged to take the seat. As you now know the circumstances in which I am placed, you must not expect any more regular epistles, as I shall now only have Saturday afternoons to myself, and perhaps scarcely them. Pray, pray much for me, my Mary, for I am far, very far, from being comfortable in my mind; the thought of having to preach next Lord's day before the Conference and to admit into Full Connexion those Preachers who have travelled four years, quite absorbs my spirit.'

Jabez Bunting's account is as follows:—

'When the Conference met,...Mr. Clarke earnestly begged that none would throw away their votes on him; for that a regard to his health and other reasons would not permit him to accept the chair. The votes, however, were: Clarke, 23; Benson, 12; Barber, 12; Taylor, 8; and at last Mr. Clarke was literally dragged into the office, which he fills, on the whole, very ably. Dr. Coke was chosen Secretary by a small majority; Mr. Benson had nearly superseded him. It was then proposed to elect an Assistant Secretary; and after an ineffectual struggle on my part, I was compelled to take my seat in that character. This is a real misfortune: first, because it will occupy much of my leisure hours, and materially diminish my opportunities of hearing, preaching, seeing my friends, etc.; and, secondly, because it will compel me to tarry in

Leeds till the very conclusion of the Conference, if not a day or two longer. On the other hand, I secure by it the advantages of occupying a capital station in the Conference, close to the President's chair, where I see and hear everything, and of gaining considerable information on our affairs.'

Myles writes: 'It is worthy of note that in the sixty-third or *great climacteric year* of Methodism the Conference was held at Leeds: in a county and town remarkable for Methodism.'

The distinguished names of Thomas Rutherford, John Crook, 'the Apostle of the Isle of Man,' and *John Pawson*, were amongst the number of the 'mighty fallen.' There is no man of whom Leeds Methodists have more cause to be proud than of John Pawson. He was born at Thorner, in 1737, converted to God in the same neighbourhood in 1760, and laboured along with his brother Marmaduke as a Local Preacher in the Leeds Circuit. At the Leeds Conference of 1762 he was introduced to Mr. Wesley, and tremblingly received from him his first appointment. He became one of the most useful and eminent men in Methodism. After an honourable career extending over forty-four years—six of which had been spent in the Leeds Circuit—he entered into rest, March 19th, 1806.

The Conference rejoiced to receive on every hand reports of temporal and spiritual prosperity. In Great Britain alone nearly nine thousand souls had been added to the Societies during the year, and fifty new chapels were either in course of erection or appointed to be erected. One unhappy case of discipline occupied the attention of this Conference. The previous year Joseph Cook had been accused of teaching erroneous doctrines in reference to the nature of faith and the witness of the Spirit. A year was granted to him for thought and examination, in the course of which he wrote declaring his firm faith in the Methodist view of these doctrines. Soon after, however, he published sermons on these subjects, which, after careful consideration, were found by the Conference to contain dangerous error, and therefore no alternative was found but his retirement. The Conference at the same time carefully reviewed its great fundamental doctrines and appointed three Preachers to draw up a digest of them, with suitable passages of Scripture, directing that a copy should be sent to the Chairman of each District. Special minutes were also passed this year, urging greater unity amongst the Preachers, and weekly Preachers' meetings; regular attendance of members at the Lord's Supper; also against any deviation from the proper course of public service, and against 'extravagant and costly dress.' A plan for 'improving the young Preachers' was considered, the outlines of which were ordered to be printed, and a copy sent to every Preacher for deliberation at the next District Meeting.

This Conference is memorable as the first at which *Home Missionary* Ministers were appointed to labour in the more neglected parts of England, in addition to the ordinary Circuit agencies. Eight Home Mission Stations were at once formed. At this Conference the question was asked, 'How shall we put a stop to smuggling?' The answer was: 'Speak tenderly and frequently of it in every Society near the coasts. Carefully disperse Mr. Wesley's *Word to a Smuggler*. Expel all those who will not leave it off. Silence every Local Preacher who defends it.' The demand for Ministers was now so great that after the twenty-four candidates had been accepted, the unusual course was adopted of naming fourteen others, who were to be at once admitted, subject to the approval

of their Quarterly Meetings and three neighbouring Superintendents.

Though Mr. Benson, now in his sixtieth year, had preached on Sunday, July 27th, three times, at Bramley and Bradford, and was so indisposed as to be unable to sleep during the night, yet he was at the opening of the Conference next day, and in the evening preached in one of the Leeds chapels. 'The Lord,' he writes, 'assisted me; and although the chapel was exceedingly crowded and almost all the Preachers present, I have been enabled to preach with much liberty, and I hope with good effect, on Rev. ii. 10.'

There was preaching on Tuesday in the Conference chapel, morning and evening. Dr. Clarke writes: 'Mr. Marsden produced a letter from Mr. Pawson, containing his dying advice to the Conference. This was read, and a motion succeeded that it should be printed. I have long walks, and sleep, or rather watch, in a front room in the noisiest street in Leeds, in which there is scarcely a silent hour in the night. I have not had one night's rest.' No wonder that he wrote next day: 'I am nearly worn out with excessive exertions.' On Thursday Mr. Clarke wrote to his wife: 'I have heard Mr. McNicoll (David, just admitted into Full Connexion), this morning at five. He is a wonderful fellow. Though a Scotchman, he has excellent language, and such a flow of words as you have seldom heard. He will infallibly bear the bell in London. Your husband can, I believe, dig much deeper, but he certainly cannot fly so high.'

On the Conference Sunday, Aug. 3rd, from early in the morning until late at night, the streets of Leeds were thronged with chapel-goers, and the Old Chapel and Albion Street were crowded to excess time after time, while many large gatherings were addressed in the open air. An eye-witness speaks of the 'amazing concourse of people.' On the same day Adam Clarke writes:

'This morning I went to the new chapel, where the Doctor (Coke) was to preach. Long before the time it was more than full. Many hundreds were standing in the street when I got up to it. However, I squeezed in; and as it was more than half-an-hour before the time, and the Doctor was not come, I got a Prayer-Book, went into the desk and began to read prayers. This quieted the people. As the press was great at the door and in the street, *four* Preachers stood up in different parts, and began to preach. Thus instead of *one* we had *five* congregations. When we had finished (administering) the Sacrament to perhaps eight hundred people, we could scarcely get out, for the afternoon congregation was waiting to get in. I came home, and having got a morsel of dinner, am come to scribe you a few lines, and to look for a text for this evening (for the President's Official Sermon). A sore work lieth before me, and how I am to get through it I know not. I will leave this unconcluded till I return. . . . I have just returned. An amazing congregation, thousands within and without. There was reason to fear some lives would be lost, the press was so great. I got on middlingly. Nearly all the Preachers (were present). I am now weary enough, and my cold still bad. There is no morning that I am not in the chapel (though nearly a mile from my lodging) before *five o'clock*. What is the use of lying in bed? I cannot sleep; my eyes are like those of a ferret. I know not when I shall be able to sleep again. . . . It is said that there are upwards of twenty thousand strangers come into town. It is like a county-town in the time of election. The inns and private houses are overflowed, and the streets everywhere full.'

On August 5th and 6th Adam Clarke wrote to his wife:

August 5th: 'This day has been one of very great fatigue. I have been the chief part of the afternoon examining the seventeen young Preachers, in the presence of the Conference, on all the doctrines preached by the Methodists. Each doctrine I particularly defined and explained, and though it almost totally exhausted me, I got through all with as much clearness and precision as I could reasonably wish. Conference is just now broken up for the day, and I have in about half-an-hour to

go and admit all these young men in the presence of an immense congregation, crowds of whom were rushing into the chapel before I could get off the Conference-board. I shall no doubt be "welly kill't," as they term it here, but I must go through it if it please God to give me power.'

August 6th: 'I was obliged to close my letter yesterday before I had received the young Preachers. I went to the chapel half-an-hour before the time, and finding it excessively filled, I immediately began. I first sang, then prayed, and afterwards called over the names of the seventeen young Preachers to know if all were present. In my best manner I then informed the congregation how persons were brought into the ministry among us; what examinations and trials the persons in question had passed through; the doctrines on which they had been especially examined; and then I gave a short definition of—1, the doctrine of Original Sin; 2, the Divinity of Christ; 3, the Atonement; 4, Justification by Faith; 5, the Witness of the Spirit; 6, Christian Perfection; and 7, the Eternal Duration of Rewards and Punishments. When all this was finished, I called upon each by name to give an account of his conversion to God and his call to the Christian ministry, and each did so with a precision and excellence which did honour both to themselves and to us. David McNicoll was one of them, and in a very neat, lively and elegant manner he testified of the hope that was in him. When this was ended, we sang, "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow." Mr. Thomas Taylor then gave them a charge which, for about eight minutes, he did with great feeling and excellence. I then addressed them in a short speech and pronounced the form of reception, in the name of *God*, Whose mercy and love they were to proclaim; in that of *Jesus Christ*, Whose atonement they were to witness; in that of the *Holy Ghost*, by Whose influence they were thus fitted for the ministry, and by Whose unction they were to be instrumental in alarming, convincing, converting and in holiness building up the souls of men; also in the name of the *Methodist Conference*, by whose authority I acted; and in the name of the *many thousands* which constitute that Church connected with them. I thus admitted them into Full Connexion and union with the whole body of Itinerant Preachers. Much solemnity rested on the whole assembly. Mr. Moore then prayed, and I pronounced the dismissal. Preachers and people seemed exceedingly pleased; and after occupying three hours in this business, I got home quite worn out. I believe I have acquitted myself to the satisfaction of the brethren, and I feel that I have acted with entire uprightness towards my God.' (And then the distinguished scholar adds a few words as creditable to his heart as any of his great works were to his splendid intellect):

'For all your sympathy on Sunday last accept my most affectionate thanks. You know, my dear Mary, that there never was any love lost between us. Yourself and the children are all I have on this side the God of Heaven. I will see you as soon as I can, and I shall come home to you with at least as much cheerfulness and joy as the day I went into Trowbridge Church to take you by the hand as my everlasting wife. So says your affectionate husband, ADAM CLARKE.'

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MRS. T * * * * *, OF U.S.A.,

A MINISTER IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

[COMMUNICATED BY THE REV. G. O. BATE.]

ON her return from a series of religious visits in the State of * * * *, Mrs. T. was staying with some friends belonging to the sect of which she was a member, in the small town of * * *. Her visit was to last two or three days, after which she was intending to proceed direct to her own house. The day after her arrival a company of young people had been invited to meet her, for all of whom she had a special affection, and who were peculiarly drawn towards her. But when the morning of that day had come, she found herself greatly and most unaccountably depressed. She communicated this fact to the lady Friend who was her travelling companion, who tried to encourage her, advising her to go downstairs, when perhaps the depres-

sion would go off. Mrs. T. said she was afraid it would not, and more than that, she feared it would prevent her from being able to join the party of young friends in the evening; however, she added, she would wait and see. The time came, but brought with it no change of mental condition to Mrs. T., who felt obliged, though reluctantly, to keep to her room, instead of joining the party below.

She went to bed, but not to sleep; for several hours the great weight, before complained of, hung over her. But after some time one of those spiritual communications which have marked her life came to her, to the effect that it was her duty to go to a town about fifty miles off *on the morrow*, and there to hold a meeting. At first this call affected her equanimity somewhat, not but that she was ever ready to do the Master's work, but she had no more money with her than would just pay the cost of her journey home. However, with her customary faith in God, she resigned herself to His will, and soon after fell asleep.

Early the next morning she sent a message to the master and mistress of the house, begging that they would speak with her without delay, upon which they came, and she related to them the intimation which had come to her. Feeling all due sympathy with her in her conviction, they yet were considerably perplexed as to how it could be carried out, and how it would be possible to get up a service at such a distance upon so short a notice. 'Would the day after do?' they asked. 'No,' she replied, decidedly; 'to-night, or it is no good.' While they were debating the question, the eldest son of the good friends of Mrs. T. came over from his house; he had felt drawn to come, he said, contrary to his usual custom at that early hour, without knowing why. To him also the matter under debate was made known, and being a young man of much energy, he said at once that he would proceed by the next train and see if anything could be done towards arranging a meeting. He decided to let Mrs. T. know by mid-day, if possible, whether it was of any use for her to follow him or not. There was still the difficulty of the money left unsettled in her own mind; however, she did not care to lay this before her friends, so she left it for the way to open.

Soon after mid-day she received an intimation to the effect that all was ready for her to hold a meeting that evening as she desired, and accordingly she departed by rail, and found on her arrival that the loan of the largest chapel in the place had been obtained, and that means had been taken for full notice of the service to be spread about the town. When the appointed hour had come, Mrs. T. was conducted to a platform facing a large congregation, the chapel being full to overflowing. She was supported by the Minister in charge and some others.

For a considerable period she sat silent before the expectant assembly, till at last she was ready to sink into the ground from humiliation, there being then nothing whatever in her mind to say to them. She waited and waited, and still nothing came, her mind instead becoming a greater blank than before. She poured out a glass of water and drank it, after which a single text came to her, upon which she rose and uttered it, endeavouring to found her discourse upon it; but again her mind became an utter blank, and she was forced once more to take her seat, some weight seeming to rest upon her spirit and crushing all her faculties.

At length the weight was lifted off her, and she again rose and delivered the following message with firmness of tone:

'There is a person in this place about to take his own life, this very evening; I feel that it has long been in his mind to do so, and I am sent this night to warn him to desist.'

She sat down again, and there was an awful pause, after which she rose and continued the sermon which she had before vainly endeavoured to give utterance to, pouring forth her soul with considerable power.

During the silence which followed, a gentleman rose from the body of the assembly, and with a very distinct voice announced that he felt it to be his duty to get up and acknowledge before everybody that *he* was the person whose firm and deliberate intention it had been to commit suicide that night. After having adopted atheistical beliefs, he had fully made up his mind to take his life, and had given himself six months' time in which to put his worldly affairs in due order; this season had exactly expired, and so the time had come for the fulfilment of his intention. Accidentally hearing of the meeting that evening, he had dropped in more out of curiosity than from any other motive, but he said that he felt it was scarcely necessary to add that after the marvellous and unmistakable interposition by God in his case and the manifest proof so given of there being a God over all, the idea of suicide had become impossible to him, and he hoped yet to live and serve that Beneficent Creator Who had made Himself known there to-night in such a wonderful manner.

Upon this he sat down, and Mrs. T. fell on her knees in prayer and thanksgiving, after which the meeting broke up.

As she was sitting afterwards, preparing to depart and discoursing with those near her, she became conscious of something pressing closely to her side. For a minute or two she took no notice, going on with what she was saying, till on the disturbance becoming greater she looked round and saw a little child leaning against her, trying to attract her attention. Putting her head down, the child whispered in her ear that 'Mother told her to give her that,' at the same time pressing a closed envelope into her hand. Mrs. T. thanked her, kissed her, and put the letter into her pocket, upon which the child ran away. She went back to her former quarters, and thought no more of the letter till she was preparing for rest, when the remembrance of it came to her mind, and she drew it from her pocket and found it to contain a sum of money, being the exact amount she had required to pay the cost of her extra journey. Thus, thanks to the kind donor, into whose heart it had come to assist her, she was now free to proceed to her home without difficulty.

This circumstance she regarded as a further mark of God's Providence over His children, and of His special care for their material as well as their spiritual wants when working in His service at His call.

(The foregoing statement is given as nearly as possible in the words of Mrs. T., as she made it to some friends during a visit to England in 1876.)

THE LORD'S DAY.

BY JAMES E. VANNER.

'The Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.'—EXODUS xx. 11.

HAIL blessed day, to us in mercy given,
By Him Who formed us, and well knew our need
Of respite from our toil, one day in seven;
In wisdom hallowed, and from labour freed.

Coming to help us in our worldly strife;
Calling to worship, and to works of love;
Coming to tell us of a better life,
Where strife will end, in perfect rest above.

Gladly we enter into His design,
Obey His voice, Whose love commands our rest;
Love our own work, all to His care resign,
Left in obedient faith 'tis served the best.

'Twas so with Israel's land, ordained to rest,
And have its Sabbath from the plough and seed;
Enriched by heaven, of all the tillage best,
It yielded plenty for its owner's need.

So may our hearts in quiet waiting, Lord,
Be softened, warmed, and nourished from above;
And by Thy Spirit's power refreshed, restored,
Yield Thee best fruits of praise, and joy, and love.

DUKE PAUL OF WURTEMBERG AMONG THE GERMAN METHODISTS.*

In the year 1851, Duke Paul of Würtemberg, a nephew of the king of Würtemberg then reigning, was travelling in America, engaged in researches in Natural Science. He went to Mascoutha, St. Clair County, Illinois, through the instrumentality of the Lutheran Pastor Sp., who in Germany was the king's valet. The German ways of the Bavarians living there attracted the Duke, and he remained there for some years, living in the family of Brother A. Eisenmeyer. He showed himself to be a staunch Lutheran, opposing the Methodists, and saying dreadful things about them.

On Sunday evening, June 2nd, 1851, the Duke went to church with Brother E. It was the Quarterly Meeting, and Brother Ph. K. Borst, elder, preached that evening from John iii. 5—8, in his easy, varied style. He showed—1, In what Regeneration by the Holy Ghost does not consist; 2, In what it does consist; 3, The fruits; and 4, The necessity of Regeneration.

The Duke was greatly interested in the sermon, and could not conceal his approbation of it. After dismissing the congregation with the Benediction, Brother K. remained at the altar, in order to let the crowd of people pass out before going out himself. Among the rest the Duke came out of his seat with Brother E., but instead of going towards the door, he went to the altar, seized with both hands the right hand of the Pastor, and wished him success, and that God's blessing might rest on his future work in the vineyard of the Lord.

Outside the church-door the Duke took Brother E.'s arm, and said, 'Mr. E., now I am converted. This man will never in his whole life lead any one to Popery.' The Duke was so enthusiastic that he remained up till near midnight, and spoke of his former blindness and of the great change.

More than a year passed before we saw the Duke again, his researches having taken him to the Rocky Mountains, where he nearly fell into the murderous hands of the Indians. But God saved him, and he returned to his quiet, pleasant home in Mascoutha, Illinois. A Basket-Meeting, as it is called, was held on the 5th of September, 1852, in the beautiful woods of Ph. E., south of the little

* Translated from *Der Methodisten-Herold.*

town; the friends had arranged the place as if for a camp-meeting, with benches, pulpit, etc. The first sermon was nearly finished when Duke Paul came in, with one of his friends, a Mr. Hoffmann, from New Orleans. Brother K. now spoke from Matt. v. 6, on the blessedness of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. Both of the socially distinguished men in the assembly seemed to be all ear. At the close of the sermon, an invitation to partake of the Holy Sacrament was given, and Mr. Hoffmann was among the first communicants who came forward. It was not too much for the polished gentleman to do to kneel with German Methodists, and to celebrate the sacrificial death of Christ.

The Duke showed that he also wished to come; but being an old man, he was too heavy and slow, and the Communion Table was already filled up. The third time he succeeded in finding room; and during the administration tears rolled from his eyes upon the rough bench. The writer has seen many penitents at the altar of prayer in his life, but never one whose body trembled so, or who shed more tears than the Duke. That hallowed Sabbath passed away under the blessings of the Gospel.

The Rev. J. S., then Minister at Belleville, Illinois, and P. R.. were invited to supper at Mr. A. E.'s. They were there before the time, and passed an hour in the circle of the Duke, Mr. Hoffmann, and the family. After supper the two Ministers took leave, in order to be in time for the evening service at the church in the little town. The old Duke accompanied them to the door, and spoke nearly as follows: 'Sirs, you are the representatives of your Church, and as such I must ask your forgiveness. I have sinned grievously against your Church; I have slandered you; but now I see how blind and misled I was. I pledge my word that I will try to undo as far as I can the harm that I have done. Regard me from to-day as your warm friend.' In spite of all their surprise, the two Ministers showed great presence of mind, and answered the Duke in a hearty manner, and one becoming their office. The two gentlemen heard J. S. preach that evening. The next afternoon J. S. went home, and K. went to N. P., near Nashville, Illinois, to hold meetings there during the week. After they were gone, Pastor Sp. visited the Duke, when the following conversation took place:

Duke: Pastor Sp., you must preach differently to what you have hitherto done. Your preaching is only blundering; and in all your life it would never awaken a sinner. You must preach just like these Methodist Ministers; you must tell the sinner openly that unless he is born again he must go to hell.'—The Pastor of the place, greatly shocked, said: 'But, my Lord Duke, what is this? Before you told me to abuse the Methodists from time to time, lest any of my members should go to them; and now am I to preach like a Methodist Minister?'

Duke: 'So I did. I was blind, and knew no better. But now God has opened my eyes. Preach like the Methodists; and if your congregation do not give you a good salary, you shall receive fifty dollars yearly from me as long as I live; but you must preach so.'

Duke Paul never joined the Methodist Church, but spoke of it as 'our Church,' praised its regulations and Bible-teachings. He left at last his pleasant home in America, and travelled, so they say, to China and India, and returned to his home in Germany, where he died soon after.

THE JACOBIN CONQUEST OF FRANCE.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

(*Concluded from page* 438.)

THE Legislative Assembly spent its last days of existence in toiling hard to do the bidding of its new master, the self-elected Commune. Hardly have we space to catalogue the decrees passed in haste and fear from the 10th of August to the 20th of September; yet they were important: 'Suspension of the king; convocation of a National Convention; dismissal and arrest of the late Ministry; Danton made Minister of Justice; Santerre Commandant of the National Guard (*vice* Mandat, shot dead by a follower of Danton); the usurping Commune recognised; *the arrest of suspects entrusted to all patriot citizens;* all officials charged with the execution of the laws to be suspended; the property of *émigrés* to be sold by public auction, and their relations imprisoned in their own dwellings; all nonjuring priests to be exiled or deported,'—such is but a fraction of the work done in one month.

All power, civil and military, was placed in the hands of the Jacobin minority; the numerous prisons of Paris were overflowing with its real or fancied opponents, and yet it was full of feverish apprehensions. The extraordinary tribunal set to work to dispose of 'the vanquished of the 10th of August,' did not move fast enough; in five days it had only guillotined three innocent men. 'Lost in the immense city, confronted by an armed National Guard twice or thrice more numerous, and an apathetic or ill-satisfied middle class, "the patriots," were afraid.' The legend of an armed conspiracy in the prisons rose like a miasma from their heated, unwholesome imaginations; 'there were royalist leaders and soldiers concealed all around Paris, not fewer than fifteen thousand in number; they were going to open the prisons, release the "suspects" who would act with them, set free the king and his family, and murder all the patriots; it was best to be beforehand with such traitors.' Marat, in number after number of the *Friend of the People*, urged this advice on the populace, and the grateful Commune installed him at once as its official journalist. He was incapable of giving different counsel, being simply a homicidal monomaniac; he had already pronounced that the execution of two hundred and sixty thousand Frenchmen was quite indispensable to secure the establishment of a pure Republic. Another than he was, however, the real author of the coming slaughter. 'Marat,' said Madame Roland, 'holds the torch and the poignard; it is Danton who conducts everything.'

It is now that we are first confronted with this formidable Jacobin, who never hesitated to say of the second of September, 'It was I who did it;' and whose clear-sighted, remorseless daring makes him show like a giant among his half-insane comrades. 'I never recoil before necessary crime,' he said; perhaps not quite truly, since the man's heart in him once or twice betrayed him into protecting an enemy at some risk to himself. Yet he was capable of profound treachery; immense sums with which the Court had bribed him to serve its interests, had been employed by him to foment insurrection; and now it seemed to him *necessary* 'to interpose a river of blood between the Parisians and the *émigrés*.' Danton and his party had not desired war; but since it had been forced on the country, it must be met. 'The republicans,' he said, 'are in a very small minority; but

we can only calculate on republicans to fight our foreign enemies. The rest of France is attached to royalty. We must terrify the royalists.' . . . Indirectly then the enthusiast Brissot, the eloquent Vergniaud, who had insisted on war, were responsible for the impending horrors.

But the ruling faction had still more pressing motives for crushing its enemies by a great proof of power. The Assembly was at last offering a show of resistance to the usurping Commune. The intruders were bidden not only to resign in favour of ninety delegates to be legally chosen by the sections of Paris, but to account for all the property which they had seized since the 10th of August. To surrender the despotic power, the immense wealth, which these needy and obscure adventurers had suddenly grasped, was what they would not do, especially in face of the approaching elections to the National Convention. Instead of resigning, the Commune decreed its own permanence, and made swift arrangements for a terrible coup-de-main.

It summoned the sections of Paris to judge the prisoners. Out of forty-eight sections, five responded on the 2nd of September by a sentence of death; that sufficed. All was rapidly decided, from the judges who were to preside over the mock trials, to the amount of pay which should be allotted to the executioners—workmen, most of them, whose time was of value, and who found killing rather hard work—the assassins being few in number—about twenty to each prison, it is calculated—and the prisoners very numerous. Things were made easy for them. The gaolers had been bidden to open the doors, and not to interfere; the prisoners were unarmed, having been deprived even of their table-knives and forks, and were sent forth one by one, like sheep to the slaughter, to the Court where the butchers awaited them; only in one or two cases was any resistance offered—a curious trait, which had already appeared two centuries before in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Never was the work of murder more simple; and lest any scruples should be felt as to the absolute rightness of the proceeding, members of the Commune appeared from time to time on the scene of action, approved what was done, and bestowed pay and praise on the doers.

The Commune had not needed to go far a-field in search of its instruments; beside the fanatical republican workmen in Paris, there were the half-savage bands of Marseillais whom Barbaroux had enlisted and brought from the South; among these two classes it could choose freely. We dare not follow these 'patriot' criminals through the 'six days and five nights of ceaseless slaughter,' in which about one thousand three hundred persons of all ranks and characters perished. At first the murderers displayed at rare moments strange gleams of humanity; they did not plunder their victims; they were capable of rejoicing when a prisoner was pronounced innocent and liberated. But soon they became more deeply embruted. All the wild beasts sleeping in the darkness of the heart came forth into open day. Drunkenness, theft and lust joined hands with a strange passion for deliberate torture; and these lost creatures, transformed into the lowest of fiends, seemed sunk far below the level of the brute. Having murdered priests, soldiers and women, imprisoned on political grounds; having then swept off the felons and vagabonds, the usual inmates of the gaols, they wound up their work by a slaughter of forty-three children of the lowest class, detained at Bicêtre, a sort of House of Correction. These poor creatures, belonging to the same social stratum

as their murderers, were very hard to kill. 'In that corner,' said a jailer, describing what he had witnessed, 'they made a heap of their bodies. Next day, when they had to be buried, it was a heart-piercing spectacle. One only lay as if asleep, like an angel of the good God; the rest were fearfully mangled.'

Not idly does our historian bid us see these hangmen and cannibals transformed into revolutionary idiots, 'as the dull, heavy vapours of the charnel-house, mingled with the fumes of wine, rise and extinguish the last gleams of reason in their stupefied brains, in which two ideas only survive—danger to the country, and the murder of the enemies of the country.'

This gigantic crime had all the success anticipated. The city, struck dumb with fear, tamely elected to the Convention all the promoters of the murders—chief among them Marat, Danton, Desmoulins, Legendre and Robespierre. The elections and the massacres went on hand in hand. When the Electoral Assembly was transferred to the Hall of the Jacobins, so that the populace, present in the galleries, might watch and control the voting, it had to make its way across the Pont-du-Change between two lines of corpses, which the 'killers' were bringing from the Châtelet and the Conciergerie, a significant spectacle which was not wasted on the electors. The 'sovereign people' was revealing itself as a manifold Nero.

Multiply the horrors in Paris many hundredfold, and you have the state of the Provinces. Again the worst atrocities were occurring in the South—at Toulouse, Arles, Avignon and Marseilles. Emissaries of the Commune, authorized by the gagged and helpless Minister, the 'virtuous Roland' himself, preached the Jacobin gospel everywhere in its terrible simplicity. 'There are no more laws,' so the 'glad tidings' ran; 'every one is master, since the people is sovereign; each fraction of the People is free to take what measures he thinks best to ensure the safety of the Country.—Raise scaffolds, let your town walls bristle with gallows, and hang on them every one who is not of our opinion.' As nearly as possible this advice was acted on to the letter. The provinces had special miseries from which the capital was exempt. The volunteers who were being constantly despatched to the frontier, were not always men of courage and devotion hastening to fight and die for their country; their ranks were swelled to the due proportions by recruits hastily enrolled from the worst and lowest classes, who found it easy and delightful to practice their former lawless trades in the towns and villages they traversed. There is no species of crime disgracing the annals of the Revolution in which 'the volunteers' have not their full share —witness again the daily appeals for redress sent up by Government officials in the provinces to Roland, who was himself too helpless to do anything but make the notes and summaries which still remain as evidences of his industry and impotence.

'We shall become a people of gods!' a Republican orator had once exclaimed in the fulness of revolutionary ardour. An old delusion—we find it in the history of Eden. The people who dreamed of deification had put off the human only to put on the fiend-like. Vergniaud and his party were rudely disturbed in their dreams of an ideal Republic; the real men whom they had to deal with were so different from the pure and reasonable beings who were to people that visionary state. But they still had faith in eloquent words and paper constitutions; and as in spite of the

terrible pressure exercised during the elections their party could command a large majority in the Convention, they imagined that by skilful legislation they might still bestow on France and on the world the incomparable boon of perfect government.

Unhappily France was largely averse to its would-be governors; and the minority in the Convention had elements of terrible strength. It had undergone a certain degradation of character which did not lessen its power. The most respectable figure in the new group of Jacobin deputies is actually Robespierre, that perfect incarnation of self-worshipping fanaticism, whose private apartment, decorated only with portraits and busts of the inmate, and hung round with mirrors repeating the same image, is the best conceivable type of Jacobin religion. Saint-Just, the comrade of Robespierre in life and death, presents a mind of the same class, more darkly shaded by vice and atrocity. Marat worthily completes the triumvirate, which drew to itself daily the worst characters in the Convention—the Talliens, the Fouchés, and the Carriers. Danton, supreme as yet, despised and used them: 'ignorant wretches, without commonsense' as they were, they had strong lungs and brutal courage, and were without scruples of honour or conscience.

This minority, united and determined, had a formidable ally outside the Convention in the Commune of Paris, now reconstituted in permanence—thanks to the apathy of the Parisians, who were still largely Catholic and Royalist, and indifferent to the struggles between the two factions of their reigning oppressors. For the men of La Gironde were intolerant sceptics and fanatic republicans, like their opponents; they differed from them chiefly in desiring 'laws and not blood.' The Commune, possessed of all places, grades, arms and public monies, was mistress in Paris; the lowest of the populace, daily filling the galleries of the Convention, swayed the debates of the members. If the Legislative Assembly had resembled a class-room full of quarrelling schoolboys, the Convention was like an arena of gladiators, contending under the eager gaze of some hundreds of spectators, who applauded their favourites and hooted down their opponents, drowning the words of unpopular speakers in savage clamours. Deputies and spectators alike came armed, for opposing parties, within the hall and without, were often engaged in actual bodily conflict.

Under this terrible physical pressure the death of Louis XVI. was decreed. Vergniaud, who but the night before had demonstrated the 'frightful iniquity, uselessness and danger' of this measure, himself voted for it on the morrow, and by his single vote, influencing many others, turned the scale against the king. Day after day the majority became weaker, voting in terror of its life the very decrees which placed the life of every citizen at the mercy of the faction, and crowning this suicidal work with the decision that 'in case of political denunciation, the members of the Convention itself could be accused and tried.'

The weapon thus fashioned was at once levelled against its makers. For the Girondins had been guilty of two unpardonable sins: they had denounced the massacre of September, which an eminent Jacobin had described as 'the first article in the revolutionary Creed'; they had required the trial and punishment of its perpetrators; they had personally accused Marat, 'the Friend of the People,' himself; and then courage had failed them to carry these proceedings to a legitimate end. Under the howls of the galleries, under the

violence of the mob, they had trembled, hesitated, apologized and withdrawn. The predominant faction determined to rid itself of the men who dared to criticize the actions which had secured its own preeminence, and who, being incapable of holding their own by similar proceedings, were hindrances as irritating as feeble.

Petitions, with long lists of signatures obtained by threats and violence, began to be presented, day after day, demanding that the Convention should expel 'the Twenty-two'—the most noted deputies of La Gironde; and as the Assembly declined to act at once on these petitions, a plan for seizing and massacring the obnoxious men was rapidly matured by some of the wilder subordinates of the faction. But the Jacobin leaders checked this rash proceeding, as being likely to have a bad effect on the provinces, already ripe for revolt, and recommended steps which might be made to wear a certain air of legality. 'The point was to invoke against the delegated and provisional powers of the Government the superior and inalienable rights of the People, and to substitute for the legal authorities, essentially limited, the revolutionary authority, essentially absolute.' The 'circumspect and decent Robespierre' issued his guarded but intelligible instructions. 'Let all good citizens,' he said, 'assemble in their sections, and come *to force us to order the arrest of the faithless deputies*.'

The programme thus suggested was carried out with considerable skill. The way for action was cleared by rapid arrests of all citizens likely to offer opposition, especially the editors of 'anti-patriotic' newspapers. And after seven days of armed popular pressure and of feeble resistance, the novel spectacle was presented of the Representatives of the Nation shut up in their Hall by an army of the basest populace, and held straitly besieged for many hours, until they consented to pronounce the required decree. The numbers of the besiegers were swelled by certain battalions of volunteers detained for this service on their way to La Vendée, where the Royalist reaction needed checking. They were furnished not only with pikes, swords and guns, but with one hundred and sixty-three cannons, worked by Jacobin artillerymen. Vainly the Convention sallied forth *en masse*, formally claimed its liberty by the mouth of its President, and sought to break through the wall of weapons surrounding it; it was to remain imprisoned until it should consent to 'surrender the Twenty-two within twenty-four hours.' Cowed and wearied, full of disgust and dread, the majority began very seasonably to remember that the imperilled deputies being not actually present, their lives were not in immediate danger; two-thirds of the members saved the small remnant of their consciences by abstaining from voting; and the Jacobins found it easy to carry the proscription not of the Twenty-two only, but of various other Girondins.

There is much of ghastly farce in the whole proceeding. The grotesque is certainly uppermost when we see Danton whispering in the ear of Henriot, the insurgent leader, while the President solemnly summons him to withdraw his troops and leave the Convention to its duties. 'Go on your way,' ran the more potent whisper, 'don't be afraid—we want to prove that the Assembly is free—hold fast.' And the tragi-comedy attains its height when the Assembly, slinking back to its Hall like a beaten hound to its kennel, hears the mild voice of the paralytic Couthon deliberately

uttering, 'Citizens, all members of the Convention must now be reassured as to their liberty.... Now you must acknowledge that, in your deliberations, you are free.' After the farce, the tragedy; after mockery, death.

'The Convention, having mutilated itself, is henceforth merely a government-machine in the hands of a clique; the Jacobin conquest is complete; and under the hands of the conquerors, the great game of the guillotine may begin.'

If we reckon from 1789, this conquest had required but four years for its completion. June, 1793, witnessed the final triumph just described. In truth the faction had worked in favourable circumstances; its most dangerous opponents being men of words and not of deeds; the Executive being bound hand and foot; and the mass of the nation unskilled and careless apprentices to the duties of free citizens. Such a conjunction could not often recur. But the Jacobin tactics have been frequently employed by men of similar opinions since, and rarely without a perilous measure of success; the study of this period, therefore, is more than a matter of antiquarian curiosity.

It has another aspect of considerable interest: its story is capable of throwing some light on the question, so often agitated now-a-days, as to the species of morality which may exist without any sanction from religion, or any basis in the idea of a Divine Judge Whose righteous will is law. The heroes of this history had succeeded in despoiling themselves of religious belief as much as is possible to mortal man. In their own fashion they were undoubtedly seeking the welfare of Humanity; their aim was to secure 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.' Believing that this end was only to be attained by the triumph of republican ideas, they felt justified in employing all and every means to secure it. Truthfulness was no sacred virtue in the eyes of men who may be said to have won their way to power by producing forged credentials: 'by fabricating an artificial and violent opinion, and giving it the seeming of a national, spontaneous desire.' Since the nation was so blind as not to believe in the saving dogmas of revolution, its would-be benefactors felt themselves bound to produce the necessary semblance of such belief! And since treachery, spoliation and murder proved efficient agents in this forgery of opinion, they did not fear to employ them. Why should they? They saw no special sacredness in the life of man, for they heard no Divine voice saying, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' If to take the lives of a certain number of men could serve the ultimate interests of the species, why should they hesitate because of the law once given by Moses, which they deemed an outworn Jewish superstition? They saw no special sacredness in property; on the contrary, the possession of wealth appeared rather criminal, all human beings having an equal right to the good things of this life. But if the money owned by one individual could serve the interests of Humanity more effectually in the hands of another, that second person was justified in seizing it. Therefore they plunged their hands deeply into the coffers of the State and the pockets of individuals, and employed the proceeds to advance the interests of Revolution, and of themselves its most faithful servants. And if thieves, harlots and murderers served the cause of the Republic better than reputable persons hampered with scruples of conscience, the scum and offscouring of the earth must be held more truly virtuous than those who failed to see and promote the best interests of the race.

Such was the perfectly de-religionized morality of the Jacobins; but it cannot be said that their practice has recommended their principles to the world at large; while for the people whose government they had seized, the result was some years of suffering not easy to parallel. Yet the nation which had fallen on such evil days was not lost; the very war into which it had been flung by its mistaken rulers had a saving power, awakening, for the first time in many ages, the noble passion of patriotism.

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF MARY HELEN SYMONS,

OF BARNSTAPLE.

Mary Helen Symons was cradled in Methodism. Her great-grandfather was converted under the first Methodist sermon he heard, in 1789. The old family home at Bilbrook, where her grandfather still waits his summons to the eternal mansions, became at once a Methodist centre and preaching-place. The present writer believes that every descendant of his grandfather, including the fifth generation, has been associated with the Wesleyan-Methodist Church. Mary was born at Dunster, in 1856. Her life was materially influenced by a long course of illness in infancy, which terminated in lameness. This necessarily modified her early education, and gave a kind of gentle minor key, although by no means a melancholy tone to her spirit. None of her family circle can recollect a wrong action, word, or look from her. Cheerful docility pervaded her life; although, especially in her maturer years, striking individuality and gentle decision were her well-marked characteristics.

But amiable and exemplary as her whole life had been, she very deeply felt the necessity of being born again. At about twelve years of age, she was completely melted into tearful penitence during a special visitation of the Holy Spirit in the Barnstaple Sunday-school. She was soon able to rejoice in a sense of pardon; and from that time she was a consistent member of the Methodist Society; joining, in her quiet, loving way, in any Church work which presented itself. Her humble and sensitive disposition, however, made her the subject of feeling at one time almost morbid. But the cloud passed away; and especially during the last two or three years, her Christian experience was very definitely maturing.

After her death, it was found that during this time she had been keeping a copious diary, evidently intended for no eye but her own. Its naturalness and sincerity are evident throughout. The tenderness of her conscience and her genuine humility are manifest everywhere, joined with an earnest yearning for conformity to the will of God in all the details of every-day life. But there is this striking feature: she sought holiness as a preparation for life rather than for death; for throughout its two hundred and forty closely-written pages, there appear no forebodings of early death, although the last entry is very significant. In her a delicate frame, and a gentle, sensitive disposition were combined with energy of will and persevering determination to do her duty, forgetting herself, but seeking to be of service to those around her.

Early in her diary she says:

'I intend to write down my temptations, and to try to live each day a life of self-renouncing, and, as I have opportunity, to help others. Though my path may seem dull and monotonous, surely

it is where God has placed me, and strength will be given sufficient to my day. I am so thankful I thought of keeping this journal, because I feel sure it will help me in attaining a better life. I have heard there is scope for nobleness in every life, but mine seems such a narrow, insignificant situation. Still, I can try to choose the purer, upright way, and God will guide my footsteps in a right path.'

'"In the way of righteousness is life," is my text for to-day. In seeking to raise my life to a higher standard, it can only be done with the aid of the Holy Spirit; and as I get nearer to Christ, beauty and completeness will not be lacking. The main thing is to know really where duty calls. It is scarcely wise to plan work for every moment, as there is greater chance of failing. I want to learn the secret of stopping either work or rest at the right time. I long to know really what is the work for me.'

'This morning I think I did yield my all to God to use as He wills; but there seems so little scope for usefulness in my life. How can I get better or rise to a higher standard in life? In just going the round of duties, mending old things, cleaning, dusting, going errands, and so the days go. But I will try to do my best, and seek always to do what my Saviour loves, and He will guide me day by day.'

'I trust it has been a day of doing God's will. Each moment was filled; and I find it best to have a plenty to do and to think less of self. Miss Faringham's lecture on *Modern Women* had many lessons in it for me. There is work for every woman, and none need be lonely. I do want to be a true woman and use all my powers to make home happy. I will try to live in the present, and remember that the way to nobility and honour is the path of duty.'

'Sometimes I do prove that "a life of self-renouncing love is a life of liberty;" and these last few days my greatest help has been in living for others, having every moment filled with work. But how meagre is my power! O, I have tried to do my work well! I am very subdued, and feel utterly weak. God is leading me nearer to Himself. I long to know His will, and to do it. After all, earth is but to prepare us for heaven; and if that is accomplished, what does it matter what wastes we have to pass through to get there.'

'The last few days I have *lived*, and experienced a foretaste of a new life. I cannot describe the rest and peace of doing "all for Jesus."'

'Last night, almost in an agony, I besought for power to cast all at Jesus' feet. Perhaps I have been looking too much to feeling; and on my knees this morning I made up my mind to take the Bible at its word. I mean that there I read so much of having the Divine nature given to us, and our old selves taken away. I will trust without the feeling: and I know the love and fulness will come. If I make it my one aim to live for God, all desires will be satisfied; and to-day, though weakly and faintly, I try to lean on Jesus. O, may He be my all!'

'I feel Jesus is mine. He is all I want. My heart is full of thankfulness when I think of all the mercies and forbearance God has shown me this year. If there is trial in store for me, He knows. Who cannot err the why and the wherefore of it. This year I have been led through a difficult path, and have often murmured: but now I feel Jesus is everything to me, and I have indeed found the fresh springs in Him, and the gentle flow has been purer and deeper than the old torrent could ever be.'

'My birthday' (her last) 'has again come round. This morning I felt so trustful and happy. I feel that Jesus has forgiven all my backslidings, and a better life is in store for me. I want to have more love to my Saviour, that He may be supreme in my heart. I want Him to take possession of me. As to getting more clever, there seems very little chance of that; but if it is the will of God, I will try to use every opportunity of gaining knowledge. It seems very old to be twenty-four.'

'I often read what I wrote a year ago. Twelve months ago to-day I wrote that God knew what path was best for me to tread, and I see it more than ever now. I see more than ever that I ought to use all opportunity of gaining knowledge. I was wonderfully blest last night in the preparation of the Sunday-lesson.'

'The life of faith seems so much more real and beautiful. I have been so happy! There is a difference, I cannot explain what, but O! it is a blessed experience. As far as I can tell, I have been entirely given up. Whether it will last or not I can't tell, but Jesus wished our joy to be full.'

'I have had pleasant recognition from friends. But have I gained spiritually? Am I nearer God, more given up to Him?'

'I read Miss Havergal on *Our lips kept only for Christ*. How seldom I speak for Him. At Class this evening I

was able to speak of God's gracious dealings, and to say that though I had been led a way I should not have chosen, I felt it was the right way; that Christ fully satisfied all my longings.'

'Sin is more hateful than ever. I prove how weak I am often; but instead of being my nature, it is the thing I would not do. I look forward to when it will be entirely conquered. I think my lesson is nearly learnt, and that Jesus will give me some life-work; but have I not a mission now in doing all for Him?'

'Mr. B. met us for tickets. I was able to tell my precious experience, for it has been so. Mr. B. said God was making room for Himself in my heart. It makes any trial and giving up for Jesus so much sweeter. This morning I prayed very much that all that is despicable in me may be taken away; that I may be true, honourable and pure, and my character formed aright. Living seems so awfully responsible.'

'I feel rather cast down, not entirely with my own burden. I have been thinking what a lot there is in life we cannot understand. So much seems out of order and wrong. It is such continuous labour and disappointment; so much that we would have different. "Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow." Then what good am I, or can I do in the future? I can only trust in my Heavenly Father; and instead of giving way to sad and bitter thoughts, do just what seems right this afternoon, and feel that God will give strength sufficient for the day.'

'It is like excusing myself, but I believe part of my failure yesterday was owing to physical weakness. I never felt so near fainting at once or twice during the service last evening, and I was so tired. I wanted my last Sunday in Barnstaple to be one of special blessing, but I felt all unstrung. It used to be a snare of the evil one for me, that when I was weary and ill in body, I put it all down to spiritual declension, and it has often led me into distrust and sin. This morning I feel a fresh tenderness and longing to be entirely in Jesus. His love has come with renewed sweetness, and I feel He will give me strength entirely to overcome sin.'

'It has been a very busy day, so much to settle, and little things to see to; and now I have come up to write the last time before I go away. I do feel very thankful for the way I have been led. I think, too, of the time these months past when I felt so wonderfully happy and satisfied, though I could not understand a good deal in life. Then sin has not the power over me it had. Though I know changes will come, I can go forward trusting in Jesus.'

It seems to have given a completeness to Mary's life, that during her last year on earth she spent some time in visiting loving friends in London and in Somersetshire; thus deepening and renewing friendships and leaving impressions which, from the testimony of numerous letters received since her death, are now embalmed as sacred memories. During these visits she wrote to a friend:

'I feel such confidence in the guiding hand of God. If we place our hands in His, He will lead us.

'I see more than ever that God's way is best. My experience lately has been very precious, and although, alas! I am far from what I ought to be, I feel Jesus is all I want. He satisfies me entirely.

'I try to live in the present. I see more than ever that nothing really satisfies but Christ. I have felt the infinite love of God drawing me. I have an overpowering sense of my sin—and that He should bear with me still!

'I do want to overcome a spirit which I despise in others: a love of approbation, and thinking so much of attention. How despicable it is! Yet it is the same spirit in me.

'We came home yesterday. Directly I got into the house I felt an earnest strengthening feeling that this was my place and work. I want to leave all the past, and learn God's will only.'

There can be little doubt that for some months before her death insidious disease was at work. During these last few weeks she writes:

'I feel only half living; everything seems so colourless; yet I want more than all to conquer myself, to be true and pure. All these nothings in life must be my Heavenly Father's appointment. I will come to Him in my weakness, but I have no strength . . .

'I long to live a purer, truer life; and I feel very thankful that the life of consecration seems more practicable. So now I will trust all in the hands of God, and ask Him to do to me what He pleases. All I want is to love and serve Him; but

O! the days are very weary and long sometimes, and at three and twenty it seems long to look for the end of life.'

The following was written the day after the last opportunity she had of taking the Lord's Supper:

'I have seen that there is a blessed experience to be had, and sometimes a foretaste has been given me. A new strength of soul, power to rise above all earthly things. I scarcely know how to describe it. I have felt a fortitude and entire trust in God, which has been very precious; also a more absolute power to resist sin. It is not that earthly joys have lost their charm, but God has given special strength. The Sacrament last night was a time of renewed consecration. I felt all I wanted was *God*. It was a deeper soul-stirring yearning than I ever knew; and to-day I feel the things of earth are secondary if I may but live for Him.

'My mind is stayed on God. I feel that He is portioning out my life for me. It is not that I have any plans for the future, but I have a deep trust in and love to God, and I know He will order all.'

On Easter Sunday, the last of her earthly life, she attended the usual services, including the Sabbath-school and the evening Society-meeting. After her death some memoranda of questions put by her scholars were found, which she intended answering on the following Sabbath. At home she played and sung her favourite hymn (842 in our Hymn-Book). All she wrote on this day was: 'I long so much for purity of heart, and to be delivered from the power of sin.'

Easter Monday was her last day of active life. 'I can come afresh to-day to my infinite, loving Saviour. O to be pure and true, and to feel He is choosing my life! Can I ever praise Him for His long-suffering?'

These are probably the last words she ever wrote. After tea she read for some time to the old servant who had nursed her in infancy; then she took a solitary walk, returning in very good spirits, and filled up the last hour of apparent health in some table games, thinking that it had been a dull Bank Holiday for an inmate of the house who had been necessarily detained at home. While thus engaged, she was seized with pain and obliged to retire to the sofa. She spent a sleepless night in much pain. Early on the Wednesday, she slept away without a struggle. Her Saviour willed that she should be with Him to behold His glory.

OBITUARIES.

MRS. MARY ANN LEADLAY, late of Falsgrave, Scarborough, and formerly of Stainton Dale, fell asleep in Jesus, January 18th, 1879, aged seventy-one years. Her early life was spent at Barugh, near Pickering, where, with her parents, she attended the services of the Established Church. While she was young, the family removed to Cloughton, near Scarborough. Here she became acquainted with the Wesleyan Methodists, and in her sixteenth year yielded to the strivings of the Spirit, and obtained a sense of pardon through faith in her Redeemer. At once she united herself to the people of God, and from the commencement to the close of her Christian life she adorned 'the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things.' She greatly prized the Class-meeting, and found in Christian fellowship much comfort and help. Her experience was often of very great service to her Class-mates. Devotion was the habit of her life. Four or five times during the day she would retire for communion with Him Who 'seeth in secret,' and her reward was *open*. In the Prayer-meetings, when she prayed the whole assembly felt that one who had 'power with God' was interceding on their behalf. No visit of friends was ever allowed to prevent her from appearing in the courts of the Lord.

At an early age she was married to Mr. Thomas Leadlay, a consistent member of the Society in the same place. Here they remained about eleven years, and then removed to Stainton Dale. With new

opportunities, she exerted herself to the utmost to further the spiritual well-being of the people. Her house was always open to the messengers of salvation, all alike being welcomed in the Master's name.

When her husband retired from business they removed to Scarborough, where they spent the remainder of their days. In 1864 her husband died in Christ. She gave herself afresh to God. Cloughton, where she had spent so many happy days, needed a more convenient place of worship, and she determined to promote its erection. She had the joy also of laying one of the corner-stones, and seeing a neat little sanctuary dedicated to the worship of God.

Being on a visit to her niece at Normanby, in the Kirby-moorside Circuit, at the Christmas of 1878, she noted the want of a better chapel there, and started the project by a subscription. A beautiful new chapel now stands upon the site of the old one.

On January 17th, while at tea, she complained of illness, but decided to attend the evening service. When she returned she was seized with violent pain, accompanied with great difficulty in breathing. Five or six times she repeated, 'Lord, help me!' She became insensible. After a few hours consciousness was restored. During the night she frequently said, 'Christ is the Head Physician, and I am in His hands. His will be done.' Then she prayed for His presence, and expressed unbounded trust in her Saviour, repeating the words:

> 'I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me.'

Just before midnight she passed away to her eternal home.

J. N.

MR. JOHN NORTON died at Lucton, in the Leominster Circuit, on March 2nd, 1880. He was born at Bishop's Castle, Shropshire, in 1820, his parents being members of the Established Church. He was the subject of the striving of the Holy Spirit from early childhood, and of a deepening conviction of his need of something which he did not yet possess. About his twentieth year these gracious impressions were intensified; his anxiety about his spiritual state became so great that his health gave way. By the advice of his friends he tried change of air and scenery, but returned to his home having failed to obtain improvement either in bodily health or peace of mind. His desire was to meet with some who could open clearly to him the way to peace with God. Shortly afterwards this desire was met by his introduction to one who was prepared by a personal experience of saving grace to impart the instruction and encouragement required, and Mr. Norton was soon made happy in the love of God. The evidence of acceptance with God which he then received he was enabled to hold fast to the close of his life. He joined a small Methodist Society whose members held their Class-meeting in a cottage at the village near to his home. Of that Class he was soon appointed the Leader, an office which he continued to fill during the rest of his life. He manifested a desire for the salvation of his fellow-men by much labour as a Sunday-school teacher, and in tract-distribution over a wide and thinly-peopled district. Many can bear testimony that through his instrumentality they were led to seek the mercy of God. Mr. Norton sought to introduce Methodism into his native town, but through determined opposition without success, until in the providence of God a devoted Wesleyan family came to reside at Bishop's Castle, through whose influence ground upon which to build a chapel was secured, and in 1866 he had the happiness of laying the foundation stone of the sanctuary he had so much desired to see. In the transactions of business and the ordering of his household, Mr. Norton always showed the influence of Christian principle. Worldly men with whom he came into contact would often seem restrained when in his presence.

His last illness was sudden and brief. After evening family worship on February 26th, he complained of great weariness, and retired early to rest. It soon became evident that death was at hand. Observing one of his sons weeping at his bedside, he addressed him very solemnly, urging him to give himself to God at once. During his illness he was constantly repeating texts of Scripture and verses of Wesley's hymns, especially the verse, 'With me in the fire remain, etc.' He frequently said that he had peace. A friend going to the bedside and noticing an upward look, said to him, 'There is joy up there,' to which he immediately replied, 'I am trying to realize it.' Even when he became unconscious, occasional words showed that his mind was going out to spiritual things. Sentences could now and then be caught, such as, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'

One of our Ministers, whose knowledge of Mr. Norton dates from an earlier

period of his Christian course, writes: 'His transparency, strong common sense, high principle and sterling worth, with the genial hospitality of his home, and the strong and intelligent attachment to Methodism, live in my memory.'

For forty years he adorned his Christian profession by a godly life, zealously working for and generously sustaining the interests of that section of God's people into connection with which he had been early led. J. DANKS.

CATALINA GAMUNDI Y RIPOLL was the daughter of Miguel and Maria, farm labourers. She was born at Daya, in Mallorca, in 1803. From early youth she was a servant, and for thirteen years served in the house of the Marquess de Vivot, until 1839, when she married Manuel Garcia. Her religion had been always the Roman Catholic. She lived in the holy fear of God, and towards her husband manifested admirable love, affection and obedience. She had no children. In 1879, there came to the house in which she lived Don Juan Castell, who was well known to her, seeking the present writer, and spoke to him of our Lord Jesus Christ, and she as a good Catholic listened; and at the end of four or five weeks, through the influence of the present writer, the conversation of her husband, and information from Senor Castell, we went, accompanied by her beloved husband, to the Methodist chapel in Palma, and heard there the Divine Word of the Gospel of Jesus from Don Joaquin Eyroa. Our sister Gamundi in a little while abandoned idolatry; and frequently afterwards we went to hear the Word of the Lord Jesus, until at length, through hearing the Holy Bible read by the present writer, she abandoned altogether the false religion, and continued to attend the Methodist church. At the end of some months she was induced by the present writer, who loved her as a son, to remove to Cap de Pera, and immediately on her arrival she sought entrance into the Methodist Church there, and after a short time was received as a member of the Church, having experienced a complete conversion to Christ; and while yet in Palma having led many friends to hear the Gospel. One mark of the love she had to God was that she always defended the holy cause with whomsoever she might speak. She was always amiable towards all; following, as a true believer, the Lord, and her husband as he followed Christ.

On the 8th of April, 1880, she was taken ill. After praying to God, we went to seek the doctor, who at the end of three days told us that God was her Physician, that science could do nothing for her. We consoled her with confidence in God, telling her that here was a land of sufferings, and that a better land awaited the true believer. She was conformed to the will of God, and passed days in prayer.

About half-an-hour before her death she gave her hands to Manuel, her husband, and to me, and took leave of us, saying: 'Jesus, Manuel, Bartolome [the present writer], Don Guillarmo [Brown] and Madalenci [my mother, who attended upon her].' She had no fear, but died happy, April the 22nd. She was buried the following day, according to the rites of the Methodist Church. A brief discourse was made to remind us of what we are. About one thousand persons attended.

DON BARTOLOME ALVU.

MR. JOHN TREBISE, of Hayle, was born in 1810. When twelve years of age he was converted to God, and joined the Wesleyan-Methodist Society, meeting in his father's Class. To that Church he never wavered in his allegiance, supporting it with liberality, and labouring in its various fields of operation with great diligence. For about thirty years his name was on the Circuit-Plan, and as long as health permitted he faithfully fulfilled his appointments. As a Class Leader he was very much and justly appreciated. He was Society Steward for many years, Chapel Steward for twelve years, and a trustee of various chapels. Deeply interested also in the young, he took a prominent part in the erection of the day-schools at Copperhouse, and was an energetic member of the committee. During a month of great suffering, borne with Christian patience and cheerfulness, he frequently spoke with confidence of his acceptance with God through the merits of His Son. Some of his last utterances were 'Hallelujah;' 'I am coming.' He died in great peace, May the 7th, 1880.

JOSEPH R. WARBURTON.

MR. JOSEPH ATKINSON was born in Hull, in January, 1823. His pious parents had been connected with Methodism from their early days, and had heard its Founder preach. As the result of their training and earnest prayers on his behalf, he was converted to God at the age of twelve, and immediately became a member of the Society. He early commenced work for the Master, and found great delight therein; to the end of life

he used to speak of the Band and Fellowship Meetings held in his early days in Old George Yard Chapel. Here, seafaring men were frequently present, and with great warmth and many quaint expressions told of the power and grace of God.

In 1847 Mr. Atkinson removed to Manchester, where for some years he was very active in the Church, especially as a teacher in the Chancery Lane Sunday-schools. Leaving Manchester, he spent a few months in London, which were memorable to him, because they gave him the privilege of worshipping in City-road Chapel, and hearing the great Preachers of our Connexion. Some years were again spent in Manchester; and about the year 1859, being then married, he moved to Earlestown, where the remainder of his life was most usefully spent. When he settled in Earlestown, there was no Methodism in the village: now it has a Society of one hundred and thirty members; a congregation of four hundred; Wesleyan day-schools with five hundred children; the chapel, a very beautiful one, is the second which it has been necessary to build; and Mr. Atkinson was one of the foremost in bringing all this about. Here he was a pillar of the Church; no one could point to inconsistencies in his life; he was careful also to train his family for God, and his sons are walking in his footsteps. He was prudent in all matters, and very zealous for the prosperity of the cause of God.

In May, 1880, he was very unwell. He left home on the 3rd of June for Southport, hoping that a few weeks' residence there would restore him. But his death was very sudden; while he was waiting for the Southport train, the summons came; he fell down and died immediately. All felt that whilst they would have been glad of a dying testimony from him, yet it was not needed. At the time of his death he was a Class Leader, Society Steward, and Sunday-school teacher, and indeed sustained nearly every office open to him. Mr. Atkinson, by taking the work nearest his hand, by patient perseverance therein, by great prayerfulness and devotedness to God, lived to good and useful purpose. R. C.

MR. THOMAS WHITE, of the Ripon Circuit, for many years sustained with great ability the office of Local Preacher and Class Leader. He gave his heart to God in early life, and having improved his mind by careful reading and study, he soon became an efficient worker for Christ. He was an ardent lover of the Class-meeting, and was greatly benefited by the cultured and holy ministry of the Methodist Preachers who, in former days, travelled at Newcastle and other important Northern towns, where Mr. White was located. As a Local Preacher he excelled from the first, and for many years was called upon to occupy the pulpits of our largest chapels. He was also in great demand for Anniversary Services. He was a willing worker. He gloried in preaching the Gospel, and in hearing it preached by others.

As long as he had any strength to work his services were at the disposal of the Ministers. It would be interesting to know how many thousands of miles he has travelled in all weathers, to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. It is more than probable that he would have been a Minister had his health been more vigorous. As it was, he combined business with an amount of work for God which must have rendered his life one of continuous and abounding usefulness. Mr. White was an efficient platform speaker, and a very prolific and useful writer; contributions from his pen having often enriched the pages of current literature. He has left two worthy sons to carry on the work he loved so well—the one a devoted Wesleyan Minister, and the other a clergyman of the Church of England.

Brother White to the last took a lively interest in the development and progress of Methodism; the continued advancement of which, together with sunny memories of the past, greatly cheered his days of declining health. Among his last words was the verse:

'In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem? etc.'

He fell asleep in Jesus very peacefully, June the 10th, 1880, aged seventy-four.
F. M. L.

On July 29th, 1880, MR. THOMAS MORCOM, formerly of Mabe, recently of Penryn, in the Falmouth Circuit, father-in-law of the Rev. Anthony Taylor, was suddenly summoned away to the Church triumphant. Of the eighty-two years that he lived, threescore and six were spent in the service of God. He was converted during that memorable visitation still known in Cornwall as *the Great Revival*. Fearing the Lord from his youth, he feared the Lord greatly. He was of an excellent spirit; mild yet firm, outspoken but not offensively so, frank, genial, and fervent in spirit. He was an

acceptable Local Preacher for many years, and a faithful Class Leader full half a century, meeting his Class in his own house when too infirm to reach the vestry. He served the Church also as Circuit Steward, and in almost every office open to Methodist laymen. In the time of our sore Connexional trial, Mr. Morcom was loyal to Wesleyan-Methodism, to the great comfort of the Ministers of his Circuit under the anxieties of that crisis. Mrs. Morcom was converted about the same time as her husband.

For fifty-six years they were helpers of each other's faith. Protracted and very painful was the affliction which terminated her life only three months before her husband's death; but while he sympathized most tenderly with the beloved sufferer, he opened not his mouth to complain. Warned of his approaching end he seems to have been; but the messenger was love. To a friend he said, but a few weeks before his death: 'I am going down to Penryn to set my house in order; I cannot be here long now. I am eighty-two years of age, and when all my matters are set right, I shall be ready to go any time.' On the 28th of July he retired to rest as cheerful as usual; at four the following morning he was found sitting on his bedside, breathing with great difficulty. 'Can this be dying?' he asked; and then, with the name of Jesus on his lips, and his feet upon the Rock of Ages, he passed away. T. HARDY.

MR. JOSEPH THACKRAY was converted to God at the age of eleven, and for sixty-four succeeding years witnessed a good confession as a member of the Christian Church. The first years of his career as a Christian worker were devoted to the Sunday-school. He instituted Teachers' Preparation Classes; built at his own expense a room for the bi-weekly meetings, fitted it with a suitable library; and with wise counsels and deep searchings of the Scripture, assisted the Sunday-school teachers in their difficult work. The name of our venerable friend should be held in great respect, if this had been the only public act of his life.

It might be thought that Mr. Thackray loved publicity. On the contrary, he loved retirement. Duty was the law of his life; and although the offices to which the Church appointed him often involved grave responsibility, he did not shrink from the burden. As Circuit Steward, and as Treasurer of the Auxiliary Fund for the Leeds District, Mr. Thackray was always at his post, doing his work with the thoroughness and the courtesy of a Christian gentleman. When the Centenary Fund made its appeal in Leeds, he entered with great heartiness and energy into the scheme, and held the offices of Secretary and Treasurer of the Leeds West Circuit.

The *Gledhow Breakfast*, so well known in connection with the Leeds Foreign Missionary Anniversary was first suggested by him, and held at his house. For several years past, one of the pleasant sights of the October Anniversary was his appearance at the Breakfast and on the platform of the public meeting.

Mr. Thackray was a man of devout spirit. He loved to meditate upon the Word of God. The Bible and the Hymn-Book were his books of devotion. Each evening on retiring to rest he would repeat the hymn:

'How do Thy mercies close me round,'
etc.

Like most men of great energy, Mr. Thackray was of a somewhat impatient disposition, but the latter years of his life saw a great change in him. The fruitage of his old age was mellow. His energetic spirit softened into a cheerful acquiescence in the will of God. The liveliness of his disposition never forsook him; to the last he would often amuse and surprise his visitors with his sallies.

As a man of business he was singularly straightforward and honourable; and he was an example of Christian activity and zeal. His death was somewhat unexpected, both by himself and his children. But he was found quietly waiting, ready to respond to the summons to enter into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. His end was eminently peaceful.

T. TAPLEY SHORT.

MRS. GORLE, late of Droitwich, was born at Porrick, Worcestershire, about the year 1809. When about four years old, she was taken to Droitwich to reside with an uncle and aunt. In their household she was brought up 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' Both her uncle and aunt were connected with the Wesleyan-Methodist Society at Droitwich, and adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour Under such influences she was from childhood the subject of deep convictions. She records in her journal that when she was about ten years old there was a revival of religion, and some of the new converts met at the house of her uncle, and were formed into a Class, which she joined; but there does not appear to have been an effectual change wrought in her soul at that time, as she

states she went on 'sinning and repenting,' giving much uneasiness to her friends, till in 1823 she determined to be the Lord's fully. One morning, in her own room, she earnestly besought pardon and peace. The passage, 'For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God,' was applied powerfully to her mind; unbelief vanished, and the longing of the new-born soul was shown by a desire to be with Christ. This blessed state lasted for some time; but doubts and fears crept in, and for a while there were clouds in the experience of the young convert. About this time, under a discourse by the Rev. Joseph Entwisle, she was led to see the necessity of conformity to the Divine will; and there are frequent references in her diary during this year to sermons she heard, and a resolve she made, and to increased confidence in God. In 1825, the first Missionary meeting in Droitwich was held. The speakers were the Reverend Messrs. Stanley, Entwisle, Reynolds, Wilson, Close and Lord. She became a collector, and diligently attended to her duties for many years.

The failing health of her aunt for some years kept her fully employed, often preventing her attendance at the means of grace. During these years her experience greatly varied. In 1832 her aunt passed into eternity.

The love of Mrs. Gorle for the House of God continually comes out in references to the blessedness of her Sabbaths.

In 1834 her uncle entered into rest. For some three years he had been in failing health, and his niece had been wonderfully upheld during that trying time.

In December, 1834, she was united in marriage to the late Mr. Thomas Gorle, who for thirty-nine years was her attached husband.

In 1836, Mrs. Gorle records the happy death of her mother.

In 1845 the family removed to London, and the period of their short residence there was one of great spiritual enjoyment. The next year the family returned to Droitwich.

For some years, as appears from her journal, she went on the even tenor of her way towards the heavenly city, her heart often overflowing with gratitude to God; but at other times somewhat depressed, always however expressing a determination to be the Lord's, 'spirit, soul, and body.' In 1850 she was appointed to lead a Class, and entered on this responsible duty in the spirit of prayer.

In her journal, references to her children abound, showing her solicitude for their salvation; and her gratitude to God, when she had reason to believe they had given their hearts to Him, was unbounded.

At the commencement of each year it was her custom to pen some reflections and determinations. Year after year, there are the same desires expressed to be useful, more like Jesus, meet for heaven. The Christian life was developed day by day.

As time passed on, the entries in her journal became fewer, till in 1873 there is one relating to the death of the faithful helpmate who for so many years had been by her side. By the death of her husband her heart was rent and her spirits crushed, and for some time thereafter it was hard to see the hand of Love therein; but at length she could say, 'Blessed be God, I do not sorrow as one without hope.' For seven years and a half her pilgrimage was prolonged, but often she longed to be at rest.

During those years she still was active in every way as her strength permitted, although not exempt from trial.

The last entry in her journal is at the commencement of 1879, in which she thus records the loving-kindness and care of her Saviour: 'I have much cause for humiliation before God, but He bears with my unfaithfulness, and gives me grace to help in time of need. I feel my need of constantly hanging by simple faith on Christ as my perfect Saviour. What a fulness I see in Him, and how He opens His Word to my mind! O, that I may give Him my all!'

Her last affliction developed so quickly, and caused such prostration and weakness, that very little can be said about the last fortnight of her life on earth: occasionally, when waking out of her dosing state, she was heard to say, 'My Jesus to know, And feel His blood flow,' thus showing that her thoughts tended heavenward. On her birthday, the 21st of August, 1880, she literally fell asleep; the exact moment of her departure could not be noted. She rests from her labours and her works follow her.

The Rev. J. Pellow writes to the bereaved family: 'I truly sympathize with the little Church at Droitwich in the great loss it has been called to sustain. I am sure that your dear mother will be missed greatly by the Preachers and by the members of the Society. She was always so regular in her attendance at all the services, so devoted to the cause, so earnest in seeking in various ways to promote its prosperity. There will be a great gap in your ranks.'

MRS. BRAMFORD, wife of the Rev. E. Bramford, passed to her rest September the 20th, 1880, after a long illness, borne with Christian patience and resignation. In 1832 she obtained peace through believing, being then fourteen years of age. Though by no means possessed of vigorous health, she at once began, in her native place, Castle Donington, to work for God, as a Sunday-school teacher and sick visitor. It was not long before her talents were discovered to be of a superior order, and a Society-class was committed to her care; the wisdom of the appointment was justified by her success.

After her union with Mr. Bramford, she was made a blessing in every Circuit to which he was appointed. In most places she sustained the office of Class Leader, and with uncommon success. One of her favourite methods of usefulness was that of a female Bible-class which she conducted on the Sunday afternoon. She was an intelligent Christian lady, devoted to God and the interests of the Church.

As a Minister's wife her conduct was exemplary and judicious, with a zeal according to knowledge. From some Circuits the assurance has been received that her usefulness had never been equalled by any one in her position, and on several occasions it was acknowledged by the thanks of the Quarterly Meeting. During the last five years of her life she resided in Shrewsbury, where she had the growing esteem of all who knew her.

For the last year or more she was the subject of affliction. Ministers of the Circuit felt a visit to her a means of grace to themselves. Her sufferings were most intense, yet she was always calm and tranquil. She often said her faith was unwavering and her peace perfect. She passed away in great peace, September the 20th, 1880. When her funeral sermon was preached, the beautiful chapel, in the erection of which she had, with her husband, taken so deep an interest, was crowded.

T. H. P.

THE removal of MR. HENRY FARR from the town of Newcastle-under-Lyme, after more than fifty-five years of residence, will long be deplored by the Church among whom he so beautifully illustrated the piety of the past generation of Methodists.

He was born at Kenley, in Shropshire, in 1795. His parents, so far as can be gathered, were strangers to personal religion; and their son manifested no concern about spiritual things, till on his removing to Coventry, when about twenty years of age, this state of mind was so far changed that his worldly companions taunted him with his Methodist proclivities. He often referred to the storm of anger with which he repelled this charge, whilst inwardly conscious of its correctness. Pursuing his worldly calling next at Lichfield, he was induced by the foreman in his place of business, who was a deacon at the Congregational chapel, to attend that place of worship. His convictions of sin were at this time greatly intensified; but he resisted the strivings of God's Spirit, endeavouring to put off decision to a more convenient season. 'O! what a guilty conscience I had,' he writes in an interesting manuscript which he has left behind; 'I was miserable beyond description, and yet plunged farther into sin.' In this mental condition he removed to Birmingham, where, knowing no one, he made up his mind to live a better life, and for some years attended the ministry of the Rev. John Angell James; 'still,' he writes, 'carrying the burden of sin' wherever he went.

At length he took lodgings at the house of an old Wesleyan lady. 'I was still without God,' he says, 'and without hope, and completely miserable. I felt I must be lost for ever if I did not give up my sins, so I set about it in the strength of the Lord. I had tried my own strength times without number, and always failed; the first temptation would carry me off. So I made up my mind to lay aside every weight, and every sin that did so easily beset me. I attended all the means, but thought I got worse instead of better. I could not get the burden off my shoulders, but the more I knew of myself, the more miserable I was. I could not eat nor sleep. My strength seemed to be failing me. The old Methodist lady appeared to understand what was the matter with me, though I had never told her. She said, "Mr. Farr, you should go to Class." I went to one in Livery-street. When the Leader came to speak to me, I told him what a miserable sinner I was, and I believed there was a religion that made people happy, and I wanted to find it. He said, if that was the case, he was glad to see me, and gave me suitable advice. I then made up my mind in the strength of the Lord to be wholly devoted to His service. I was not yet in the possession of the pearl of great price; but I kept on looking to Jesus, and I soon found the blessedness the Psalmist speaks of: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is

covered." I could then say God made me truly happy all the day long.' . .

The honesty of purpose manifestly pervading the lengthened and sorrowful conflict thus happily terminated, gave promise of solid and consistent subsequent usefulness. Mr. Farr soon began to do something for God. The first step was to be placed on the Prayer-Leaders' Plan, and to go round the town inviting people to the Prayer-meetings. A large adult class was also assigned him in the Sunday-school, and he became a visitor for the Benevolent Society. Nor was it long ere he was made the Leader of a Society-class.

At this time he was united in marriage to one who for many years walked with him in the way to heaven, and whose memory in the town of Newcastle-under-Lyme is still as 'ointment poured forth.' Having heard that his old employer's business in this town was for sale, he finally left Birmingham, settling at Newcastle in 1830. From the commencement, by incorruptible integrity and persevering assiduity, he made his mark in business; but he used often gratefully to refer to one of his earlier experiences, at a time when the young tradesman's capital was necessarily limited, and he yet had to give long credit. One evening he left his house in much depression, for a solitary walk, during which he cast his whole care on his Heavenly Father. In an instant, as though uttered from above, the words came home to him, 'Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' He returned home with buoyant spirits, satisfied that all would be well; nor was his confidence ever disappointed during half a century of honourable commercial enterprise.

When Mr. Farr arrived in the town, the Wesleyan Society was in a very low condition, but he threw himself into a vigorous support of the comparatively infant cause, alike by liberal contributions and by personal service, especially in Sunday-school work, sick visitation, and as the Leader for half a century of an important Class. It was one of the happiest moments of his life when the present commodious and elegant chapel was opened. In its erection he had taken great interest, and he gave part of his own ground for its site.

It was after a protracted career of earnest, unostentatious toil and devotion, which presented but little of striking variation, that about six months before his death the attack of sickness overtook him from which he never fully recovered. He suffered much pain during this period, but was uniformly happy and trustful, his old playful humour frequently re-asserting itself. He took to his bed on the 20th of August, 1880. To one of his children he thus expressed himself: 'Well, here I am, without an ache or a pain, with everything to make me comfortable. The Bible says, "Be still, and know that I am God." That is just what God is doing with me, making me lie here, so that I may meditate on His love and goodness toward me.'

On September 4th, feeling a little better, he thought he would rise, and walking to an adjacent couch, he lay down again, seeming quite comfortable, and, as always, most thankful for the least attention. Then, tears of joy rolling down his cheeks, he exclaimed several times that he was so happy; God was so very good to him, and Jesus was so precious! One of his friends, coming to see him, and wishing him good-bye, said, 'Perhaps I shall see you again,' to which he replied, 'If not here, you will in the better land.' He looked radiant that morning, as though he had caught a glimpse of the coming glory. Early in the afternoon the pain returned with great violence, and lasted till about nine o'clock at night, when, feeling a little easier, he said to his children, as they stood by his bedside, 'I am almost come to the end of the journey. You must be sure and all meet me in Heaven. O, praise the Lord! The Lord is my Shepherd.' One of them quoted the verse:

'When I walk through the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay:
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.'

Instantly the dying saint exclaimed, 'No fear, no fear! Jesus takes away all fear; the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Sensible to the last he thus remained, recognising all, till, just as if falling asleep, he passed away without a struggle, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

W. B.

WILLIAM MACKINNON was born at Carlton, near Helmsley, in 1794. His parents were pious. His mother, who was a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society for sixty years, led him to the house of God when very young. At the age of sixteen he fully gave his heart to God, and began to meet in Class; and from that time until his death, a period of

seventy years, he was a devout and consistent member of Society. He especially prized the Class-meeting. During a part of his life he lived on the Middleton Wolds, and there gathered a Class together, which he conducted for ten years.

His religion was not of the kind that can content itself with a regular attendance on the means of grace to the neglect of the ordinary duties of life. He was a liberal contributor to the cause of God, and his house was a home for both Ministers and Local Preachers. In 1853 he went to live at Clayworth, near Retford, where his faith was severely tried by several heavy pecuniary losses, which he bore with exemplary patience. The closing years of his life were spent at Eastmoors, near Helmsley. He quietly waited the summons that should call him to his eternal rest. To his friends that summons came very unexpectedly. He left home to visit a nephew. The first Sabbath he was there he was twice at chapel, and on his return from the evening service remarked how very happy he felt. On the following Thursday he was taken ill, and gradually sank. During his last sickness he was very cheerful. He often repeated:

'Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.'

With the words, 'I am happy, happy, happy,' he fell on sleep, September 21st, 1880, aged eighty-six.

R. B. N.

MRS. HOSKINGS, daughter of Mr. William Berriman, of Penzance, was born in 1818. For more than fifty years her father conducted a Class which had been formed by Mr. Wesley. Brought up amid gracious influences, his daughter was led to Christ at the age of twelve. It was love that won her heart. She determined to avoid everything which might mar her peace. To companions whom she specially loved she said that she must give up some of her old amusements, and affectionately urged them to renounce them too and join her in the way to heaven. Her own gladness moved her to effort for others. The Sabbath-school gave her a field of service. As teacher, tract-distributer, and visitor of the sick she devoted herself to Christ.

After her marriage she removed to Hayle, where she resided until the year 1859. The remainder of her life was spent in the Hungerford, Kensington, Lambeth, and Lewisham Circuits. She retained her solicitude for the salvation of others. God had given her a husband whose devotion to the cause of Christ made him a successful worker in many spheres, and she taught her children to walk in the same path. As they went and returned from the House of God, the children were often sent to distribute leaflets to the idlers round the public-house, and the child's 'Please accept this,' was never spoken in vain. Her character and work bore its noblest fruit in her own home. Her anxiety to please God and to work for Him were manifest to every one who knew her, and all her children are walking in the truth—members and workers in the Church she loved.

The sufferings of her last illness never ruffled her confidence in Christ. The joy of the Lord was her strength. The doctor who attended her, whose practice had extended over forty years, said that 'in all his experience he had never met with such a patient patient, or one so resigned in sickness and in meeting death.'

When her husband told her that she was not far from heaven, she said she had no fear, and calmly mentioned what she wished to be done when she was gone. She longed to be with Christ; and when, a few days before the end, there was some hope that she would regain her strength, she said it seemed hard to be brought back again from the gates of heaven. Throughout life she had found much comfort in a few lines written by a lady in Penzance, describing heaven, and she longed to prove them true:

'All peace, beyond distrust or snare,
That blessed state shall be,
No shadow on the sunshine there,
Or on the glassy sea;
And no good thing shall plant a sting
To rankle in the breast,
Nor joys that bless, by their excess,
Bring trouble and unrest.'

The night before her death, when utterance was failing, her friends sang two verses of the hymn, 'Jesu, Lover of my Soul.' During a little pause they heard her murmur, 'All my trust.' And as the night wore on they caught words of other favourite hymns, the last being, 'Give me the wings of faith to rise.' Without a murmur or a sigh she entered into rest on December 30th, 1880, in her sixty-third year.

J. T.

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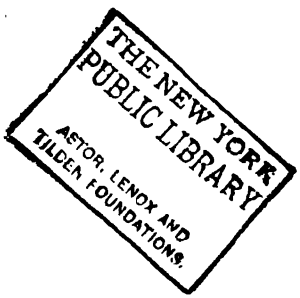
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WESLEYAN-METHODIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

MARY CALVERT.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

If a habit of cheerful self-sacrifice, a frequent exposure to hardship, and sometimes to deadly peril, for the sake of others, make good the claim to true heroism, Mrs. Calvert's was, beyond all question, a heroic life. It was far more. The simple unconsciousness of her nobility, the gentle tenderness and modesty which clothed her bravest courage, the untiring and unfaltering instinct whereby she discovered opportunities of giving help and benefit to those around her, at the cost of her own unsparing toil, and often of her own suffering,—these fine features reached in her an excellence which no endowment or development of merely-human qualities can explain. All that, in her course and character, excited the admiring wonder of many in different parts of the world, was to her the cheerful service of religious devotion, whereby, for much love's sake, she acknowledged God in all her ways, and rendered all praise to Him with this witness, *By the grace of God I am what I am.*

When the history of that grace began in her life, it is impossible to determine. We know, it is true, the exact time of the crisis when she herself wholly submitted to the grace of God; but long before this, both by natural gifts and the imperceptible training of early circumstances, as well as by benignant influences, which, without her knowledge, were fashioning her temperament and character, God was preparing her for the important work to which she was to be called.

It was in the year 1814, in the village of Aston Clinton, in Buckinghamshire, that Mary Fowler was born, the last child, and of course the pet, of the family. Doubtless the little one received a larger share of loving tenderness because her young life was overcast by the shadow of disease, causing her much sharp suffering, and demanding the most assiduous nursing care which the mother could bestow, a care which in itself involved the infliction of pain, to the sore trial of the mother's heart. Already, in those early days of distress, so hard for a young child to bear, there gleams the spirit of brave unselfishness which in after years shone out with a beautiful and all-pervading lustre.

'Don't cry, mother,' said the brave little sufferer many a time; 'I will bear it if it will make me better.'

And it did make her better; for skilful treatment, and the mother's untiring love, succeeded in mastering the trouble; and Mary came to enjoy, after all, a healthy, vigorous and bright childhood.

All that was strong in her nature was fostered by the bracing influences of her country home, amidst which she seemed to grow up without the sense of fear, and would express her surprise when less courageous members of the family betrayed a timidity which she evidently was unable to understand. Her enjoyment of horse-exercise was unbounded, and continued throughout life.*

She cared little how mettlesome or unruly the steed, if it would only go freely. Once at least her nerve was severely tested, when a spirited horse which she was riding refused the control of her childish arm, and went away at full speed towards a long, low shed. She saw the danger, dropped the bridle, got her feet clear, and, as the horse darted from under her into the shed, caught the eaves with her hands, and dropped to the ground, somewhat shaken and bruised, but not seriously hurt. Many another adventure befell the child in the pursuit of her favourite out-of-door pleasures; but they impressed her as so little extraordinary, that they passed from her own memory, though some of them are well remembered by her friends to this day.

All these things would be of too trifling importance to be recorded here, if looked at only by themselves. But when regarded in their relation to her after-life, they are seen to fulfil their purpose as parts of a most valuable training for the exacting and often dangerous service in which many following years were to be spent. But little thought the boys in that country home, when they saw themselves rivalled, if not outdone, in daring by their young sister; and little thought the merry maiden herself, that she was being made ready for the Master's use in high enterprise, which would tax her endurance and her courage to the utmost. Before her conversion, and when it seemed to her that she must spend her life, as her parents had done before her, within the narrow village limits, her spirit fretted at the prospect. In those days emigration almost belonged to the region of wild romance, and voyages to far-off lands were matters of desperate adventure

* Many years afterwards, when Mrs. Calvert was in the Fiji Islands, she found, on visiting one of the stations, some horses. Unbroken as they were, the rare chance of a good ride could not be foregone; and, to the terrified astonishment of the natives, the white lady sped away not only without fear, but with evident delight. And after many years more, far away at the South African Diamond Fields, when a dear friend placed at her disposal a noble black horse, her waning strength seemed to be nerved afresh by the favourite exercise. At Kimberley, people know what riding means, and many there learned to admire the firm seat, and light, steady hand of the Missionary's wife, as she hastened here and there on 'Blackey,' visiting the sick and other friends. Even then she was little dependent upon others' help in mounting or alighting.

Still a few years more, and our dear friend lay dying in her last earthly resting-place—in England once more. Within a few days of the end, in extreme weakness, she whispered to her son, 'Blackey would be of no use to me now.'

for all but seafaring folk; yet she used to say, 'If I were a man, England should never keep me. I would go abroad.' Thus again the training for her life's service, all unknown to her, was going on and completing itself, watched and ordered by Him Whose love was yet to waken her to new thoughts, and open before her a new course, wherein she was to loyally follow Him to the ends of the earth.

But, to trace the history of this better life, we must go back to Mary Fowler's child-days. When she was about seven years old, her father died. Two years before this, her mother became a Christian. For the first time in her life she had then heard a Methodist Preacher; and by him there came to her a message of such divine authority and evidence, that she said, 'This is the truth. I feel this is the truth. It is what I have been long seeking.' And before that simple service closed, her mind was made up to abide in the fellowship wherein the word of the Gospel had first been to her a word of power. To carry out this decision required no little courage. In a matter which had now become to her of vast importance, she knew that, even within her own house, she must stand alone. Religion, as taught in the parish, was the one thing about which people need not disturb themselves, whatever else might excite their emotion or make demands upon their earnestness. No wonder that the parish resented a new order of preaching the Gospel, which affirmed in strong terms that men and women were in terrible need of it, and set forth its claims as of immediate and supreme importance: and thus these Methodist intruders came to be everywhere spoken against, except by those who acknowledged the divine truth of their message.

Among these was Mrs. Fowler: and her acceptance and confession of the truth were without reserve or faltering, notwithstanding the reproach of her neighbours, and, for a time, the strong opposition of her husband. But her consistent fidelity, and the manifest happiness with which her religion brightened her life, told at last, and compelled the admiration of many who had visited her first Christian decision with rebuke.

Nothing in her religious character was more marked than this happy brightness, which delighted to find expression in frequent song. All her children inherited her love of singing, and were encouraged by her to cultivate the knowledge of music. They learned, amongst them, to play several musical instruments; and many a happy evening was spent in hymn-singing thus accompanied, and now and then, in somewhat more advanced performances. The music done, one, whose turn it was, read from the Word of God, and then, with her children kneeling round her, the widowed mother poured out her full heart in prayer. But for her the worship was not then ended. When all but herself were asleep, many a night found her watching hour after hour, while she pleaded with her God on behalf of her children. It was often the burden of those prolonged intercessions, that she might be spared to see all her children brought to God, and settled in life. She lived to see this desire fulfilled in the case of one

after another; and in a few weeks after the complete answer of her prayer, she entered into rest.

The decisive change in Mary Fowler's religious life did not take place until she was twenty years of age. The history of this great crisis which is here given is of the greater interest, as coming from the pen of the venerable Minister who was permitted to take an important part in it, and still lives after more than fifty years of faithful service.

In the year 1834, the scourge of cholera fell upon the land, and many of the towns and villages of Buckinghamshire were smitten. The Revs. George Warren and John Killick were then the Ministers stationed in the Aylesbury Circuit; and they, hearing in this visitation a call to the people to repent, held special services in various places, and, amongst the rest, at Buckland. Of these Mr. Killick writes as follows:

'On the 8th of October, 1834, I went to tea with the kind and hospitable family at Aston (Mrs. Fowler's), which was my usual practice before preaching at Buckland. I found that the cholera had removed several in the neighbourhood, after a few hours' suffering. In consequence of this, when we reached the chapel, we found it filled with people in a very excited state. I preached that night from Isaiah lv. 7, 8, thinking it was suitable to the circumstances under which we were assembled. I went again the next night, and preached from Amos iv. 12: "Prepare to meet thy God." A Prayer-meeting was held after each service, when in every part of the chapel there were strong cryings, tears and prayers, to Him Who was able to save. I distinctly remember the then Mary Fowler as one of the earnest suppliants for mercy. She particularly requested her brother to come and pray with her. I believe she found peace with God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, on that second night.'

She forthwith joined herself in Church-fellowship to the people amongst whom she had found her new life, and at once devoted to the service of God all the resources of her strong, bright nature, now hallowed by His saving grace. This devotion was carried out from the beginning in a solemn and deliberate spirit of sacrifice. While the young convert's new-born joy was still fresh, this was written with deep impression on her heart, 'If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him: if we deny Him, He also will deny us.' For a time, that word never left her. Neither did she seek to escape from it. To her great love, the thought of suffering for the Saviour and of confession of Him brought no fear or chill; but, with reverent thankfulness, she put in her claim for her share in the reproach and toil of her Lord. In the uneventful life of her country home, she found no opportunities for eminent service or great self-denial. Not waiting for these, she straightway began to do *what she could;* and thus, when more momentous claims were afterwards made upon her Christian fidelity, it was found disciplined and ready.

Mr. Killick further writes: 'One instance of her courageous zeal for God's cause I cannot forget. Just at that time it was necessary that a new chapel should be built at Buckland. She set herself vigorously to work, and collected a large portion of the money required.'

It is still remembered that in those days, when the road from Aston to Buckland was so bad as to be all but impassable, Mary, on her way to the chapel, used to take the meadow alongside of the road, and then, by getting through a hedge, and jumping a somewhat formidable ditch, gain a firm and smoother path at last. Through all sorts of weather, and disheartened by no difficulty, she made that journey in time to attend the Prayer-meeting each Sunday morning at eight o'clock, though she knew—as sometimes really happened—she might have to 'lead' the meeting herself, in addition to the lighter and more frequent task of setting the tunes for the singing. As soon as the Prayer-meeting was done, the Sunday-school began; and in this she remained until eleven. Then came the walk home, and back to the public service in the afternoon, and again in the evening. This was her regular Sunday work, and her place at other services during the week was very rarely empty. With a modest, cheerful fidelity, she lived in accord with the praise which her sweet voice often sang:

'Too much to Thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for Thee.'

One of the most marked features in her character throughout her life, was a fulness of tender sympathy with the weak and suffering. Nor was this a mere warmth of sentiment, but it always meant on her part a readiness of self-sacrifice for the help and benefit of others; and in those days of her early discipleship, she sought out the afflicted poor, going sometimes to the most godless people in the neighbourhood, when they were brought low with trouble; and when she found distress that overtaxed her own resources of relief, making applications to others for means to carry out her work of mercy.

The rule laid down by the Master is of universal application: 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.' Compared with the service which she afterwards rendered, these doings of Mary Fowler's life, in its quiet round of homely circumstances, seem to be but little. But in that ready fulfilment of such measure of opportunity as came to her, she was gaining fitness for larger and higher work. Alas for it! How often the *much* comes to be ill-done, because the *little* has been unfaithfully neglected!

So far, we have traced the quiet current of this life in the retired scenes through which it first flowed. We have now to watch it pass out into a broader channel, and run sometimes over rough places, amidst strange and wild surroundings; but evermore, through all and in spite of all, hastening on its appointed way to a divinely blessed end.

In the summer of 1837, James Calvert, a young Local Preacher who had just offered himself as a candidate for Missionary service, visited the Aston home, as the friend of one of the sons, who was himself looking forward to work in the Christian Ministry. In the course of a few months the visit was repeated, Mr. Calvert being now a student in the Theological

Institution at Hoxton. Early in 1838 it was resolved to send men to reinforce the Mission to the Fiji Islands, and the Missionary Committee, unexpectedly finding themselves able to send three instead of two, called upon Mr. Calvert to go. Forthwith he consented, and went down into Buckinghamshire and asked Miss Fowler to share his lot. The proposal was sudden, but probably not altogether unexpected. There was little time for delay, as the Mission party was to sail in April. The cost—and it was very heavy—was deliberately counted, and the life of danger and sacrifice was accepted. Mr. and Mrs. Calvert were married in March, and in about a month afterwards, accompanied by John Hunt and his wife, set sail on a four months' voyage to New South Wales.

They reached Sydney in August, 1838, and immediately found abundant employment, as the young Missionaries were in great request for preaching and attending meetings. Thus it fell out that Mr. Calvert had to take an outdoors' service one Sunday morning near the Haymarket. With a little impatience of zeal, as it seemed to some, he began before the appointed time, and found no congregation. His young wife accompanied him, and, as she had often done at home, started the tune of the opening hymn. Very soon the people gathered to the sound, and the Preacher went on with his work, his faithful companion standing by and handing tracts to those who would take them. The next day a letter came from a gentleman, telling a strange story. On the Saturday he had landed from Tasmania, where he had been living a godless life for many years. At his lodgings, when night came, he made the discovery that his pocket had been picked, and about forty pounds stolen. The shock of finding himself thus penniless and friendless in a strange land excited and aggravated the misery of a guilty conscience, and he fell into utter despair; insomuch that, in the course of a restless night, he resolved to put an end to his life. In the morning he sharpened his penknife, and went out towards the churchyard, intending there to open an artery in his neck. On his way the clear, sweet voice of a singer broke in upon his dark mood like a holy spell, and he must needs turn aside to listen; and the thought formed itself, that it would be well to join in one act of worship before he died. As he heard song and prayer and exhortation, long-forgotten good came crowding back into his mind—the thought of a Methodist home far away in London, and his mother, a good Class Leader, who died when he was a boy; and receiving a tract, as he said, 'from the young lady,' he turned away to face life once more. The reading of the tract completed his decision to seek after God. When told afterwards that the Preacher—he knew not why—had begun the service too soon, he wept, and said, 'If you had not, I should have been a dead man.'

This incident is told here at length because it had a very important influence upon the young Missionary pair just on the threshold of their great work. With grateful hearts they accepted it as an earnest of hope. It stands also, just at this particular point, as a beautiful picture, exactly

foreshowing all that was to follow, without a single break, of the young bride's wedded consecration to her husband's work. In moments of great need, and at times of great peril, she was never absent from his side: and, tracing back the course of that fellowship now, though it sometimes passes into great gloom and distress, her part all through seems to be set to the cheerful music of unfailing song.

On October 25th the Mission band left Sydney, and after an uncomfortable voyage, in a small, ill-found schooner, reached Fiji on December 22nd, a Saturday evening, having called at the Friendly Islands on their way. The next day they landed on Lakemba, welcomed by one of the two Missionaries who had been three years in the group, and glad to spend their first Sunday in their new home; for home it was to be to Mr. and Mrs. Calvert for nearly ten years.

If we could recover the record of the first impressions of the English girl on coming to live among the cannibal savages of Lakemba, we should find matter of intense interest. But it was so characteristic of her to put all personal considerations into the background, that she actually herself almost forgot the shocks and surprises, the privations and discomforts, of those early days. In after years, when, in talks of loving friendship, she was questioned about some of these times, she would speak of her own part therein with almost sportive indifference.

She at once found her work, and set herself to do it. Without any formal study, she rapidly got hold of the language of the people, and before very long began to teach in the schools and to meet Classes. She delighted in giving the natives instruction in singing, as they also greatly enjoyed being taught; and soon familiar tunes, which she had often 'set' in Buckland Prayer-meetings, were being sung by these her dark fellow-worshippers to words of their own beautiful Fijian tongue.

While her husband was gaining the power of preaching the Gospel to the people in their own language, and, utilizing the knowledge of the Missionaries already on the ground, was working hard at the printing-press which had been sent out with him, Mrs. Calvert proved herself a help most meet for him, in that her life was a daily revelation of Christianity, long before her lips could frame words which the natives could understand. Here, as in the case of the two noble women of the Mission who had preceded her, womanhood was displayed to them in an altogether new phase, and adorned with attributes which they had never imagined. Here was one who tried to explore the mysteries of their domestic life, darkened as they were and robbed of love by cruel customs, and put herself alongside their troubles that she might comfort them. Here was distinctly a woman's work which no other hand could do; and every act in it, as the people soon got to see, pointed them to Jesus Christ as its only explanation. No mere sentimental affection could have carried her through this service, wherein she fulfilled the offices of a loving fellowship with the sick and the

suffering, amidst circumstances which at each step outraged her feelings and shocked every sense.

During those years in Lakemba four children were born at the Mission House, and once Mrs. Calvert was brought very low in severe illness, with no help at hand but such as was furnished by her husband's simple, rudimentary knowledge of medicine. Afterwards she went through a period of acute suffering, when attacked by the prevalent disease of ophthalmia. During all these events she maintained a wonderful patience, of which there were many things well worth the telling, if they could only be told. Let this, at least, be recorded here, for the praise of God's grace in her, that with an unfailing self-sacrifice she made it her study that no pain nor care, no danger nor need of hers, should hinder the Mission work; and when distant places had to be visited by dangerous canoe journeys, she would not suffer her loneliness to be any argument against Mr. Calvert's leaving her. During four years of this period he also was very ill; and had it not been for her untiring and cheerful ministry of love, his service would very likely have been altogether interrupted.

Mrs. Calvert did not write much, and seemed to be specially unwilling to put any thing on paper concerning her own doings. This makes such a letter as is here given in part the more precious. It was written to her brother, the Rev. Philip Fowler, and affords us, in its own simple fashion, much insight into what the life of a Missionary's wife was in those Lakemban days, not four years after her first arrival. Its date is August 11th, 1842.

'The *Triton* arrived here the first of this month, landed a few of our goods, and set off for Somosomo the same day, with my beloved and Mr. Williams on board. I suppose from there she would go to Rewa and Viwa to fetch Mr. Cross and Mr. Jaggar, and return to Somosomo, where they would hold the District Meeting.

'I feel very anxious for the return of the vessel; and every little noise I hear, I think and hope that she has come. It is customary here for the natives to set up tremendous shouting at the sight of a vessel or canoe; and the morning the *Triton* arrived, three other vessels were in sight at the same time. Such a thing was never seen in Lakemba before, I should think: and really the poor fellows did not know how to shout loud enough, nor when to cease. The other vessels were in search of sandal-wood, and called at Lakemba for provisions, and some men to help them. We have very few vessels touch here. The anchorage is not at all good.'

After speaking of certain difficulties which would greatly perplex the counsels of the District Meeting, she goes on:

'I think I hear you say, "Mary, have faith in God." May the Lord increase our faith! We know nothing is too hard for Him. He has greatly prospered the work of our hands, and I feel quite encouraged to believe He will carry on His own blessed work in these lands. Yet I cannot help wishing the Roman Catholics would keep away, and not come to make a great stir about their new religion; for it is quite new to the natives.

'Last June a French vessel called here, having on board a Roman Catholic bishop and priest. She was at anchor several days, and we had the bishop and priest to tea with us twice. They left a native teacher, and said they should be back in about

four months to know the result of his labours. The poor fellow is still alone, and no one wishes to join him. Mr. Calvert has had some very long conversations with him, and has given him a Tongan book, for which he seems very grateful. He is a Tongan. I think he is halting "between two opinions." The bishop left Lakemba for Tonga, and there left a priest on one of the islands.

'The king's favourite daughter [about twenty years of age] has been very ill indeed. No one thought she could live. But day after day she held out beyond all expectation. The old king had the [heathen] priest to offer riches to his gods, till he was tired. There is now only one priest at Lakemba, so the king sent off to an outer island to fetch two others; and, of course, they obeyed the king's orders, and came. Nothing was left undone that they could possibly do; and yet they could not get the gods to "be of a good mind," and save the young lady. At length they found that all their offerings were in vain; and a Tongan chief who has embraced religion, and is very anxious that the king and his people should do the same, said, "Why do you not let her embrace religion, and serve the true God?" The king said to her, "Tangithi, will you *lotu?*" She assented; and Mr. Calvert was sent for. He went, sang and prayed, and conversed with her; and the next day she sent, saying she wished to come to our house and remain with us for a time. Several men brought her on some pieces of wood fastened together for the purpose, and she was put into our study. She began to recover rapidly, and in a few days was able to sit up and eat her food with her attendants, who were not a few. The young princess said, "I only hated religion, and am now greatly ashamed of my past conduct. I was extraordinary in telling lies; and if I had died in my illness, I should not have known anything about religion." She soon learned the alphabet, and is getting on well with her book. She left us last Tuesday, strong and well. It is about six weeks since she first came. The king said afterwards, "There is a famine of whales' teeth [in consequence of the large offerings made to the gods], *yang-gona* (an intoxicating root of which the king is very fond), and of food. Yet, after all, Tangithi would have died if she had not served the true God."

'About three weeks since, one of the king's little children was taken ill, and he wished its mother to bring it to our house, that it might have medicine and be under Mr. Calvert's care. The dear baby soon got worse, and the mother said it was to *lotu*. They went to ask the king if the child might embrace religion. The king said, "Yes." We told the mother that the child did not know anything about religion, and that it would be well for her to pray to the true God, and endeavour to feel resigned to His will. However, in two or three days the baby died, and of all the noises I ever heard, theirs was the worst. It died in the middle of the night, and they called Mr. Calvert to inform him. He got up, and had one of our boxes prepared for burying it. I kept in bed with the children. The child's name was Mata-ika, and the mother kept crying, "Where are you going, Mata-ika?" And really if shouting, screaming, pulling the poor child's eyes open, oiling its body, and tumbling it about, could have fetched the babe to life again, they could not have done more for it than they did. They kept up this awful noise for about six hours in our house. I shall never forget it. We were quite afraid the mother would go and burn her body, and shave her head, or something of this sort, as is customary with the natives. She made her hands *tambu*, sacred; so that when she ate, some persons fed her; and the same when she smoked. The natives are sad smokers, and grow their own tobacco.

'I fear I shall tire you with what, perhaps, will not be interesting. Please forgive me. I should have said that in a few days the mother returned to our house, said her child had died in the religion, and she herself should follow it. She attends the chapel on the Sabbath, and comes to the female school on the week-days. What a blessing if it should be the means of her conversion! God grant it may!'

After speaking of the news, recently received, of her own mother's death, and sending various messages to friends, Mrs. Calvert closes the long letter with the words, 'My birthday. Twenty-eight years old.'

It is perhaps worthy of note, that she one day acknowledged, with distress and self-reproach, that she had neglected to pray for her mother, and for several months it was a source of great grief to her that she found herself falling into the same neglect. News at last reached her that during this very period her mother was already dead.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE PUBLIC WORSHIP AND RELATED PROBLEMS.

BY THE REV. J. W. BURN.

THAT the great mass of the English people habitually neglect the house of God is a fact that is patent to all. Sanguine religious optimists may minimize its significance, but they cannot deny it. The recent statistics have not uncovered the evil; they have simply emphasized it and given it form. In some cases the returns are undoubtedly defective, and the conclusions drawn from them are hasty and grossly exaggerated. But the fact is beyond all question, that the vast majority of our fellow-countrymen stand aloof from Christianity and its ordinances. The corollary, too, is equally patent, namely, that the Church is not doing all the work that its Divine Author has given it to do.

That this fact is to be accounted for is as clear as that every effect must have a cause. That it ought to be accounted for is as manifest as that the Church's mission is to evangelize the world. That it will have to be accounted for is as certain as that we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. The world has set the Church this problem, and has challenged it to find a solution; and if that solution is not forthcoming, if Christian men are disposed to fold their hands and throw the responsibility on the absentees, we may depend upon it that God will have a controversy with His Church, and punish its wilful blindness or incapacity with the withdrawal of its privileges and the extinction of its light.

While the Church is pondering the question, the world is answering it in its own way. Gibbon attributed the early success of Christianity to the operation of certain secondary causes. Certain secondary causes are now alleged to explain its later failure. In neither case is what the Church would consider the primary cause even distantly referred to, simply because the historian on the one hand, and the newspaper critics on the other, ignore the existence of a spiritual power which, when active, explains the most splendid triumphs, and of which the dormancy or withdrawal entails disaster, impotence, or death. How the machinery works at all, or comes to a standstill, is not taken into consideration; the machinery itself is the sole object of attack, and is accused of defectiveness, incompetence, or of being injured beyond repair.

An analysis of the charges with which the Church has been recently assailed would yield a curious result. The indictment covers a vast area, and, from various directions, touches

our ecclesiastical systems at every conceivable external point. Edifices, furniture, services, preachers, and congregations are each in turn, and for different and opposite reasons, according to the standpoint of the critic, made chargeable with the alienation of the masses from the religion of Christ. We are told, *e. g.*, that our Church buildings are so ornate that the common people cannot feel at home within their gorgeous precincts. Side by side with this is the averment that they are so bald and unæsthetic as to render competition for popular patronage between them and places of public resort and amusement altogether vain. We are next informed that the interior appointments of our churches, the elegant decorations, the cushioned pews, the carpeted floors, have a deterrent influence, while less pretentious and more homely provision would present more powerful attractions. In the same newspaper column it is the general air of discomfort, the bare boards, the naked walls, the hard benches, that are said to repel those who are so differently provided for at the public-house.

If, however, by any chance the working man should overcome these difficulties and enter a place of worship, his feelings, say some, would be immediately wounded by the requirement to take a pew, for which he cannot afford to pay. Others affirm that his self-respect would be hurt, and his manly independence affronted, by the practical insinuation of his pauperism in the offer of a free seat. To the character of the service, also, to too much ritual or too little; to prayers read from a book or prayers delivered without a book; to organs and choirs which discourage congregational singing, or congregational singing which drowns or dispenses with the classical performances of the orchestra, we are assured may be attributed, without the shadow of a doubt, the disinclination to attend public worship.

Of course the preacher comes in for a fair share of the blame. His manner is too stately or too familiar. His sermons are too exhaustive or too fragmentary; too flowery or too theological; too dogmatic or not sufficiently authoritative; too narrow or too broad; mere moral essays, or dry doctrinal exercitations; profound philosophical treatises, or shallow rhetorical declamations; so full of learning as to 'shoot over the heads of the people,' or so full of clap-trap as to be beneath their contempt; too full of 'other-worldliness' for this world's struggling millions, or not spiritual enough to meet the needs of those who hope for rest beyond the grave. The preacher's time, too, is so consumed in making sermons that he has none left for the every-day wants of the people, or else he does so much pastoral visitation that when Sunday comes, having nothing to say, he is minus a congregation anxious to hear.

After all this, it is consoling to know that there is any attendance at the house of God at all. Of this we are assured, however, because our congregations are accused on the one hand of respectability, of frigidity, and of keeping at a proud distance their poorer brethren; and on the other, of obtrusive and impertinent vulgarity; their unwarrantable freedom in inviting, and shaking hands with, unintroduced strangers, bringing, so it is said, the whole thing into contempt.

These are only a few specimens of the charges which for some time past have been preferred, in the columns of our newspapers, against the Christian Church, for the purpose of accounting for her failure. It is only necessary, however, to state these charges to show what they are worth. They illustrate

that kind of logic which proves too much. They neutralize each other, and demonstrate, if anything at all, the exact reverse of what was intended, namely, that the Church of Christ is, to a considerable extent, actively alive to the needs and wishes of the people. An excellent case might, indeed, be made out for the Church of Christ, by simply setting these diversified objections over against each other. They do not touch even the fringes of the problem. They only show that with architecture, accommodation, services, preaching, and all the rest, adapted to the varied tastes and eccentricities of the people; that with serious and earnest efforts to save the fallen and the depraved, efforts some of which are not unattended with peril to the proper dignity of the Church, the masses are not reached, and the question still remains unanswered, Why do they not come to the house of God?

The first step toward the solution of the difficulty, to our mind, is to face squarely the fact that *the people do not care to come.* The proportion which is likely to be attracted by any possible adjustment of secondary considerations, such as are enumerated above, is insignificant. The great mass evince a disinclination for Divine worship, and for sacred things altogether. What is the secret of this disinclination? The spread of infidelity, say some. We have been told, to satiety, that the people have lost all faith in the Gospel; that the discoveries of science have exploded the dogmas of theology, and that the light of education has been poured upon the supernatural, and revealed its abysmal nothingness. As in Bishop Butler's days, by a party whose vehemence is out of all proportion to its influence and its numbers, 'it has come to be taken for granted that Christianity is not so much a subject for enquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious.' And this assumption is assigned as a reason why the masses stand aloof from religious institutions.

But where is the proof? If it were true, then it follows that the throngs which absent themselves from our places of worship should be found in our Halls of Science; the masses who have been elevated by education out of Christianity, should be engaged during their leisure Sunday hours in the perusal of cheap popular editions of the works of Darwin and Herbert Spencer; the time saved from useless meditations on the non-existent supernatural, the denizens of the Seven-dials and Bethnal-green should employ in the sanitary improvement and the artistic embellishment of the hovels which, by courtesy, are termed their homes: in the time of sickness and the hour of death, instead of enlisting the services of the Christian minister, a deputation should be invited from the nearest secular club. But the truth is, the people care less for infidelity, and for that which is supposed to make infidels, than they do for religion, and the atheistic propagandist has a far more melancholy tale to tell than the Christian evangelist. Mr. Holyoake says: 'When I go to Glasgow, to Huddersfield, to Liverpool, to Manchester, I find the Secularists unadvanced in position. In Northampton I found them meeting in the second floor of a public-house, where I found them twenty or twenty-five years ago.... Any party in the present state of opinion in the world could with thought have done more .... All that London can do is to put up this kind of place (in Old street) in which we now meet opposite a lunatic asylum, where people, so the enemy says, naturally expect to find us.'

The masses are found neither

listening to secular lectures nor reading scientific books, nor engaged in elevating or useful occupations; they are found lounging in our streets, swarming in our gin-palaces, promenading our parks, and making excursions into the country. The curse of our lower orders is not infidelity, but practical ungodliness; and their aversion to religion is based not upon its tenets, or its ceremonies, or its treatment of themselves, but upon its obligations and commands. They know that our churches are founded for the inculcation of obnoxious duties, and they keep away because of the enmity of the carnal mind to God and holiness, and because they are 'lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God.'

How, then, is the fact to be explained, that this mass of ungodliness has grown up under the shadow of the Church, and yet out of the reach of its influences? Is it that the Church has been indifferent or negligent? Candid friends are not slow to inform us that the effort of the Church has been directed to the upper and middle classes of society, and that having gathered a considerable proportion of these classes into its fellowship, it has been content to confine its ministrations to them. But surely nothing can be more contrary to the facts. The great movements inaugurated by the religion of the Carpenter of Nazareth and the fishermen of Galilee, from that which began with its Founder's earliest utterance till now, have *not* had the 'mighty' and the 'noble' as their objects, but the weak and the depraved. Indeed, it would not require much effort to show that out of the lower, including the very lowest, strata of society, Christianity has created the godly middle-class of this country. That the Church is not utterly neglecting the 'lower orders' now, is amply proved by the multiplication of Mission Halls, separate from or affiliated with our various ecclesiastical organizations, and the many ameliorating agencies which every Church has at work. What are special services, mothers' meetings, temperance societies, and working and distributing charities, but so many manifestations of the Church's endeavour to reach the masses? In fact, one danger is lest the Church should make too much of them as such, give them a factitious importance, and pauperize them wholesale. And it is rather hard, by the way, after all the Church has done as the patron of the poor and the champion of the oppressed, that she should be charged with their neglect.

Others, in not exactly the Calvinistic sense, attribute the failure to the sovereign purposes and acts of God. As a succession of bad seasons causes agricultural depression, so, we are told, the Church suffers because the showers of blessing have been withheld. When in His own good time God chooses, in the latter case, to open the heavens and pour out His Spirit, then vast multitudes, now untouched by spiritual influences, will be visited with reviving grace, and our sanctuaries will be crowded by men enquiring the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward. That there is some truth in this no student of Church history can deny. From the day of Pentecost downwards, copious baptisms of the Spirit have been vouchsafed at irregular intervals. A wave of revival has flooded a Church or a land 'suddenly,'—often when least expected, and in a way that has baffled all calculation,—and a vast ingathering of souls has been the result.

But while all this is true, it is only half the truth, and if accepted as the whole truth it will land us in conclusions dishonouring to God and paralyzing to the best energies of the Church. Granted that 'the

wind bloweth where it listeth,' and that there are times and seasons which the Father hath appointed by His own authority, and for the disclosure and use of which He is not responsible to man; granted that revivals of spiritual life have occurred in cycles the movements of which we cannot understand, yet when the cycle has turned, when the heavenly shower has ceased, when the Pentecostal hurricane no longer *shakes the place* in which God's praying people are assembled, is there no residual blessing left? When a revival, as such, has spent itself, is the reviving Spirit withdrawn? Not at all. In all ages of the Church there has been, and in the age in which we live, blessed be God! there still is, spiritual energy left sufficient for the normal requirements of the Church and for the conversion of the world.

The solution of the difficulty, we are fully assured, is to be found *in the failure of the Church, more or less, to use the power she has.* With this neglect, the notion that she must wait for special visitations of heavenly blessing has much to do. The Church is not God-forsaken because she is not convulsed with 'power from on high.' Her King, Who declared, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' is still in the midst of her. The failure of the Church is her failure to realize that practical truth, and to push it to its logical conclusions. When she awakes to a sense of her privilege and to the use of her power, then her Lord will make 'bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.'

But what is the Church? Everything depends on the definition we give. The true answer is *the whole company of the faithful in Christ.* The Church has been too long confounded with its officers, and consequently its work and warfare have been largely left to those who are only too weak and too few for the discharge of their proper functions to lead, direct and guide. Deny it who will, rank-and-file work out of all proportion to their numbers and their strength is assigned to be done by the Christian clergy, or left undone altogether. But whenever large successes have been achieved, select what epoch we may for illustration, it has been by the whole body of the Church, ministerial and lay, old and young, rich and poor, awakening to a sense of their individual and joint responsibility. It was the newly-incorporated disciples who, eighteen hundred years ago, went everywhere preaching the Word. It was the same united and aggressive spirit—each at it and all at it—that won the victories of early Methodism. It was the noble band of voluntary workers that insured against failure the mission of the American evangelists a few years back, and it is the same that is yielding the results obtained by the Salvation Army to-day. And if there is to be a time, as there assuredly is, when 'they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for they shall all know' Him, 'from the least of them unto the greatest of them,' that day will dawn as the result of every man proclaiming to his neighbour and his brother, 'know the Lord' now; and until the teacher's occupation shall be gone, through the universal acceptance of his teaching and the general diffusion of the practical knowledge of God. Till then, and in order to that, the invitation of the Spirit and the Bride must be echoed by every individual hearer of the invitation, in the full assurance that the time will come when every one will partake of 'the water of life freely.'

In fine, if the Church would go back to this and the other parables of the Master as interpreted by the life and practice of the early Christians, realizing its Master's perpetual presence and undying power, each individual member acting his part and influencing that portion of the community that lies next, doing the work that is nearest to hand, each unit multiplying itself by adding to itself other units, the problem would be solved, our sanctuaries would soon be too strait and too few for the ever-increasing throngs of those turned by individual effort from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

BISHOP JANES, OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.*

'My boyhood was spent in work; my manhood has been spent in labour, responsible, difficult, anxious, labour.' So wrote Bishop Janes in his sixty-fourth year. But even then he could not add, 'the evening of my life will pass in well-earned repose.' Five years more of happy but exhausting toil were spent in the harvest-field before the labourer was called to his reward.

Bishop Janes was enthusiastically beloved in his own country as a genial and faithful father to his people; he was held in high honour, too, on both sides of the Atlantic, as a thoroughly good speaker and preacher, and as a fine specimen of the Christian Minister; but perhaps most of all for the steady diligence of his faithful labours.

Edmond Storer Janes was born in Sheffield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, on the 27th of April, 1807. His father, Benjamin Janes, had been thrown on his own resources in early life, and had acquired habits of steady, vigorous industry. He combined the occupations of a farmer and carpenter; and while the family were above want, they were under the salutary necessity of working for themselves. The lad received the best, indeed the only education that the neighbourhood afforded, at the *district school*, where children of both sexes and all classes were gathered for instruction during the winter months. The school was dissolved for the whole of the summer, and young Edmond spent his time, as did most of the country lads, in vigorous out-door work. How much the even, healthy balance of his mind was due to this happy alternation of physical and mental training we can only guess. In later years, when the Bishop revisited the scenes of his youth, he referred with honest pride not only to the school where his first efforts at teaching had been made, but to 'the stone wall which I helped to build when I was a boy.'

But the bent of the lad's mind was to intellectual pursuits, and at the age of seventeen we find him, to adopt the American phrase, 'teaching school' himself. Several years passed in teaching and hard study; he had chosen the law as his profession, but found it no easy task to prepare himself for the bar without the advantage of college or tutor.

At this time the young man's religious views were very hazy and unsettled; for some years he was an avowed unbeliever. The exact time and manner of the change from the

* *The Life of Edmond S. Janes, D.D., LL.D. Late Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* By Dr. Ridgaway. New York: Phillips and Hunt.

darkness and restlessness of unbelief to 'the peace and joy of faith' is not known. The sudden death of a friend with whom he had intended to enter into partnership, aroused him to deeper thought upon the life to come. But long after his heart was right, the spectres of the mind troubled him. He did not at once feel free to join the Church; gradually, however, the mists cleared away, and the light of his earnest, happy Christian life shone before men. He became connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church in New Jersey, where he was at that time employed in the district school. The Pastor soon discovered that he had gifts which marked him out for the ministry, and the young convert himself felt God's call to the work. At the Quarterly Conference of the Belleville Circuit, in April, 1830, young Janes was licensed as a Local Preacher, and in due time became a fully accredited Minister in connection with the Philadelphia Conference.

In the early years of his ministry Mr. Janes is described as 'a short preacher, seldom exceeding forty-five minutes.' English patience would hardly take the same view of a sermon of such proportions. His prayers however, which often continued for twenty-five or thirty minutes, were not judged by such a lenient standard. One of his brethren at length ventured to ask, 'Brother Janes, why do you pray *so long?*' The reply was, 'Because I love to pray.' After eleven years of successful labour as an itinerant Preacher, Mr. Janes was set apart as secretary to the Methodist branch of the American Bible Society. The cause was entirely congenial with his feelings. The thought of giving to all people the sacred Scriptures aroused his whole nature, and set him all aglow with holy zeal, and he rushed from place to place throughout the land, setting hearts on fire with zeal for the circulation of the Bible.

At the Baltimore Conference of 1844 he was elected to a higher form of service. It was a time of difficulty and trial for the Church as well as for the country. The national conscience had been aroused, but not thoroughly enlightened, on the subject of slavery. The Methodist ministry was not entirely free from this terrible blot. The case of a Bishop who owned slaves was brought up for trial, and a resolution passed declaring this practice incompatible with the position of an overseer of Christ's flock. But while the majority of the brethren saw it to be a clear duty to deliver their own consciences by this step, a large minority felt that the time for action had not come, and that what was suffered in Church-members could not be consistently condemned in Ministers. A division was inevitable; but the case, it was hoped, would be partially met by the election of two new Bishops. Dr. Hamline had spoken out boldly in condemnation of the slave-holding Bishop, and the brethren of the North looked to him as their representative. The choice of the Southern Ministers fell upon Dr. Janes.

From all that we can gather, though the biographer is not very clear on the point, Bishop Janes thoroughly disapproved of the horrible system of slavery, but at the same time strongly sympathized with the difficulties of the Southern brethren. And while we who read of the sufferings of slaves wonder how such an iniquitous state could for a moment have been tolerated by Christian people, we must bear in mind that to those who had grown fatally accustomed to it from childhood, the matter looked very different. The recollection of English tardiness in wiping off this stain from our own national charac-

ter, as well as the consideration of the sad blots that still remain, ought to check harsh judgments of those who could not free themselves from this curse without bitter strife. Then, too, it is quite possible for good men to be agreed as to the existence of an evil, and yet to differ widely as to the best means of remedying it.

The new Bishop endeavoured to earn the blessing of the peace-makers—a difficult attainment in those troublous times. But he succeeded not only in securing the goodwill of the Southerners, who had very real grievances, but in rigorously maintaining the discipline of his own Church by firmly refusing, under great pressure, to allow any slaveholders to be recommended for the ministry, or even appointed Local Preachers.

Among the many duties that fall to the lot of a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, not the least important is that of presiding over minor Conferences, answering in some sort to our District Meetings, though on a larger scale. The stationing of the Ministers is, on both sides of the Atlantic, a difficult and exciting task. Bishop Janes won the grateful confidence and respect of his brethren for the wisdom and patience he always displayed in the direction of this important matter. No pains were spared to bring about that happy but almost Utopian conjunction—the right men in the right places. Often, we are assured, he would sit up a whole night with 'the Cabinet,' as the Stationing Committee was designated, discussing the appointment of a single Preacher. 'Never mind your sleep,' he would say at such times; 'you can lose that, better than this brother can endure a mistake for a year or longer.'

At one Conference, after a day of close, exhausting work, the Bishop was urged to seek rest, but replied at once, 'No, I will throw myself on the lounge here; some of the brethren may feel aggrieved with their appointments, and may wish to see me; I want to be convenient for them.'

Official business frequently necessitated long journeys and protracted absence from home. The pain of separation was very keenly felt by both husband and wife, for their union was singularly complete. From the copious extracts which are given from the home-letters, we get pleasing glimpses of the warm, loving heart of the husband and father, combined with a true Christian soldier's loyalty to duty and to Christ.

Once when Bishop Janes had been compelled to leave his wife in extreme weakness and suffering, he wrote to her: 'I am at my post of duty. You have never prevented me from going to my work. Whether sick or well, you have always told me to go; sometimes when I knew it subjected you to cares and discomforts of a serious character. I can also testify that in all possible ways you have aided me in my public duties, and added much to my efficiency as a Minister and Bishop of the Church. God knows it all, and will understand whom to recompense.' Such a testimony must have had a wonderfully cheering effect on the tried spirit of the noble and patient wife.

From one of the numerous letters to his son we select the following: 'My life here is a very busy one; my mind and time are constantly taxed. But I am not sorry. I love to work; I feel so much brighter and happier than I do when I indulge in sluggishness.'

Yet in the midst of all the pressure of business, each of the children was regularly remembered, and seldom were any of them disappointed

of receiving in their turn the eagerly looked-for 'letter from papa.' To one of his daughters who was an invalid he writes the following cheery notes:

'By-the-by, you have not reported to me any new invention to amuse yourself or any other sick person. You know there are a great many invalids; some made by casualties, some by diseases, and some by morbid imagination. Now, to bless all these classes and cases by furnishing them something to make them laugh; or, in the cases of those that belong to the latter class, even to enable them to smile, would be a wonderful kindness to poor, suffering humanity.'

And again:

'With two loving fathers, one of them always willing to do you all the good you need, and the other both able and willing, why should you not be happy? I remember the first year I was in the ministry, I visited an aged and poor coloured woman. I found her very happy, notwithstanding her many infirmities. I asked her, "Are you always so happy?" She replied, "Yes, always happy." "But are you never unhappy?" She replied, with great earnestness, "No; *I won't be unhappy*." I am persuaded the will has much to do with our happiness. We may be determined to rejoice in the Lord alway, and by grace be able to keep the purpose of our heart.'

We may quote one of the letters to the very little ones, as showing the beautiful simplicity and tenderness of the Bishop's nature:

'Your pretty letter with its twenty sweet kisses was received on Saturday. I thank you for the kisses. I still consider you my pet, and I hope that you will always be so good that I shall always be happy to call you my pet. I would put some kisses into this letter for you, only I am in the chair of the Conference, and I cannot kiss it without having the whole Conference see me. I don't know but they would laugh at me if they saw me packing up kisses in a letter. So you must let me keep them, and bring them when I come.'

At an early age this beloved daughter was called to a happier home, and the bereaved parent's feelings found vent in the following singular but most touching letter 'To Tillie in heaven:'

'This will not be the first letter I ever wrote you which I did not expect you would read. I wrote you many in your early childhood, which dear mother had to read; to you....I cannot expect you will answer this letter with pen and ink. That beautiful hand—it will not make you vain to say there never was a more beautiful one—will never write "Dear Papa" again...I am not sure I have any news to tell you. Have you not been cognizant of all my doings since you left me?...I do not think you know how lonely and sad we felt after you left us. While we had your precious body with us our loss was but partial. But when in the most delicate, religious manner possible we had laid that out of our sight, and realized that its eyes would no longer beam on us, its lips no more address us, its face no more smile on us, until the Resurrection morning, we felt very desolate. ... You also know how frequent our recollections of you are. I have allowed myself to imagine how things occurred with you, and how they seemed to you as you entered the realm of glory. Tillie, I know where you are; you are not lost. I am willing you should be there. I had rather pass through what remains to me of life without the cheer of your presence, than interrupt your enjoyment of your Saviour or divert you from His praise. Have you not seen grandpapa and grandmamma? You did not know them in this world. I judge they have found you, and rejoiced with you ere this....Let me assure you we are coming to see you; we shall let our Heavenly Father set the time, but we are all coming. The time may seem long to us, but it will not seem long to you. We are all coming—we are even going to bring little Guy [his grandson] with us. Till we meet thus, I remain, your loving Father.'

Though so many spheres of labour demanded the Bishop's time and thought, in the midst of the care of all the churches in his wide diocese, the little cause with which his wife and children were identified was never forgotten. The Pastor of the church in which Bishop Janes worshipped when at home, had felt considerably embarrassed when he first

heard that the Bishop would be a member of his congregation, but was not a little relieved when he found 'that the great Bishop would so completely sympathize with his position, and be so tenderly and thoroughly fraternal.'

Very practical proofs of his sympathy were often afforded. On one occasion, when the Bishop had just returned from an official tour, he found the Pastor in great perplexity about the building of a new church. It was necessary, in order to bring the expenses within the terms of the contract, that some of the stones for building should be conveyed to the spot by the members themselves. But though this plan had been agreed upon, no one was found sufficiently interested in the cause to volunteer for this service. When the Bishop heard his friend's discouraging statement, he cheerfully replied, 'I will help you to-morrow.' The Minister little guessed what form the help would take, but on looking out of his window at an early hour the following morning, he was astonished to see his venerated friend driving a double team of oxen, which were yoked to a cart laden with stones which his own hands had gathered from the top of a mountain more than a mile away. The Pastor was summoned to aid in the work, and for three days they laboured diligently at this novel, but not distasteful, employment. 'Why, Bishop Janes, what does this mean?' enquired a wealthy farmer who happened to meet him on the road. The man himself had stood coldly aloof from the building scheme, and felt somewhat abashed by the answer: 'It means that *the church has got to be built.*' It need hardly be said that after this example there was no lack of volunteer workers, and the church *was* built.

This singular proceeding of the Bishop called forth a very significant testimony to his character from one of the foremost gentlemen of the place, who, while declining to identify himself with any Church, had leisure closely to scrutinize Christian professors. He said to the Minister:

'I have studied the life and character of Bishop Janes for ten years. He is the best and greatest man I have ever known; but the best thing he has done for this community was the drawing stones for the church; for this reason, all through, the men have thought in driving oxen it was necessary to make a great noise, and that they must swear sometimes. But the Bishop drove a double team, and drove them well, for three days up and down the mountain, only speaking in low and gentle tones. I want you to tell him that by this he has done more good than he ever did in preaching ten of his greatest sermons.'

Bishop Janes visited England several times as the Delegate of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and on each visit wrote warmly of his hearty reception by British Methodists. Names very familiar to our readers occur in his home letters. In 1865 the Bishop came over to London to attend the May Meetings, as the Representative of the American Bible Society: 'I have my London home,' he writes, 'with the same family that I stayed with when here before, Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Lycett. I am to dine to-night with Mr. M'Arthur. I breakfasted this morning with Dr. Jobson. I have abundance of invitations, but intend to accept only a few. It is very exhausting to be frequently a guest on public occasions.'

The Bishop had a pleasant recollection of Ireland, too, where he was the guest of Dr. Robinson Scott.

In 1876 a great shadow fell over the Bishop's life. His devoted wife had long been a sufferer, and it became evident that the end of her suffering was near. It was with a heavy heart that her husband left the sick chamber at the call of duty,

to attend the Delaware Conference. He was himself suffering from a painful disease, the serious nature of which was not then fully realized. This was his last Conference. A Minister who was present says that 'he attended to all his duties with the same patience and cheerfulness as ever, and very few suspected him to be in physical distress till just before the close.' Very shortly after he reached home Mrs. Janes was summoned to the Father's House. The parting would have been far less painful had they known how near was the reunion. Before the following month had passed, the Master's home-call came for His faithful servant.

Bishop Janes tried with a strenuous will to continue his work exactly as before, in spite of mental and physical suffering; but nature was too strong for him. His last sermon was preached in his son's church, on a passage which might have formed an appropriate motto for his own life—2 Cor. v. 14, 15. Shortly after his return home he became alarmingly ill. The agonizing pain made connected speech impossible, but he responded to the voice of prayer. A few hours before his death, his son-in-law, anxious for some dying testimony, bent over him and asked, 'Bishop, say something to us—some parting words.' The brief, emphatic reply was, '*I am not disappointed.*' A significant and precious testimony from one who had spent a long life in toilsome but most blessed service for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. 'O, Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.'

S. E. G.

GROTIUS IN THE CHEST.

BY WILLIAM NICHOLS.

GROTIUS, having been doomed by his enemies to imprisonment for life, was confined in the fortress of Loevenstein, on an island formed by the Maas and the Waal; but, after nearly two years' durance, effected his escape, through the ingenuity of his devoted wife, who packed him in a chest which was used to convey his books and linen to and from the mainland.

LIMBS cramped, lungs stifled, eyes in darkness grim,
Pent up I lie, helpless, to sink or swim.
The crazy vessel creaks and strains and groans,
And I— Ah, madman!—sigh with aching bones,
Packed in a chest, smothered in box of oak,
Whose crabbed sides make me regret the yoke
Of prison walls that seemed too hard to bear—
Like all life's ills—too hard while I was there.

O for a breath of the breeze that blows,
O for a spray from the tide that flows
Bright and steady full up from the sea!
O to stand upright and feel myself free!
Down is my heart, as my body lies low,
Captive I moan in the grasp of my foe;
While, with lap, lap, lap, the merry waves beat
On the sides of the boat, and I count the feet,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, overhead, of the ward,
As he paces the deck, stern man of the sword,
And wots not the head that throbs here full of care,
Nor the heart feebly beating in half despair
At the length of the way and the scarceness of air.

Away, coward fears! for life still is sweet,
And though here now I'm laid, yet surely we'll meet,
My brave wife and I, in the sweet fresh air,
And the pen and the press my words shall bear

Over the face of the land and the sea,
To hasten the days when thought shall be free,
When the truth shall triumph, and men of blood
Shall sink, like the Pharaoh of old, in the flood.

So, let the waves lap, and let the guard tramp:
Through the serried lines of the enemy's camp
My Lord and Captain shall clear my way:
Ah! bright to my faith shines the sunlight ray
On the coming triumph; distrust and doubt
Fade in the splendour that blazes out
Through the cleft in the cloud; while heaven's pure breath
Cools the heat of my brain, and quells the death
That dwelt in the dungeon and lurks in the chest:
For all things shall work for the unalloyed best
To him whose love on his Lord doth rest;
And the lap, lap, lap, of the stream shall cease,
But onward shall flow the good man's peace.

MAGYARLAND:*

BY THE REV. B. BURROWS.

HUNGARY is among the least-frequented parts of Europe. It lies eastward of the ordinary route of the tourist; it affords few facilities for locomotion; its inhabitants are so polyglot in language, that even a Mezzofanti might find himself perplexed; and hence it is less known than even the frozen borders of the White Sea. The authoress of these volumes, enthusiastic as she is, can hardly have been surprised when she heard a lady exclaim: 'Magyars! Magyars! A very interesting people, I dare say; but as to myself, I never could feel interested in those poor savage blacks!' Probably the general level of information does not rise above a few vague historical facts. That Pest was the seat of a Roman camp whence the stately rulers of men overawed the barbarians on the Danube; that from these vast plains Attila led his gigantic Huns to the conquest of the civilized world; that the injured Maria Theresa was here saluted by the cry, 'Let us die for our king'; and that Kossuth was, some four and thirty years ago, the romantic leader of an unfortunate insurrection, is perhaps all that is known of this interesting land by a large portion of the British public. It is also obvious that even this meagre information has been acquired not so much from any interest in Hungary itself, as from the fact that, on the above-mentioned occasions, the history of this land has happened to coincide with events of European importance. Altering our Macaulay, it may be said that for one who has mastered the history of the Magyars, there are hundreds that can tell who conquered the Incas.

The volumes before us attempt to make more widely known the beauties and the peculiarities of this strange land. Yet, amid much that is both new and instructive, we can hardly fancy that our authoress has succeeded in producing a popular book. There is too much mere chit-chat, and too little arrangement. The style itself is far from perfect.

That the language of the Magyar is difficult is made abundantly clear. Our Greek Lexicon contains one word of over thirty letters, and a celebrated scholar constructed a German word of still more elephantine dimensions; but both these were

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probably mere *tours-de-force*, and no doubt Aristophanes himself would have been amazed to hear a lady, in ordinary conversation, lisp out one word of nearly forty letters. This, too, appears to have been a proper word, bearing no relation to Madame d'Arblay's composition: 'The-sudden-at-the-moment-though-from-various-causes-long-expected decease, etc.' Then again, the Magyar tongue has an Oriental peculiarity that must be singularly irritating to Western scholars. The possessive pronouns and the prepositions are made affixes to the noun. Thus 'haz' means *house;* but 'haz-am' means *my house;* and 'hazamba' stands for *in my house*. It seems only natural that they should reverse the order of our names, and that John Bull should figure as 'Buval Janko.' Yet even if Magyar were mastered, there would still remain races of other tongues. Hungary is the modern Babel. It is a 'Mosaic of nations.' The traveller is jostled by Magyars, Slovaks, Wallacks, Croatians, and almost a score of other races. As the vast waves of humanity have swept to and fro across Europe, each seems to have left some sediment on this borderland.

To those who have time and money at command, Pest alone is worth a journey. Like St. Petersburg, it is built on artificial foundations; and with its noble palaces, its stately public buildings, and its black-and-gold cupolas, may rank among the fairest capitals of Europe. Across the mighty Danube, and united by a splendid bridge, lies the rock-built city of Buda; while in the background blue porphyry hills pierce the radiant sky. 'Walk along the terrace of the embankment on an evening in early summer, when the robinias are in bloom! The odour of the flowers, the beauty of the women, the fresh breeze blowing from the river; the noble mountain buttresses opposite, rising out of the water a sheer precipice of eight hundred feet; the setting sun illuminating the black-and-gold cupolas above the houses, and suffusing the waves of the Danube with a crimson dye—all form as perfect a whole as can be imagined on the earth on this side of Paradise.' (Vol. I., p. 124.) But at the close of a long winter's frost the beauty of the river is transformed into sublimity. When a rapid thaw occurs higher up the country, the pent-up waters, suddenly let loose, pour down *en masse*, and, bursting the ice, hurl huge blocks many tons in weight up into the air, not unfrequently throw them on to the land, and wreck many a small bark moored to the river's bank. 'Only three years ago an inundation occurred which threw the citizens on both sides the river into great consternation. The snow, which had melted unusually early in the mountains of the Tyrol, caused the Danube to rise to an alarming height, and the ice getting jammed a few miles below Pest, the blocks which the waters gathered in their progress heaped themselves one upon another, and formed a complete barrier to all outlet.'

Pest seems doomed to misfortune. Five times she has been in the hands of the Turk; and though her political horizon is now tolerably clear, yet two opposing climatic evils constantly overhang her—inundation and drought. She is alternately drowned and parched. Strange to say, the city prospers, and is likely to rival Vienna in population and wealth, as she undoubtedly does in splendour of site. Pest, which is inseparably associated with the memory of Kossuth and the rising of 1848, is hardly likely to be again the centre of a revolution. It is now so completely dominated by the Austrian fortress on the Blocksberg, that a few hours' cannonading would reduce it to ruins. Possibly, too, as

the rulers follow the milder and more generous policy which marks the present Emperor of Austria, the old antipathy may expire, and the Magyar become identified with his German neighbour.

Almost two-thirds of Hungary is encompassed by the Carpathian Mountains, which form a kind of stony girdle. At the foot of the highest group lies the *comitat* of Gömör, a district of singular beauty and variety. Here are mountains on the summits of which grow the Alpine lichen and the pine, while at their base flourish tobacco, melons, and Indian corn; and here, also, have been recently discovered some remarkable caves. For many years a strange fissure had been noticed in the mountain side, which, even in the hottest summer, was always blocked up with ice. Though at an elevation of only three thousand five hundred feet, and therefore far below the level of perpetual snow, even in latitudes much further north, it was yet noted that the ice never melted.

Some years ago a young Hungarian of unwonted courage and enterprise determined to explore the unknown caverns. Armed with ropes and a miner's lamp, working his way over blocks of ice, sliding down slippery inclines, and, assisted by his rope, plunging into yawning gulfs, he at length found himself in a vaulted chamber by the side of a frozen lake. Our ancestors might have said that he had pierced to the very throne of the ice-king. Could the explorer have tunnelled a pathway to the mountain side, a few yards comparatively would have brought him to a thicket of vines, or a field of maize ripening beneath a burning sky, and yet the cave itself might almost have been in the Arctic regions.

Amid nearly tropical heat, our authoress climbed up to the cavern's mouth, and at once plunged into the gloom. Vast corridors, seven hundred feet long, lead to 'grand saloons,' some of which are nearly three hundred feet square, and are completely cased with ice. 'The walls of the vast hall are studded with thousands of ice-structures, varying from a half to one inch in diameter, which, thickly set together, resemble clusters of anemones and other flowers, whose imprisoned colours scintillate like diamonds, and glow with unnatural splendour in the brightness of the magnesium light.' The explanation of this remarkable phenomenon which is usually offered is simple and yet plausible. The caverns slope throughout in a downward direction, but have no outlet except at the top. Since, then, cold air is always heavier than warm, the winter atmosphere presses down into the caves, and not only hardens the ice already existing, but favours the creation of more. When, however, the summer returns, the sun has no direct power over these icy labyrinths, hence the cold air cannot escape upward, and of course the lighter external atmosphere cannot press inward. The consequence is that more ice is formed in the winter than can be melted in the hottest summer; and we presume that in the end the caverns will become vast rocks of frozen water.

The objection to this theory is, that, considering how long the process has been carried on, the caves ought already to have been filled with ice. Possibly these caverns, like the scratched rocks of Wales and Yorkshire, are merely vestiges from some long past glacial period. In the clefts of the rock have been found the bones of the wild bear, a few butterflies have been seen frozen to the icy walls near the entrance, and, to perpetrate an Irishism, these dead relics are the only signs of life that have anywhere been discovered in these singular caverns. The whole of this region of the Carpathians abounds in cavities formed by the

constant dripping of water containing carbonic acid on the limestone rock, but these are the only caves that possess the conditions necessary for the formation of ice.

From the ice-caves of Gömör, it is, intellectually at least, an easy transition to the vast salt mines of Wieliczka, in the plains of Galicia. As it is said that the silver deposits of Potosi were discovered by the accidental uprooting of a shrub, so tradition reports that the salt mines of Wieliczka were first revealed during the vigilant search for a lost wedding-ring. The ring dropped from the unaccustomed finger of the bride, and alighted on the one spot where the white salt protruded through the soil. Here the lost jewel was discovered by the happy couple, and with it a blessing for all Europe. The mines extend to a breadth of more then ten thousand feet, are seventeen hundred feet deep, and have now been worked for nearly a thousand years.

As the Lady of Shalott was clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful; so our traveller was clothed in white as she descended into the topmost story of these excavations. Led by boyish guides, who waved above them torches of burning broom, making the corridors sparkle as though set with myriads of gems, they at length reached a silent lake where a flat-bottomed boat was ready to take them across. 'As we stept into it, clad in our white, sepulchral vestments, and assisted by a dark and muscular Charon, it was difficult to believe that we were not about to cross a veritable Styx: the black waters in which the torches were reflected, the curious dress of our attendants, with their singular Slav physiognomies, together with our own ghost-like garments, all favoured the illusion. The salt is exceedingly compact, and, as a rule, unmixed, except near the surface, with any extraneous matter....Some of the chambers have attained the size of from one to two thousand feet in width, and one hundred feet in height. Numerous fossils are continually being found in the rock, which is believed to be of a tertiary formation.'

Almost due south of Wieliczka, forming the border-line between Galicia and Hungary, rises the Tátra chain of mountains. Of less elevation than the peaks of Switzerland, these mountains rise thousands of feet above the level of perpetual snow. But the spectator is less impressed by their elevation than by their shape and position. 'In Switzerland, if I may so express it, the mountains are more civilized. In the Tátra they are wild, barren, savage; there is less of gracious beauty in their formation, but more of ruggedness. It is as though nature had worked herself into a state of frenzy, and created them without either forethought or arrangement.' These barren summits appear to be devoid of vegetation. No Alpine flower lifts up its delicate petals to the light. All is desolate, as if smitten with a curse.

Apparently our authoress has invented a superstition of her own, for her volumes are dedicated 'To all who love mountains, by one who worships them.' Hence it was inevitable that she should climb upwards to the 'Frozen Lake.' This scene of desolation lies at an altitude of nearly six thousand feet. 'A short but steep climb over large boulders of granite brings to a small plateau, whence we look upon it, lying in its snow-girt cradle; and here again the scene is one of a grandeur and desolation impossible to describe. Surrounded by gigantic rock bastions, whose ravines and gullies are filled with colossal fields of snow extending to the lake itself, it seems laid in their icy grip; silent, immovable, the most dreary and desolate but

impressive thing in nature. . . . . Throughout this rocky labyrinth the eye searches long for an outlet. We seem shut in as by lofty battlements and prison walls, but yonder, nevertheless, there is a narrow gorge through which we make our exit.'

The most impressive features of Hungary must be its vast plains and its mighty rivers. These mighty European prairies cover an area of over thirty-seven thousand English square miles, level as a summer lake. Some of these plains are in a high state of cultivation; some are mere swamps; and others are only sandy wastes. The Alföld, which is, when interpreted, 'the low-lands,' in contradistinction to the Felföld, or the 'high-lands,' is the name of the portion of the country lying east of the Danube. Here stands Szegedin, the capital of the Alföld, a name with which all Europe is unhappily familiar, and of which we purpose to speak again. 'In winter these plains are like a frozen sea—one great and boundless wilderness of white. The flocks that roam these rich prairies, free and unfettered, in the summer-time, are gone, and the tinkling of their bells is heard no longer. It is at this season that the stranger is impressed with the awful stillness and loneliness of his surroundings, together with the profound majesty and immensity of nature, as his eye, wandering over the vast expanse of white, traces no boundary, and his ear detects the sound of no living thing.' Here in summer wanders the shepherd, in his coat of shaggy sheepskin, playing on his pipes, and followed by his flock.

It was in this region that our traveller saw that wonderful phenomenon—the after-glow. 'As the sun leaves the earth which it has gladdened with its smiles, and the last crimson streak fades slowly into the west, twilight's shadows gather over the warm bosom of the plains, and a cold, white vapour begins to rise from the marshes; the shadow lingers for awhile, till suddenly, as if by the agency of a magician's wand, there comes a wondrous flush of glory—whence none can tell—that once more bathes both earth and heaven in a flood of gold and amber. But soon, fainter grow the colours in the west, colder and more tangible the snake-like vapours ascending from the hollows, deeper the transparent arc above, till evening at length sinks in the embrace of night.'

These wide, treeless plains, where the atmosphere is disturbed by a sun that glows with almost tropical heat, are also the home of the mirage. Déli-báb—*daughter of the plains*—is the poetical name invented by the Magyar. When a light wind fans the quivering haze, it is barely possible for a traveller to miss this lovely apparition. Often he is pursued by it for days together, and occasionally it encircles the whole horizon. 'Now it simulates a steeple and houses poised in mid-air; now a river or a lake; but generally a broad expanse of ocean, with long stretches of sandy beach, and narrow promontories of marshy shore, near which are masts of vessels, with tall trees and copses and stones reflected in the water.'

Though, as a rule, almost perfectly level, the aspect of the Alföld varies considerably; and it is often marvellously fertile. Apparently the soil is alluvial, and shafts five hundred feet deep have failed to pierce through the immense deposit. Stone is almost as rare as gold; and there is a report that chance pebbles are treasured up as heirlooms from generation to generation. But wheat, poppies, flax, maize, and other products, ripen to harvests that an English farmer would deem fabulous. These crops,

moreover, are produced in spite of summer droughts and winter inundations. The droughts are partly attributed to the absence of trees; and if so, a few years may witness an alteration. But the other evil is less easy to cure. Year by year the beds of the river silt up, and the artificial embankments are compelled to assume larger proportions. Then comes a sudden thaw on the higher Carpathians, and no barrier can resist the pressure of the waters. The dykes burst, and the Alföld becomes a vast inland sea.

'There is also another phenomenon prejudicial to the interests of the agriculturists. The rivers flow subterraneously. In dry seasons they drain the soil by drawing down its moisture to themselves; while in rainy seasons the water of the overfull rivers, welling up through the light alluvial soil, converts the plain into a gigantic swamp. Nor is this all. The Danube is continually changing its course; in some instances it has left towns and villages miles distant which were once situated on its banks; while it now flows close to others that at one time were far away.' Such is this land of paradox.

Railways and other modern conveniences are here almost unknown, so the traveller is reduced to the most primitive style of conveyance. Day after day he passes dreamily along, and finds each village to be only a counterpart of its predecessor. 'On through the same kind of pasture; the same waving cornfields; the same villages with their twin churches, Roman Catholic and Calvinist, standing peaceably side by side; the same vague roads which might as well be sheep-tracks; the same dust; the same birds taking their evening bath in the white sand; the same sun, the same sky; the same everything. Yes! and the same melancholy iron crucifix, all on one side, just as we left them hours ago.' Clearly this dull monotony fully counterbalances the magnificence of the Tátra, or the excitement of passing through the Iron Gates. It seems natural that the inhabitants should have a touch of Orientalism, which corresponds admirably with the drowsy plains. In their costume, their manner of cooking, and in many other domestic customs, they bear a striking resemblance to their Turanian ancestors. Then the deep wells, out of which the water is raised by a rope and bucket attached to a long pole, which is worked by a cross-beam of equal length, form an exact counterpart of the wells seen in the plains of India; and it is strange if, while you drink of the well, some gipsy does not make a profound obeisance, and salute you with a truly Oriental 'Salaam.' Within quite recent years, during in fact the last twenty, the Alföld was infested by wanderers of a different class. Multitudes of 'poor lads,' who were originally fugitives from the Imperial conscription, found in these thinly-peopled plains an Eldorado for brigands, with the one trifling exception that there were not many travellers to attack. Still they existed by levying a blackmail upon the more orderly inhabitants, who yet sympathized with them; and at times they became so daring as to attack caravans of merchants. Only eleven years ago, no fewer than twelve hundred of these robber-criminals were confined in the fortress of Szegedin. Rózsa Sándor, whose particular form of the profession was cattle-lifting, attacked a train on its way through the plains, and in his 'brilliant career' is said to have killed more than a hundred victims with his own hand. When this dashing hero was captured by the police, he was pelted with flowers by the peasant girls. As the Alföl-

ders are evidently a quiet, moral, law-abiding people, the explanation of this strange fact probably is that centuries of foreign government, and often of oppression, have taught the peasants to consider a law-breaker as identical with a patriot. Unhappily we see the same dislocation of moral instincts in a race within a few hours' sail of our own ports.

There have been few more terrible catastrophes in the history of Europe than the destruction of Szegedin in the spring of 1879. This city, formerly known as the 'Queen of the Alföld,' and containing some seventy thousand inhabitants, has virtually passed away. It was here that in 1848 Kossuth raised the standard of insurrection, and with unusual profanity declared, 'And I say also unto thee, That thou art Szegedin, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' A few months invalidated the profane boast, and the Szegedin he was acquainted with is gone for ever. Its one-storied houses, white gables and long, wide streets—'built, one would think, on the model of the camp of the Magyars' warlike ancestors'—have all sunk beneath the flood. This city had long occupied a most perilous position, and any ordinary foresight might have predicted its terrible doom.

The rivers of the Alföld, first rushing from the mountains, and then wandering vaguely over the plains, gradually fill up their beds with silt, and tend to rise above the surrounding country. Obviously, unless the land is to be converted into a wide swamp, one of two courses must be adopted: either the bed of the river must be kept dredged, or the sides of the river must be embanked. Unhappily the latter was the course adopted, and at last the path of the river had become entirely artificial, and was above the surface of the surrounding country. The river Theiss, a broad and navigable stream, takes its rise in the Carpathian Mountains, and when the snow melts in spring, always inundates the surrounding country. The river Marös, the principal watercourse in Transylvania, empties itself into the Theiss at right angles. Apparently the city stood on the triangular space produced by the junction of the streams. The danger was first seen on the fourth of March. The waters, which had already inundated the surrounding country, made a wide breach in the river dyke, and from that moment the peril of the city was imminent. Every man worked day and night to barricade the dams; but after eight days, in which the water, like a greedy monster, continued to rise and swallow up the land, there was a fearful tempest of wind and rain. Then followed the inundation of the town itself. The waters burst upon it with a roar like that of artillery. Thousands of the half-naked inhabitants were ferried over the river in rudely-built pontoons, to the new town on the opposite bank; yet multitudes clung to their houses expecting the waters to subside. But the raging current, acting on the light alluvial soil, sapped the foundations, and one by one the houses fell with a dull crash.

One terrible story has an unspeakable pathos. Our authoress met a native of Szegedin who looked prematurely old. 'He had a kind of scared look, and as the memory of those long days and nights came over him, his face grew inexpressibly sad.' The first night of the flood he had been separated from his wife and children. He was among the first to form relief parties, which, in boats or hasty rafts, floated down the streets, and sought to rescue the drowning. 'Hearing the following

morning from the crew of a passing boat that numbers of persons had fled to the woods on the previous day, and knowing what their fate must be, we hastened to their rescue. As the waters rose they had climbed the trees, where, exhausted by fatigue and benumbed with cold, they were dropping off the branches one by one, like flies. Some few poor creatures, with a harrowing scream appeared to throw themselves in voluntarily to put an end to their misery, while others fell quietly, with no sound beyond a dull, dull "plash," which will haunt me to my dying day. We had managed to save several, and were just pushing off with our human freight, when a woman floating in the water clutched violently at the boat. In an instant I realized the danger. She would drown us all, for we were so heavily laden that the boat was scarce above the surface of the water. Stooping, I seized her hands, and wrenching them off the boat, I pushed her back with all my strength. She recognised me, and called me by my name, but it was *too late*, and was—may heaven forgive me!—*my wife*.' From the days of Œdipus, how many have found themselves ignorantly involved by their own act in overwhelming sorrow!

We have to thank our unknown authoress for these pleasant volumes. Though far from perfect from a literary standpoint, they have yet a human interest. The lady travelled with her eyes open. Two features are especially admirable,—her humanity, and her reverence for religion. Unlike too many travellers, she assumes no supercilious contempt for the simple peasantry among whom she moved; and, unlike many more, she watches with sympathy every religious manifestation. Here Roman Catholic and Calvinist exist side by side; and apparently the former has only a nominal connection with Rome. We are told of an intensity in the prayers of the one, that was not found in the sermons of the other. Ordinary immorality, intemperance, and violent crime appear to be rare; and even in the lonely houses on the Alföld, or away among the Carpathians, English literature, in translations at least, is eagerly studied.

It is impossible to doubt that there is still a future before the stately race of the Magyar. That nation which has more than once been the bulwark of Central Europe, and which, in its noble physical conformation, in its keen intellect and its lofty spirit, bears the seal of almost royal descent, cannot be doomed to perish. As the old political animosities expire, and as the rulers recognise no distinction between Tyrian and Trojan, the Magyar may yet become the ruling power in the intellectual and spiritual spheres of Central Europe.

THE TWENTY-THREE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CONFERENCES HELD AT LEEDS.

BY THE REV. JOHN NAYLER.

FIFTH PAPER: 1812-1830.

THE Conference of 1812 met at Leeds, on Monday, July the 27th. Joseph Entwisle was elected President, and Dr. Coke received his seventeenth appointment as Secretary. This choice could not but be most satisfactory to the Leeds people. Twenty years before Mr. Entwisle had laboured in Leeds as a young man, and God had blessed him in

his ministry there with remarkable popularity and success. Since that, his almost angelic face had been seen at every Leeds Conference. Dating from Woodhouse Grove, Saturday, July 24th, the good man wrote: 'There is talk of putting me into the Chair. Should it be so, O may I be fitted for my work, and assisted in it! . . . God has given me influence and respectability in the Connexion. O may I improve this talent to His glory!'

Nine thousand five hundred and ten members had been added to the Society during the year. On Thursday the 30th of July, an announcement appeared in the papers which filled the members of the Conference and of the Methodist Society generally with lively satisfaction. It was to the effect that the Toleration Act of the Earl of Liverpool had received the royal assent. Six months before, surprise and alarm had been created in Leeds and throughout the Connexion, by the refusal of the Justices at the Leeds Sessions to grant to several Methodist Preachers licenses to preach, because they were not attached to separate congregations. The injustice and mischievous tendency of this decision were at once brought before the notice of the Houses of Parliament, and the grievance speedily redressed.

On Sunday, August 2nd, the Rev. Joseph Benson, now in his sixty-sixth year, preached in the forenoon at Holbeck, in the evening at Albion Street Chapel; and although he got there an hour before the time, 'such was the eagerness of the multitudes to hear him, that he had great difficulty in pressing through the crowd to get into the pulpit.' One of the fifty-nine young men admitted into Full Connexion at this Conference was Richard Watson. Two services for the Public Examination of the Candidates were held this year: one on Monday evening, August 3rd, the other on the next day.

The President writes: 'I am amazed, when I consider the great variety of engagements in public and private which have necessarily occupied my time, that I am so well and so free from fatigue. . . . There are upwards of three hundred Preachers at the Conference, and sometimes it is difficult to keep in perfect good order so many persons. However, it is pleasing to reflect that we have not, in any one instance, had a bad temper manifested. Great affairs have been discussed at this Conference, of the utmost importance to the Connexion and to the country.'

In the evening of August the 6th, Mr. Benson again preached in the Old Chapel. Jabez Bunting preached before the Conference his great sermon on *Justification by Faith*. He had been requested to preach on this subject owing to the unsettlement which had taken place in the minds of some in connection with Mr. Joseph Cook, who had been obliged to retire at the last Leeds Conference. On August 12th, Mr. Entwisle wrote: 'We shall conclude, please God, to-morrow evening. Most of the brethren are gone; I suppose not more than ninety are left, but I must stay until all the minutes are entered and the journal signed. My soul is humbled before God at the idea of having my insignificant name registered in a book in which are the signatures of many worthy brethren and fathers, and that of our venerable Founder.'

The Conference for 1818 was held in Leeds. Three hundred and fifty Ministers were present. One of the Preachers on Sunday, July 26th, was the venerable Joseph Benson, in his seventy-second year. He preached at Wesley Chapel to a crowded congregation. The Preachers ranged themselves in the front of the gallery. The Conference commenced on Monday, July 27th, at

six o'clock in the morning, and the Rev. Jonathan Edmondson, a man of sound judgment and ripe scholarship and one of the earliest Missionary Secretaries, was chosen President, and Jabez Bunting was for the fifth time elected Secretary. An unprecedented number of deaths had taken place in the course of the year. More than one of the Preachers who listened in sad and solemn silence to the reading of the death-roll, were ere many days had passed to join the 'faithful dead.' The proper status of the Methodist Preacher was officially recognised for the first time. Hitherto his position had been often a very ambiguous one. This state of things the Leeds Conference of 1818, led mainly by Jabez Bunting, Richard Watson and George Marsden, brought to an end. Among other important regulations, the decision of the Conference of 1793, that the title 'Reverend' should not be applied to Preachers, was abrogated.*

One of the most interesting events of this Conference was the introduction of the Grove boys, who came in a barge on the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, by far the cheapest and most pleasant mode of conveyance then available. At Leeds many lads hoped to meet with fathers whom they had not seen for many months, in some cases, perhaps, not for years. For the homes of some of them were so distant, and the means of travelling so limited, that many boys had to remain at the school from the time of their entrance to the time of their final departure. On leaving the boat the boys were marched through the town to the Old Chapel-yard. The Governor's inspection was, as the boys well knew, no mere show. On this occasion all was well, and after a few words of timely caution as to behaviour, 'Father Martindale,' not without a pardonable pride, led his lads to the front pews in the gallery of the chapel; and if one or two of the older boys looked somewhat less cheerful than the rest, it was because they felt the burden of the work they had to do, namely, to deliver before that great audience the speeches they had prepared as the spokesmen of the school.

The President, having addressed a few words of kindly welcome to the visitors, then called upon 'Master John Hare' to speak. All eyes were now fixed upon the pale, intelligent-looking lad who rose in answer to the President's call. He bore an honoured name. His father, Edward Hare, had often stood up in that same chapel and delighted the Methodists of Leeds with his cogent reasoning, clear doctrinal statements and forcible appeals. Master Hare astonished his auditory by the delivery of a Latin oration which began 'Patres Reverendissimi.'

Then Master James Brownell, who became a tutor at the Grove and then a Methodist Preacher, addressed the Conference in English. His address was adorned by numerous classical and poetical quotations, while such names as *Aristotle*, *Cicero*, *Cæsar* and *Alexander* were introduced most freely and familiarly. The address concluded thus: 'And we pray that you may go on from victory to victory, not merely as Moses, who was only from Pisgah's top suffered to see the land afar off, but rather, like another Joshua, may the Methodist name and the Methodist zeal continue unabated till you see the triumphant sign of His appearing, and are, together with all the tribes

* See *Smith's History of Wesleyan Methodism*, to which we must refer our readers for an account of further changes in the same direction.

that diversify the Christian Church, transported to the undistinguished blaze of Gospel day.'

After the delivery of these orations, the venerable Joseph Benson addressed the boys on the importance of true religion and diligent attention to their studies.

The Conference Sunday was 'a high day' for the Methodist people of Leeds and its neighbourhood. 'The population of the town,' says a contemporary record, 'was very visibly increased by the influx of thousands of strangers, and the three spacious chapels of this community, at each of which there were *three* services, aided by the neighbouring chapels of Hunslet, Holbeck and Woodhouse, were found insufficient to contain the immense congregations that pressed for admission. To supply this deficiency of accommodation, services were performed in several parts of the town in the open air, and the weather being highly auspicious, the canopy of heaven was perhaps the most grateful covering that could present itself.'

The Leeds Methodists had made great progress in chapel-building during the last few years. In 1801 there was only one Methodist chapel in Leeds, and all the Conference services had then to be held either in that chapel or in the open air. In 1802 a noble chapel was opened in Albion-street, and in 1816 the spacious edifice in Meadow-lane, known as Wesley Chapel, was completed; while about the same time the zealous friends at Holbeck rose up to build a sanctuary for public worship.

On the *Conference Sunday* the pulpits of the various Dissenting bodies were also occupied by Methodist Preachers.

'In addition to these services,' says another account, it is supposed that there were upwards of *twenty* congregations out of doors in various parts of the town. Even at seven o'clock in the morning the Old Chapel so overflowed that there were *two* large congregations out of doors.'

On August 3rd, at the public examination of the thirty-five young men who had finished the term of their probation, the multitude who attempted to gain admission was so great, that there were three congregations outside. On the following evening the young men were solemnly set apart for their work by prayer, and suitable advice given to them by the President and others. The name of one of these young men must be mentioned, that of *David Stoner*.

The Conference concluded its sittings late on Wednesday night, August 12th. The work had been unusually heavy, and the sessions very protracted, and owing partly to the crowded state of the chapel, partly to the excessive heat of the past few days, many of the Preachers were unwell. Those who lingered to witness the solemn signing of the Conference Journal and to join in the concluding prayers, were conscious of some strange presentiment of coming sorrow. Joseph Entwisle gives us a glimpse of the closing scene: 'About half-past ten o'clock our Conference concluded its deliberations. Mr. James Wood, Mr. Gaulter, the President, and I prayed. It was a solemn time. My mind was deeply impressed with the idea of some of us being called hence before another Conference.'

Impressed with this solemn scene, we quit the chapel, glad to escape from its impure atmosphere into the cool night air. The light of the long sultry August day has faded, and all is shrouded in silence and darkness. No bright gas-lights illuminate the narrow and uneven streets; only here and there twinkles a dim oil lamp, perhaps revealing the figure of a stout night-watchman as he strides solemnly along his beat.

Hurrying up Lady-lane and Lower-head-row and passing the old Moot Hall, as we cross the top of Briggate, we soon find ourselves in the suburbs of the town. Turning out of Upper-head-row into Woodhouse-lane—not as now a paved, busy thoroughfare, crowded with houses and buildings on every hand, but still a quiet lane, with hedgerows and trees on either side—we seem to be almost in the country. Where now the Town Hall, the Mechanics' Institute, the New Connexion Chapel, and St. Columba's Church are seen rearing their stately proportions on the left of Woodhouse-lane, we could then discern nothing but fields and gardens, with here and there a few cottages or a gentleman's residence. Passing up the lane, if we turned along the by-path where Coburg-street now runs, we should find cattle quietly sleeping in the fields where Brunswick Chapel is in a few years to be built; but after following the bend in the lane opposite what is now the top of Cookridge-street, we reach a long, somewhat low, but spacious house known as Mr. Sigston's Academy. Here we find ourselves in the presence of the saintly and venerable William Bramwell. He has waited up to hear about the closing events of the Conference. The mention of the feeling of awe which rested upon the Ministers as they separated, causes him to revert to a theme which has been much on his mind and on his lips during the past few days—the nearness of death and Heaven. During the Conference he has been re-appointed to Salford, and made Chairman of the Manchester District, but when this was done he said: 'My brethren have appointed me to return to Salford. But I tell them they will never have another opportunity to give me an earthly station, for it is my intention to be in Heaven before next Conference.'

On the evening of the Conference Sunday, Bramwell had preached with great power at Woodhouse, and when in the exposition of his text he came to speak of 'the day of Christ,' he cried with great fervency, 'My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that I may meet all my Yorkshire friends in glory.' During the whole Conference those who were privileged to converse with this man of God were conscious that his conversation was in Heaven. When asked whether the time had not come when the Conference could appoint him to Leeds for a second term, he replied, 'Yes, but I feel as if my next appointment would be to Heaven.' On the evening of August the tenth, he had preached at Holbeck, from Isaiah xliii. 1-3. Though his hearers little thought they were listening to his last sermon, they felt that he spoke 'as dying man to dying men.' An extraordinary unction attended the word and his fervent concluding prayer. Still to all appearance he was in good health, although he left the Conference before its close. As he had to rise about half-past two the following morning to catch the first coach for Manchester, he was inclined to remain on the couch all night, but Mr. Sigston persuaded him to go to bed. And so, taking his candle, after affectionately commending his host to God, Bramwell retired.

After entering his room, he was heard to engage in fervent prayer, repeating several times the petition, 'O Lord, prepare me for Thy kingdom, and take me to Thyself!' At two o'clock an occupant of the adjoining room was awakened by hearing Bramwell earnestly praying: 'O Lord, bless my soul, and make me ready!' At half-past two, Bramwell rose and partook of the breakfast which the servant who had remained up had prepared for him. The early meal

was like a sacrament; again and again he exclaimed, 'Praise the Lord!' 'Glory be to God!' He then knelt down and prayed with the servant, pleading that she and the family and himself might all be meetened for heaven. At the yard-door he shook hands with the servant, saying, 'The Lord bless you, Alice;' and then passed into the semi-darkness of the early dawn. But the dawn of another day was near. He had not gone many steps down Woodhouse-lane before the hand of death was upon him. Two watchmen saw him stagger forward, and when they reached him, they found him bending down, and supporting himself with his hands upon his knees. In a few moments the spirit of William Bramwell was with God.

Many of the Preachers were still in the neighbourhood, and they at once arranged to pay every possible respect to the remains of their departed friend. Westgate Hill Chapel Burial-Ground, near Bradford, was chosen as the place of interment, and the funeral was fixed for August 14th. No official notice of the time was given to anybody except the Preachers who remained to represent the Conference, but so widespread was the feeling of respect for Bramwell's memory, that some time before the hearse left Mr. Sigston's house, Woodhouse-lane was crowded with an immense multitude, many of them belonging to different denominations. When the hearse began to move, a procession was formed; the Preachers walked first, the more aged of Bramwell's fellow-labourers being followed by his younger brethren. After these came Local Preachers and office bearers, and behind them a countless number of private Christians. Few such funerals have been witnessed in Leeds. When the remains of the great and good John Nelson were borne from Leeds to Birstal, we are told 'thousands' attended, 'singing and weeping.' But probably a much larger number followed William Bramwell. For a time the streets were impassable, and business seemed to be suspended. A multitude of awed and reverent onlookers lined both sides of the road. It was as if some king or warrior was being borne to his burial.

On Sunday, September 14th, in the area in front of Mr. Sigston's School, near the place where Bramwell died, William Dawson preached a funeral sermon to a congregation of nearly ten thousand persons. The sermon is preserved in Mr. Sigston's Memoir of Bramwell. Just about the hour that Mr. Martindale was communicating the fact of Bramwell's death to the boys at the Grove in the mellow twilight of an August evening,* another eminent Methodist Preacher was being called to his rest with equal suddenness. Samuel Bardsley set out from Leeds for Manchester. He was the spiritual father of Samuel Bradburn. He and Francis Wrigley, who accompanied him, were the oldest Methodist Preachers then living. That evening they reached Delph, Saddleworth, where they put up for the night. After taking tea, they sat in the doorway watching the departing light. The autumn evening, the harvest gathered in by the tired labourers, and the welcome rest at hand, must have reminded them of the repose so needed and so near. Bardsley felt ill, and proposed to retire for the night. His friend went with him towards his bedroom. Bardsley's strength failed, and he sat down on the topmost step, then threw his arms round Wrigley's

* For an account of the effect produced upon the Grove lads by this announcement, see the *City-Road Magazine* for November, 1873, p. 499.

neck, saying, 'My dear, I must die;' 'and was not, for God took him.'

In 1824 the Methodist Conference once more held its sittings in Leeds. As early as July 17th, the *Leeds Mercury* informed its readers that 'preparations were now making for the approaching Methodist Conference;' and on the following Saturday stated: 'The Methodist Preachers are beginning to congregate in this place for the approaching Conference, which commences next Wednesday; ...and for the next fortnight we shall have more priests in Leeds than attended the Council of Trent.' The *Leeds Intelligencer* took strong exception to the comparison of the Methodist Conference to the 'priests' of 'the Council of Trent.' This drew from the *Mercury* a spirited explanation to the effect, 'We made no comparison, except in numbers, between the Methodist Conference and the Popish members of the Council of Trent.' The fact that both papers adopted a friendly tone towards Methodism, was significant of the state of public opinion in those times.

The day had now come when the great movement inaugurated by the Wesleys could no longer be interfered with with impunity. The Methodist people now formed a considerable portion of the community, especially so in the Northern and Midland Counties. Yorkshire was the stronghold of Methodism. The population of Yorkshire about this time was estimated at one million one hundred and seventy-five thousand, two hundred and fifty-one, and in this shire alone Methodism had fifty thousand nine hundred and seventy-six members. This was the highest percentage in the kingdom; but other counties followed very close behind: Lincoln had one Methodist in twenty-four of its population, Cornwall one in twenty-seven, Durham and Derby one in thirty-four.

The Conference commenced its sittings in the Old Chapel, Leeds, July 28th. *Robert Newton* was chosen President. Three hundred and sixty Ministers were present; and during the Conference an immense number of Methodists came into the town, some from a considerable distance. The interest in the public services is described as 'intense.' The chapels were crowded to excess; even the morning service at five o'clock. On one occasion the large chapel in Albion-street was so crowded that it was necessary to hold a service in the open air.

The *Leeds Mercury*, under date August 7th, said: 'The influx of strangers into the town on Sunday far exceeded that of any former Conference. At the early hour of 7 a.m. the chapels overflowed, and there were several congregations collected and addressed in the open air. The same occurred at all the subsequent services of the day, and the weather being propitious, the times of Paulinus, the first Christian teacher in the North of England, when he congregated twenty thousand converts on the banks of the Swale, seem to have returned, the scene being removed to the banks of the Aire.'

On Monday evening, although the chapel in Albion-street and Wesley Chapel were both occupied, yet the Old Chapel could not contain the multitudes which crowded to hear the examination of the Ministers who were to be received into full connexion. This service was concluded on the Tuesday evening. The annual returns showed an increase of seven thousand five hundred and forty-one members. No fewer than sixty-three young men had been recommended by the District Meetings as candidates for the Ministry, but the Conference was

only able, for prudential reasons of a financial kind, to accept about two-thirds of them. On August 4th the Conference held an open session, and invited all those persons who had been kind enough to entertain the Preachers and visitors. On this occasion Richard Reece and John Hannah, who had just returned from America, whither they had gone as Representatives to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gave an account of their travels and impressions, their narrative producing in the auditory a powerful emotion of devotional gratitude. After dinner, the sons of the Preachers from Woodhouse Grove School were admitted, and some of them delivered addresses in Latin and English, to the gratification if not to the profit of the assembly.

The unprecedented success of this Conference led the *Mercury* to give a brief résumé of the history of Methodism in the town of Leeds, which although not strictly accurate—it omits all mention of John Nelson, the real founder of Leeds Methodism—is worthy of perusal. 'The history of Methodism abounds with striking and interesting incidents. Its introduction into this large and opulent town was somewhat unpromising. About seventy-five years ago, Christopher Hopper, invited by an inhabitant in humble circumstances, preached here, the meeting-house being the poor man's shop. It was thus that the career of Methodism opened in Leeds. Now there are three large chapels in the town, with another still more ample erection rising in Brunswick-street, and the number of members in the Leeds Circuit alone is five thousand, three hundred and sixty.' This was indeed glorious progress, yet in the next fifteen years the chapel accommodation in Leeds was more than doubled, and the number of members rose to nearly eight thousand. The debates of this Conference were conducted in great friendliness of spirit, though the Preachers did not always see 'eye to eye.'

Daniel Isaac, for instance, through his connection with what was considered a rival magazine published at York, had come into conflict with the Book Committee. The Conference had to consider a charge which the Committee brought against Mr. Isaac. A long discussion ensued, which ended in the Conference expressing its disapproval of Mr. Isaac's literary connections.

A very long and earnest discussion took place in reference to the appointment of the eminent revivalist—David Stoner. Some contended for his appointment to York, while others deprecated his removal from Birstal, where he had been very useful. Stoner was present during the discussion, and the personal nature of it was to him deeply embarrassing. No agreement being arrived at, a vote had to be taken in the Conference, and it was decided that Mr. Stoner should go to York. The close confinement and sultry weather of this Conference was very injurious to Stoner's health, and the day after his return to Birstal he was seized with English cholera, which was then fatally prevalent.

The most solemn event of this Conference was the death of Miles Martindale, of Woodhouse-Grove School. The funeral took place on August the 9th. The business of the Conference was suspended, and as the remains of the departed veteran were borne into the chapel and placed in front of the communion rail, the whole of the Ministers simultaneously rose and stood like fellow-soldiers doing silent homage to the worth of their fallen comrade. The funeral service was read by the President, after which the Preachers,

by two and two, preceded the corpse to the grave in the Old Chapel Yard, around which they formed a large circle, behind them standing a vast concourse of people, silent and sorrowful. Immediately behind the coffin walked the family of the deceased, followed by the boys from Woodhouse-Grove School. They wept around the open grave of him who had been to them as a father and a friend. So Miles Martindale was buried in the Chapel Yard in which he had lived some years before, and where he had often read over the open graves of others the precious declaration, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'

The period which elapsed between the Leeds Conferences of 1824 and 1830 was one of the most critical in the history of Leeds Methodism. The noble chapel in Brunswick-street had been opened in 1825, and in 1827 the determination of the Brunswick Trustees to erect an organ in the chapel was met by the strongest protests. Party feeling ran very high, and grew stronger week by week, being embittered by the publication of pamphlets and the personalities indulged in at public and private meetings. Very soon the whole Connexion rang with the dispute. The Conference had to interpose; but the outcome of the whole was that a large number of members withdrew from the Methodist Society in Leeds, and formed themselves into the *Protestant Methodist Association*.

Amongst those who entered the arena of this unhappy dispute, no one dealt more trenchant and successful blows to the cause of the Dissentients than Daniel Isaac. At first he was inclined to think that the objections of some of the Brunswick people to the introduction of an organ were not unreasonable, but when stationed in Leeds, and made aware of the proceedings which some of the Separatists were adopting, he at once became their most determined opponent. In a series of *Letters* he so exposed the folly and the mischievous nature of the separation as to put a great check on further secession. Some who had left were won back, and waverers were established.

When, therefore, the Leeds Conference of 1830 drew near, there was a widespread feeling that it would be a fitting thing to honour Mr. Isaac by putting him into the Chair. In a preliminary notice of the forthcoming Conference the *Leeds Mercury* informed its readers that Daniel Isaac was spoken of as likely for the Presidency, as was also the Rev. George Morley. When, however, the election came on, Isaac stood up in the Conference, and begged that no one would waste a single vote upon him, as he had a strong repugnance to office, for which he gave reasons. The Rev. George Morley was elected. Mr. Morley was widely and justly esteemed. His election would be most acceptable to the Methodist people of Leeds, he having been Superintendent of the Leeds Circuit in 1813, when the first Missionary Meeting was held, and the success of that inaugural gathering being in no small degree due to him. Since that time he had rendered effective service as one of the Missionary Secretaries. The Rev. Richard Watson said that 'he regarded Mr. Morley as one of the happiest of men, for he had a good name, good health, a good temper and a good conscience.'

In 1830, Brunswick Chapel became, and has ever since remained, the Conference Chapel in Leeds. There were about four hundred Ministers present. On the spacious new platform sat the leaders of what we may call the middle age of Methodism. Dr. Townley vacated the Chair, and

handed the seals of office to George Morley. The Preacher on the President's left who next rose and acknowledged with graceful bearing and commanding voice the honour which the Conference had for the sixth time done him in electing him its Secretary, was Robert Newton; near him sat his assistants, Edmund Grindrod and John Anderson. Besides these there were many distinguished and familiar forms: 'good old Henry Moore;' Richard Reece, now a patriarch of princely presence; Dr. Bunting and Dr. Beecham; Jonathan Edmondson and George Marsden; Richard Treffry, Sen. and John Stephens; and there too sat Richard Watson, John James and Adam Clarke; the three last-named destined to live less than three years longer, and to be called to their rest within a very short time of each other. Behind the President was seen the beautiful mahogany pulpit, while behind this again rose the new organ, an instrument which when it first came into existence made more noise and produced more discord than almost any other organ in the land, but which has since subdued and tuned the hearts and led the devotions of successive generations of worshippers.

This Leeds Conference met in stirring times. A month before the Conference met, George IV. had died, and been succeeded by William IV.; and the Preachers who came to Conference found Leeds and all the towns they passed through labouring under the most intense excitement over the General Election which was to settle the fate of the Reform Bill. It has never been customary for Methodist Ministers to take any prominent part in politics, but there was at that time one question in which they were deeply and intensely interested—that of *slavery*. Dr. Adam Clarke and Richard Watson were unwearying in their efforts to put an end to slavery in the Colonies, and led by them the Leeds Conference readily passed some most stringent resolutions on the subject. In reference to this matter Adam Clarke, dating from 'Leeds, August, 1830,' wrote to a friend: 'You will see from the preceding resolutions what the Methodist Ministers have done as a body, which is to be followed by petitions from every Society and congregation in the United Kingdom separately signed.. I send one of these (copies of resolutions) to-night to Mr. Wilberforce.'

In acknowledgment, Wilberforce wrote to Clarke: 'I return you many thanks for your kind and highly gratifying communication. The "Resolutions" are truly excellent; and I rejoice to hear that the cause of the poor slaves will be so zealously pleaded for by your numerous congregations.'

The deliberations of this Conference were distinguished by the great unanimity and affection which prevailed throughout. It began July 28th, and concluded August 9th, at nine o'clock p.m. The public religious services were unusually numerous, but, as usual, they were attended by eager crowds. The Albion-street Chapel Stewards' Book gives the names of the Preachers at Albion-street on the Sunday before the Conference, with the amount and details of the collections: the particulars are remarkable. In the morning the Rev. Richard Watson preached, and the collection amounted to £22 5*s.* 5½*d.*, £11 in gold and £9 15*s.* 6*d.* in silver. The afternoon preacher was the Rev. Robert Wood, then very popular in Leeds, and the collection was the largest in the day, amounting to £26 11*s.* 5*d.*, being made up of one £5 note, £16 in gold, £3 13*s.* in silver, and £1 18*s.* 5*d.* in copper. Dr. Townley, the President, preached at night, and the

collection was £12 19*s.* 4½*d.*, £7 10*s.* in gold, and £4 1*s.* 6*d.* in silver. The congregations at Brunswick and Wesley must have given with even greater liberality, for the collections made in the three chapels that day amounted to £240. The *Conference Plan* announced two hundred and thirty-one services within doors, and eleven in the open air. A very gracious influence attended these services, and there were numerous cases of conversion to God.

As to the Conference Sunday, our information concerning the services at Albion-street Chapel is most complete. The morning Preacher was Theophilus Lessey, and the collection amounted to £12 12*s.* 7½*d.* In the afternoon the Rev. John Smith, the great revivalist, preached, the collection being £6 17*s.* 4½*d* ; in the evening the Rev. Robert Newton, when the collection amounted to £15 11*s.* 2*d.* The Rev. Valentine Ward preached in Upper Albion-street, and a collection was taken of £1 14*s.* 6½*d.* The Rev. Robert Pilter preached in the 'Coloured Cloth Hall Yard,' the collection amounting to 12*s.* 6½*d.* It is noticeable, in contrast with the collections taken the previous Sunday for the Chapel trusts, that no gold whatever was found in any of the collections just referred to. The Rev. John Smith conducted several most successful services during the Conference. To one of these occasions he thus refers in a letter to a friend:

'At the Conference, one Tuesday morning, the floods came down. Many were pardoned; many were cleansed. At the glorious coming down of Jehovah, the noise of the people was as the sound of many waters. It required strong measures to get order, but it was secured, and God stayed and worked signally and clearly. His hand was seen and adored. He will stand by His own plan. His good pleasure is to save.'

Owing to the fact that during the ·mer Mr. Bunting had been disabled by an accident, Dr. Clarke had been constrained to take a large share of his public duties, and in this way his time and energies were so fully engaged that when Daniel Isaac wrote to urge him to attend the Leeds Conference and preach in some of the chapels, he replied that he was afraid he would not be able to accept the invitation. The letter concludes: 'I feel that I have no call to Conference; but I have several and loud ones to other places. Should anything arise in the Welsh matters that may oblige me, as the *locum-tenens* of Mr. Bunting, to attend the Conference, then *duty* would make it imperious; but I think this is not likely.' Eventually Dr. Clarke came to Conference and took part in its deliberations and services. He preached to a very large congregation in Brunswick Chapel, but after the service he remarked: 'I am torn all to pieces by this day's work.'

An extract from the *Recollections* of Thomas Jackson introduces us to a highly characteristic and interesting scene which took place in Brunswick Chapel. Just before Conference, Thomas Jackson had published in the Magazine a review of Adam Clarke's sermons, and had entered a decided protest against his peculiar opinions concerning the Sonship of Christ. 'The Doctor, however,' says Thomas Jackson, 'was so far from resenting this, that he showed me more marked kindness than he had ever done before. One day while I was sitting in the Conference, he came into the pew where I was, and knelt on the floor that he might not interrupt the business of the assembly by a private conversation, nor be observed by the President. I said: "Doctor, I cannot sit while you are upon your knees." "Then," said he "I will go away; otherwise I have come to tell you some things which I received from Mr. Wesley, and

which I should like you to know, believing that you are likely to make a good use of them." On hearing this, I answered: "Say on, Sir, and put yourself just in the attitude that will please you best."'

SKETCHES FROM LIFE:

SIMON JASPER.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER IX.—HE BEGINS TO PREACH.

'WELL, Maister, it was about three years after I was converted that I began to preach—though, there, I never called it preachin' at all. I had come over here to live, and by that time I had begun to work 'pon my own account. I had joined myself heart and soul 'long with the Brianites as they was called then; and that is what I call mun still. I don't like this here new name, like as if we was ashamed of dear old Mr. O'Brian. But there—whatever name they are called by, there's thousands of souls that will have to bless God for what He hath done through them.

'We used to walk miles to the meetings in those days, and the Lord was with us, and gave us hundreds of souls. We went about holding Prayer-meetings and preachings wherever the people was willing to let us come in to their houses, and glorious times we had, too. The labour-men and their wives would come, all in their working-clothes, without feeling theirselves put out by the sight of a lot of fine-drest folks. I do very often think about it, turning it over in my mind when I am sitting here by the fire, and I can see that 'tis all right, and I wouldn't have it any other,—for religion to be helping people up, in all their ways. The Blessed Lord Himself have laid down the lines for His religion, so it seem'th to me—from the manger to the throne, and that is the way His people must go for ever and ever. But however near the throne we do get we must mind and leave the door down below there open for them that is outside still, and who won't begin at all if they don't begin down there. There's hundreds that would like to come in a smock-frock to a kitchen for to worship God; but they wouldn't go to no church or chapel without it is in a black coat and a clean pair of shoes—and if they haven't got that they would sooner stay away.

'I don't know whether it be so or not, but sometimes it look'th to me like as if we do want a new kind of people to come along every twenty or thirty years, that are willing to begin down among the lowest where us all begun to. I can't abide for to hear the old folks a-crying out against the young ones because they want for to worship in finer chapels and to have more learned preachers than we used to have. I say 'tis a good sign, and if religion isn't going upward it isn't going at all. But I do want the young ones for to mind and keep a few back doors 'pon the latch for them that think they are not gentle-folks enough to come round to the fore-door and up the steps. There's scores of hungry folks that won't come for any victuals at all if they can't stay down in the kitchen and eat it;—so I don't want

it all to be nothing else but up in the parlour with the Sunday clothes and the best cloam.'

Then old Simon laughed merrily. 'There wasn't very much of that when I began. Many a Sunday I have walked twelve and fifteen miles for to preach, and found that though the people were willing enough to come and hear the preacher preach, they didn't always remember that he wanted something to eat, like other folks. I have often thanked God for a good crop of blackberries—like I have heard tell of Mr. Wesley doing.

'One day, soon after I began to preach, I met Mr. O'Brian—"Well Richard," saith he, "and how did the people receive you yesterday?"

'"Like as if I was an angel from heaven, Sir," I said.

'"I hope you are not growing vain, young man," saith he, looking very grave.

'"No, Sir," I said, "I hope not. I do mean that they treated me like as if I hadn't got any stomach."

'I was working down to the squire's then, and when he heard tell about my going out preachin' he come round one day to where I was. "Well, Jasper," saith he, "what's this they tell me about your preaching? It isn't true, I hope."

'"Why not then, please your honour?" I said. "I'm certain sure that your honour doth hold with anybody trying to do all the good they can."

'"Yes, yes, Jasper, certainly. But every man in his own place. Preaching is such serious work."

'"So it be, your honour,—and I do hope that I be serious about it."

'"But you know a man ought not to venture upon such a work without being duly educated and qualified for it."

'"Well, your honour?"

'"Well—of course I need not tell you, Jasper, that you are very ignorant."

'"*Dreadful* ignorant, your honour. I know I be; and I do wish that I wasn't."

'"Well then, don't you think it is very presumptuous of you to set up as a teacher of other people? You know nothing of Hebrew or Greek."

'"No, your honour—and I don't know nothing about the great long Latin names of the flowers,—but for all that I can plant 'taties, and I can reap the corn and I can help to feed the hungry folks. Bless the Lord, Sir, the Gospel is 'a poor man's Gospel' so well as a rich man's Gospel; and though there be depths that a learned man can't fathom, there's very many places where a wayfaring man though a fool shall not err therein. They was common labourin' men that preached it to the beginnin', your honour; and things are not so very different now, I expect."

'"But look at St. Paul. He was a very learned man."

'"Iss, your honour, I'm sure he was, and the Lord can do with the learned men still. But, bless His name, He can do with the unlearned too. I was thinking the other day about the first Gospel preacher and how he was edycated and qualified for the work."

'"Who do you mean?" saith the squire.

'"Well, I can't tell his name, your honour, only I be quite content to be like him. The Lord did a great work for him—cast out a swarm of devils—and then sent him home to his neighbours and friends to tell them what great things He had done for him. And the Blessed Lord, your honour, hath done great things for me, too. He hath forgiven my sins and made me a new creature, and now I can't be quiet about it, and I don't want to be if I could."

'But the Squire put out his hand impatiently. "Come, come, Jasper, I don't like such stuff. You can't improve upon the good old-fashioned way of the ten commandments. This sinning and getting forgiven as often as you like is a terrible thing to my mind. *This do, and thou shalt live*, that is my doctrine—the good old church path."

'"So it be mine, too, please your honour. And I don't care whether 'tis church or chapel or anything else, so long as a man will go along that there road."

'"Why do you preach up conversion, then, and all that? Stick to the commandments and do your duty like the church catechism says, and what more does anybody want?"

'"Exactly, your honour. I do hold with every word that your honour saith. If a man goeth that road all the way he don't want no converting nor anything else."

'"Then if you believe that, Jasper, you ought to go to church, and be quiet—not go about the country turning people's heads with these new-fangled notions."

'"Well, your honour, I tried fine and hard for to go along that road to heaven, and I couldn't anyhow do it. I found that I needed to be converted that I might go that way."

'"Fiddlesticks," cried the squire, as he cut down a thistle with his riding-whip.

'"Well, I be fine and glad to know that your honour can go along that road and doth find it so easy."

'"Of course I can," said the squire, flushing up and looking like as if I said he couldn't.

'"I do wish I could, Sir. There's the first and great commandment, I do very often think about it: *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.* To wake up in the morning thinkin' about God and longin' for Him;—to go forth into the day a-tryin' to please Him in everything;—to be willin' to bear anything for Him, and to give up anything for Him;—to be so glad that 'tis like heaven if he saith His 'well done,' and 'tis like hell to think that we should ever have grieved Him! I *dew* wish I did, your honour."

'"Tut, tut," said the squire, turning away; "these things are not meant to be taken literally like that," and the squire went off; but he often came round for a talk with me after that.

'Sometimes when it was a very long way, I used to hire a donkey for to ride to the preachin' place, and then the turnpike woman come out for the toll. So I said to the woman, "I'm goin' talkin'."

'"Aw," her saith, "you must pay for talkin'; that ben't enough to let 'e go free."

'Then the woman's husband come out and he knew me, and I was allowed to go through. The next time I went, I said that I was going preachin'. "Aw," her saith, "so you'm got forth to be a preacher now, be 'e?"

'But for all that I don't know that mine was ever what you do call preachin' exactly, Maister. I never had no firstlies nor secondlies, but I used to tell the people about the love of the Lord Jesus to me. Perhaps if I had been more clever I shouldn't have done half so much good. I expect I should have gone away tryin' to explain all kind of mysterious things, like the clever ones do—a-tryin' to fly because walkin' is so common. Seemin' to me that the Lord Jesus chose fishermen and poor folks for preachers because they had to preach to folks like their own selves. He had the Apostle Paul and Apollos for to go amongst the learned people, and to argue with them when it was wanted,—and yet

they too had to go like the rest into Christ's College and learn what the grace of God can do for them that are in all kinds of troubles and worries. I have heard tell about preachin' *as dying man to dying men.* Well that may be all very well, but seemin' to me that there be one thing a deal better than that: *Preach as living man to living men.* Learned folks that do shut theirselves up for to read and think about these things do get out of range sometimes, Maister, I do reckon, and they don't hit the life exactly. But when a man have got to live 'pon eight shilling a week and there's nine or ten children for to share it amongst, he haven't got very much time perhaps for to think about religion, but he have got lots of opportunities of enjoyin' it. A man can tell folks then, like one having authority, what the grace of God can do for him—how it can cure his care, and how it doth sweeten life; and what blessed hopes it doth bring, and what luxuries of peace and joy it doth give him, and how it doth make anybody more than a gentleman—putting him up amongst the Lord's Kings and Priests.'

Again the old man's face was lit up with a smile.

'If I ben't very learned, Maister, for all that I do count myself a gifted preacher one way. I've had so many chances as anybody of puttin' the grace of God to the proof, and finding out what it can do; and that's grand learning, after all is said and done. I was reading the other day about the Blessed Lord there to the wedding, and I says to myself, "Ah, Simon, you've very often found out what they did that day! Our *wants* is the Lord's chance of showin' forth His glory, and of fillin' us with His good things. The best thing there was in Cana of Galilee that day was them four empty waterpots of stone. Now I have always been giving the Lord chances like that. I'll tell'e about some of them, Maister, some day, if I do live and all be well. But there—that kind of experience do make a man a gifted kind of preacher, I do count. He is able to talk better than a good many can to them that have got a hard fight of it for to get their bread down here upon earth, so well as to get to heaven; and he can make religion come right home to every-day life, and not leave it going about with nothing but the Sunday clothes and a hymn-book under its arm. There's one bit of the twenty-third Psalm that David never would have put in if he had always been a great king instead of beginnin' as a poor hungry shepherd lad; and he had a brave deal of sense, too, or he wouldn't have put it in for all that. He is got down in the dark "valley of the shadow of death:" "*I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.*" Now I never knew anybody else that wouldn't have stopped there. But David didn't. He said to himself, "I do want the Lord to help me to live so well as to help me to die." I'm going home to supper now, and I do want a crust of bread and a bit of meat; and the good Lord has got every bit so much to do with that as with taking care of me in the dark valley. "*Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*" David was a better preacher and a sweeter singer because he had been a poor labourin' man. It have helped and comforted me many times to read them words, "He chose David also His servant, and took Him from the sheepfolds; from following the ewes great with young He brought him to feed Jacob His people, and Israel His inheritance." And though I ben't clever like David was, I have

got David's Master to teach me, and I have been to the same school and learnt the same lessons, and the same Lord have took me from the turnip fields, and from the cabbages to try and do His people good. What a mercy it is for thousands that David was nothing but a poor shepherd to begin; for the bits of his singing that do anybody the most good are what he learned from being out with the sheep, more than what he learned from being a great king. Ah, it is just like the Blessed Lord,—He is so kind and so good, and I do love Him for it, bless His dear name! When the people of Israel was harvesting, He told them that they was to leave the corners of the field and a few of the grapes for the poor and the stranger; and seemin' to me like as if He doth leave little bits of work for the poor and ignorant to do for Him, so well as anybody else.'

But of all that talk of old Simon's about his early preaching, nothing has left so vivid an impression upon my mind as that of 'one Sunday out 'pon the moors,' as he vaguely called it. The neighbourhood happened to be thoroughly familiar to me, and I could follow his account of it across that lonely stretch of marsh and furze and heather, tracked here and there by faint footpaths; the whole shut in by the rugged outline of the granite tors.

'It was in the month of July, and a dreadful close, hot Sunday it was, too. I had started early in the morning so as to come along slowly and to catch the cool of the day, but there was no cool in it. There wasn't so much as a breath of air stirring, and the very leaves hung heavy with the heat. A kind of dry haze was over all the moors, making them look so strange that I was quite puzzled for to make out my way. By the time I got to the place where I was to preach to, I was tired enough to drop, for I had gone twelve miles in that blazing sun. There was hardly anybody there either, for it was an out-of-the-way place, and the preaching had only just been put on. When the service was done, a man asked me home to dinner with him, but it was two miles further on and the heat was worse than ever, so I told him that I would be getting across the moors for my evening appointment. I had put a bit or two of bread in my pocket, and I sat down under the shade of a granite rock by a little brook, thinking I could eat something. I found that I was all faint and dizzy, and could only drink a drop of water, and then I s'pose I must have gone right off to sleep.'

And now, good reader, whilst our friend Simon sleeps, it is worth while to rest here too, under the shade of the granite rock, where the tall bracken yield their pleasant fragrance. About us is a stretch of unbroken moor, its loneliness and stillness only made more impressive by the trickling of the little brook. There are times when the plovers would wheel about us with their plaintive cries, or the hoarse croak of the raven would sound from amongst the rocks, or the more friendly greeting of the sheep and cattle that are sent here by hundreds for the summer grazing. But to-day over everything there has fallen a dreadful awe and stillness. Away on every side is the stretch of scorched brown grass, broken by masses of rock, or lit up with the green and gold of the furze and by the budding of the purple heather. Lower down are black swamps edged by the tall growth of rush and sedge, from which gleams here and there a little pool of water. Then the moor goes down suddenly with a

great dip, and the eye rests on the wooded valleys where the farmsteads nestle, and the corn-tented fields show already signs of harvest. Further off some town sleeps under its veil of smoke; then the valley broadens for the shining estuary; and beyond that is the silver sea. The air about us grows yet more oppressive, scorching like the breath of a furnace. Now slowly up from behind the granite heights the thunder-cloud climbs the heavens, dense black, creeping without a breath of wind or any sound, like an enemy that steals upon its prey, so up the sky until it blots out the sun, and casts a gloom like night itself over all the place—except that down in the valley and far off on the sea the sun shines still. And now come the great drops, very few and far between, that splash upon the rocks and seem to hiss on the hot ground; and now out of the black depths leaps the lightning flash, and as if awaking slowly to its work the sullen thunder mutters in the distant hollows behind us. Then all is still again, and the rain has ceased—and a patch of sky, the deepest blue, looks down upon us and makes us hope the storm may pass away; and we listen for the thunder till it is almost forgotten. Then comes a flash that seems to hiss and strike the earth at our very feet, and leaves us blinded for a moment, and instantly the roar of the thunder crashes 'like a whole sea overhead'—deep booming in the hollows, and tumbling in the hills and rattling sharply overhead. Ah, the downpour now! Not rain—that comes in drops—this is a clear sheet of water. At once the little brook is not only filled, but receives and pours forth again a host of rivulets, until the rock where Simon sleeps through it all is mid-stream, and from behind and welling up from beneath and through cracks and crannies there sweeps this tumbling, raging flood.

'All I know,' said old Simon, 'is that when I woke up and shook myself together a bit, I were drenched to the skin, and every limb was stiff and cramped.'

Poor Simon. We see him still—looking forth from his treacherous shelter, upon the deluge of the rain, trying to get up as well as he can out of the swollen streams that rush around, startled as again the fierce lightning flashes in upon his gloom, and the thunder seems to shake the ground. Faint and hungry too, as he was, and in that dreary loneliness, it is little wonder that he should henceforth think of it as the chosen haunt of the tempter.

'Iss,' said the old man as he went on with his story, 'the old coward that he is—the devil I do mean—he found me out, and a terrible bout I had with en, tew, up there in the wilderness. "This is what com'th of your preachin', Simon," he began. "Better stay home and rest yourself Sundays, a fine deal—hard at work as yew be all the week droo. If the Lord had ever meant yew for to go about preachin' like this, why depend 'pon it He would have raised up somebody for to give 'e a bit of something, and not let 'e go about all hungry an' wet. Stay home. Yew'm only fillin' up the room of somebody better; and it be nothing but your ghastly ould conceit that ever made 'e come forth to preach!"

'I sat there listenin' to en like anybody mazed, looking out 'pon the storm, but not like as if I was seein' it at all, when there come a flash of lightning nearer and dreadfuller than I ever saw in my life. I thought that I was strick blind, and it was minutes before I could see again. Then I turned right round and tookt hold of my Blessed Master. "My dear Lord," I said, "I don't believe Thou art angry with me; not

bit. I do know that Thou art r glorious Saviour, and Thou owest that I am Thy little child, d I do only want for to get every-dy to love Thee, my Lord, and to rify Thee. I'm sure I don't nt nothing else. And Lord, if ou hast not sent me, tell me so, I be wanting to learn, and Thou willing to teach. I do only nt to do Thy will. And if Thou st sent me forth, wilt Thou please show me a token for good. Amen."

'Well, while I was talking with e Lord like that, the rain had pped and the sun began to shine ain, and the thunder was mutter-g away out over the sea, further off every minute. And the air was all so fresh and delicious, that I couldn't help thinking that there had been the storm and the fire and the thunder—and now I said, I be waiting for the still small voice. Ah, bless the Lord! He did pass by. He filled my heart all full of peace and blessedness, so that I cried aloud for very gladness. Whether He did speak the words in my ears or not I can't tell—it was like as if He did—but I know He did to my heart, and they came with such a mighty power and blessedness —"*Go in this My might...Have not I sent thee?*"'

CHAPTER X.—TOKENS FOR GOOD.

'Well, I got up then and went on y way rejoicing, my heart was full gladness, and I felt as if I could . The air was all fresh and deli-ous, and every bush was hung with arkling diamonds, and from the rth there come a sweet smell as of field that the Lord had blest—like if the dumb earth was trying to ank Him. And overhead the great under-clouds was all tipped with ld, and the sunlight was stream-g through them with long lines of ory, and all the little brooks was ging so merrily, and the frightened rds come out and was trying who uld make most music. I couldn't lp thinkin' about the words of the ophet—"*O, Lord, I will praise hee: though Thou wast angry with e, Thine anger is turned away, and hou comfortedst me.*"

'I hurried along to the house here I had to preach in the even-g, and though I wasn't sure of the ad I hit upon it at once. And e good folks was in a pretty way bout me, tew, and couldn't make nough of me. They knew I should be drenched through and through, and was only afraid lest I was drowned or lost in the ma'sh. They had got a change all waiting for me, and a great fire of peat and furze ready to dry my wet things. And there, when they heard that I hadn't had any dinner they piled up the table with so many good things that they might have thought that I was never going to get another. I kept on saying—"Bless the Lord! yere be tokens for good—one on top of another—what dost thou say to this, ould enemy!"

'Well, then the people began to come in for the service. I gave out the hymn, and then I began to pray. The Spirit of the Lord filled the place like we do read of in the New Testament—you couldn't help asking, and expecting—iss, and receiving, too. What I preached about I don't know, I'm sure. But there—it don't matter, for it wasn't my preachin'. Like in the old time when Peter was preachin', the Holy Ghost fell upon the people. Men and women dropt down 'pon their knees and

began to cry for mercy, until everybody there was either seeking the Lord, or was pointing souls to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. And the power of the Lord was present to heal. That night more than twenty souls found joy and peace in believing.

'My heart was full before—now it was overflowin'. I could only keep on saying, "Bless the Lord, yere be tokens for good!"

'Ah, thou old enemy—what dost thou think of this, then!"

'Ah, Maister, there be nothing 'pon earth so sweet to me as that—when the poor prodigal com'th to himself and saith, "I will arise, and go to my father." I don't wonder that 'tis enough for to fill heaven with a new joy and to teach the angels their sweetest songs. Once when I was into Plymouth sitting 'pon the rocks, there was a band of music playing aboard a man-of-war, and the music come over the water so lovely that the tears filled my eyes, and I wondered whatever heaven could be like after that. But then I stopped and said to myself, "No, Simon,—you have heard sweeter music than that, tew." Iss, Maister: and that's music that heaven itself will come down to earth for to hear.

'Well, you can fancy how I came along home that night, and how all my soul was delightin' in the Lord and thankin' Him. That would have made it a lovely night if it had been pitch dark and floods of rain, but it was all so beautiful about me as it was in my soul. I can mind the stillness of the evening, and the cool freshness was perfect; and how the full moon was just coming up over the woods. I stood leaning on a gate looking at it, and all within me blessing the Lord, when all of a sudden there come a voice a-singin', and I could hear the words quite plain:

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!"

'"If the little maid is upon earth," I said to myself, "that's of her. And if her ben't 'pon earth, that's of her all the same. Nobody else can sing like that."

'Then it come again, further off, like as if her was gone in a hollow between the hedges and under the trees:

"Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be."

'"Bless her," I says to myself, "it be the little maid, for certain." Then her voice rung out so loud and clear, I could tell that she was comin' across the field:

"Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day."

'I stood in the shade of the hedge, knowing that her must come out at the gate, and when her was close by I stood out in the light.

'"Why, my dear, I be cruel glad to see 'e."

'"Why, Simon!" saith the little maid, starting, "yew did frighten me."'

The 'old dear' sat by her husband's side as he told his story. She looked up at him half shyly. 'Come, Simon, I'm sure Maister have heard enough about that.'

'No, no,' said I, 'indeed we haven't. It would be dreadful not to finish it now.'

'Well, iss,' said old Simon merrily, 'I expect I was a great stupid; but there, it was your fault, yew do know it was, and I shall tell Maister all about it.'

The 'old dear' only playfully flung up her head. 'How yew men folks

do love your own way, to be sure!' she said with a little laugh, and then she laid her hand tenderly upon her husband's.

Then the old man went on again—'"I be fine and glad to see 'e, my dear—fine and glad," I kept sayin', holding the little maid's hand all the time, with a nasty uncomfortable kind of a wonder creepin' about me whether her was married or no, but not knowing exactly how to get at it. Then the little maid her put the other hand 'pon the top bar of the gate, and I saw that there wasn't any ring upon it. "Another token for good," I says to myself, trembling a'most for to think of my bein' blest with any such gift as this here little maid. "I *do* love you, my dear," I says, holding her hand still.

'"Thank you," her saith, all so pretty and gentle, I can hear her now. "You was always very kind to —to everybody, Simon."

'"But, my dear, I do love you in particular—and wull 'e please for to marry me, if 'tis the Lord's will; leastways wull 'e please to pray about it? I be nort but a labour-man, my dear; but if I was a duke I couldn't love you no truer nor better. Wull 'e pray about it?"

'Her didn't say a word, only her didn't take her hand away from mine, and I took that for to be a token for good.

'"If 'tis the Lord's will us 'll be married—and if 'tisn't His will us 'll say good-bye."

'Well, I come home happier than ever.

'In a couple of months the little maid and me was married.

'And that is how I come to call her my dear old "*token for good.*"'

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES:

THE RELATION BETWEEN HOLINESS AND WORSHIP.*

BY THE REV. W. HENRY THOMPSON.

'Holiness becometh Thine House, O Lord, for ever.'—PSALM XCIII. 5.

'O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before Him, all the earth.'—PSALM XCVI. 9.

A GREAT writer in some recent *Letters to the Clergy* has expressed the opinion that if the pains now taken to get wicked poor people to attend places of worship, were spent rather in getting wicked rich people to stay away, the state of the Christian Church and the prospects of religion would probably soon everywhere show a very great improvement. On the first blush this seems a surprising sentiment and quite opposed to generally accepted beliefs.

For usually it is taken for granted that whatever kind of life men are living, it must be better for them to attend these services rather than neglect them; which, nevertheless, for reasons shortly to appear, is only true with

* The *Text for the Times* this month was to have been supplied by the lamented Dr. Appelbe, whose name was announced in our prospectus at the beginning of the year. We are thankful to be able to fall back upon Mr. Thompson's striking and timely discourse, which was preached before the Hull District Committee, and sent for publication in this Magazine at the request of that Committee

reservations. Certainly whether poor or rich (we may cast *that* out of consideration—it strengthens the antithesis, but it need not occupy us now), the farther men have strayed—the more lost and degraded they have become—the greater the necessity is that they should be brought under the influence of the Gospel. We know Who has enjoined us to go out into the streets and lanes of the city, and into the highways and hedges, and compel men to come in that God's house may be filled. This ever remains one great part of the Church's vocation.

But there is another responsibility of quite equal moment, which demands a much more frequent and serious attention than it usually receives. The supreme concern for a Christian congregation, far more vital than the mere element of numbers, is to see to it in every possible way that the prevailing spirit, influence, and atmosphere of the sanctuary shall be *Christian*, and not worldly or unbelieving, much less immoral,—to see to it that what sacrifices are offered shall at least be the 'sacrifices of righteousness,' acceptable and well-pleasing to God: and this not only in consideration of what is due to God, but also for the sake of the vital influence it will have upon the Church's aggressive and evangelistic work.

Our Lord began His earthly ministry—how? By cleansing the Temple—driving from it those whose presence was in His sight an offence and an outrage. Twice He did this—at the outset of His public work, and at the close of it. On both occasions the requirements of the Passover season might have furnished some plausible pretexts for what had become customary; and it is to be noted that, strictly speaking, the intrusion was not into the sanctuary itself, but into the outer court, the court of the Gentiles. Nevertheless, looking round on that crowd of buyers and sellers who had invaded the sacred *precincts*, did our Lord sit down and teach them? No! He taught them in quite another way—*He drove them all out*. That stern purgation was symbolic of the great truth that to be there at all otherwise than as suppliants and worshippers, was a profanation not to be endured. Christ began His mission and ended it by claiming for His Father's house the reverence and sanctity which beseem it. And the disciples remembered that it was written: 'The zeal of Thine house hath eaten Me up.' It was an impressive testimony to the importance of this principle: 'Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, for ever.'

The relation of this last clause to the entire Psalm must not detain us. For the Psalmist himself, as for every thoughtful mind, its lofty celebration of the Divine majesty, sovereignty, strength, eternity, His mighty works and sure testimonies could not fail to emphasize this great deduction that is drawn therefrom.

But it is more important now to mark the consonance of the text with the whole strain of Scripture teaching. Whatever place this truth may hold in our thoughts, or in our Church-standards and systems of theology, it holds an impressively large place in our Bibles. The earlier law recognised it: 'I will be sanctified in them that come nigh Me,' saith the Lord,

'and before all the people I will be glorified.' The Psalmist continually recognises it: 'I will wash mine hands in innocency; *so* will I compass Thine altar, O Lord.' So does the Christian Apostle: 'I will that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.' And as we are repeatedly taught what pleasure God has in holy worship, so also what *displeasure* in things that are done here. 'The *sacrifice* of the wicked'—not merely the bad, vile, hateful things done in the scenes of his transgression, but his coming and going 'from the place of the holy,' and the offering he would there make to God—'the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord; but the prayer of the upright is His delight.' Isaiah in his first chapter proclaims the same truth at greater length: 'To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me? saith the Lord.... Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto Me; the new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts My soul hateth,' etc. In his last chapter are words yet more scathing: 'He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, as if he offered swine's blood; he that burneth incense, as if he blessed an idol.' An incident in the Maccabæan revolt may enable us partially to realize how such a saying would fall on the ears which first heard it. When the tyrant Antiochus wished to offer to the Jewish temple and worship the greatest outrage and indignity he could devise, he ordered a huge sow to be sacrificed on the altar of burnt-offering, and then sprinkled the broth of the abominable thing all over the holy place. The sacrilegious act set the nation in a blaze! This was the 'abomination of desolation'—the horror which made the whole place a desert. But Isaiah says that in God's sight the Divinely-appointed feasts and services were become as hateful as that!

My brethren, can terms so opprobrious be applied to any worship in Christian sanctuaries? to the solemnities for which we meet together? The answer depends not so much upon the modes of worship as upon the moral condition of those who offer it. That was an indisputable argument of the blind man with the Pharisees: 'Now we know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will, him He heareth.' Of course, it is not meant that sin confessed and renounced shuts us out from the mercy-seat, or who of us could have hope? But if we are not prepared to put away all evil; if some wrong habit that pleases us is intended still to be indulged, or some duty that crosses us is intended still to be neglected, '*if we regard iniquity in our heart*,' then 'the Lord will not hear' us.

To defend this truth is beyond our present scope, which is simply to set it forth, and bring it home to your thoughts and consciences with such power and demonstration as God may give; and especially to vindicate for it a larger attention than it frequently obtains. It lies at the very

foundation of the religious life. In all acts of worship and of approach to God it confronts us instantly. He prefers

'Before all temples the upright heart and pure.'

St. Augustine well remarks, 'Thou must thyself be an offering before any meaner thing which thou bringest can be welcome.' Simplicity, spirituality, purity of intention, 'truth in the inward parts,' there must be. Christianity knows no requirement more rudimentary or far-reaching than this of the text, 'Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, for ever.'

There are aspects of this truth, bearing upon the Church's aggressive and evangelistic work, which it will be well for us firmly to apprehend, and to have always in remembrance.

I. It enables us to distinguish the *essential idea* of a religious service. It is a gathering together of Christian people *as such*; not of 'a church and chapel-going public' merely, but of the Church of the Lord. *They may invite others to join them, but their presence should give character and tone to the service.*

The supreme object is not the assembling of 'a mixed multitude,' irrespective of their purpose in coming and the moral effect of their presence. True, the house of God is for the sin-burdened and heavy-laden; for the weary prodigal in his disappointment and distress. Its doors are thrown wide open to all comers; the vilest and the worst are welcome. But it is one thing to bring the ignorant and the sinful under the influence of the Gospel to see whether it will reach them, and quite another thing to have the settled presence, as a mere matter of form and usage, of those upon whom the Gospel has been tried and has failed; tried by all kinds of ministries, tried for years; and whose regular appearance in the sanctuary is the presence not only of an element of chilling death, but of something worse—a continual desecration; men living in habitual transgression, in hatred or covetousness, in lying or dishonesty, in drunkenness or debauchery, or in some other foul and deadly sin. And without shame or self-loathing they stand in the congregation to offer the sacrifice which, as they have heard a thousand times out of the Scriptures, is 'an abomination to the Lord.' Ruskin has said terribly—but I am convinced truly: 'In the ears of the Most High the oaths of the thief and the obscenities of the street-walker are less offensive than are the responses in public worship on the lips of the usurer or the adulterer, who have destroyed not their own souls only, but the souls of the outcasts whom they have made their victims.'

Hence a congregation may be too mixed,—so mixed as that the Christian element is scarcely discernible. There are few things in respect of which that saying is truer than of what sometimes passes for public worship: 'That which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God.' The infallible test here, as everywhere in life, is, 'And God saw that it was good.'

II. Christians are responsible for the presence of this right tone and element in the service of the Lord's house. The holiness required is not in the place itself—the material edifice—except in the passive sense of separation to Divine uses. The holiness must therefore be found in the worshippers, and in the incense of a pure offering rising from sincere and true hearts.

Obviously this involves a solemn obligation *to be present.* For how can we contribute to a service what is due from us of truth and life, if we are too listless to be there at all? Unless absence is unavoidable, we are responsible to the congregation and to God for the vacant place that ought to have been filled. If only in this one matter all professors of Christianity were to be relied upon, what a revival of religion that in itself would betoken and secure! There ought to be such an unction of the Holy One resting upon all our assemblies; such life and power in the songs and prayers, as could not fail to impress the most careless and ignorant who might enter the open door.

The ideal of a Christian congregation is drawn by St. Paul thus: 'If there should come in one unbelieving or unlearned'—an heathen or ignorant man—what would he see and hear? The whole influence and atmosphere of the place would be so different from the outside world, that 'falling down on his face he will worship God, and confess that God is amongst you of a truth.' Such a result is quite as possible in the nineteenth century as in the first!

I am reminded of a passage in Miss Hopkins' suggestive narrative of her work in Cambridge—a young lady of the Church of England, whose compassion for souls prompted her to make a personal trial of what could be done in the lowest quarter of the town amongst a population sunk into semi-heathenism. She began to address them on Sunday evenings, and in a short time the largest available building would not contain the crowds that flocked together—drawn without any sound of trumpet, either in the sanctuary or in the streets, and without any appeal to morbid or vulgar taste: drawn solely by her direct dealing with them in the name of Christ, so that large numbers were brought to Jesus. As the result of her experience in that work, she acknowledges that in order to success, she found it indispensable to have the presence of an earnest body of Christian helpers, to create an element of prayer and fervour.

Our Methodist fathers acted on the same principle. How carefully they trained and separated those who believed! John Wesley strenuously insisted upon the exclusion of strangers, the careless and unconverted, from certain services. Why? He knew that the interior life must be vigorous in order to success in aggressive and external warfare. We of this later generation shall do well to walk by the same rule, and mind the same things.

The greatest want of the age is *that religion should be seen and felt to be a reality in those who profess it; especially when they meet together,*

having Christ Himself in the midst of them. In this way only can any impression be made upon that rising tide of indifferentism and unbelief of which the recent census has spoken aloud, and upon that leaven of socialism and atheism in many forms which is seeking to undermine and destroy, not the faith alone, but the very fabric and foundations of society. Adverting to it simply as an example of what exists in many forms, both at home and abroad, take the dire portent of Nihilism, which some persons regard as little more than an extreme protest against absolutism in Government, whereas it is an execrable conspiracy against all religion and morality. One of its acknowledged leaders has publicly avowed its true character and objects—'The movement admits of no half measures and no hesitation. The old world must be destroyed, and replaced by a new one. The lie must be stamped out and give place to the truth. The first of all the lies which have ground down this poor world in slavery is *God*, an invention of monarchs and priests. Tear out of your hearts the old belief in the existence of God, for as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains, you will never know what freedom is. The second lie is *right*, a fiction before which you are accustomed to bow your heads and drop your arms. When you have freed your minds from these two childish notions of God and right, all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called civilization, property, marriage, morality, justice, will snap asunder like threads.'

Religion, the State, the family, individual rights, laws, morals, all are equally odious and to be abolished. This is communistic-atheism. And if it can have free course, the horrors of the French Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century, may yet be eclipsed by the anarchy and violence amid which this nineteenth century will reach its lurid close.

Such is the spirit that is abroad, calling aloud to the Church of God to bestir and purify herself, and to show by the sanctity and warmth of her public worship, and in every other way, that 'the Lord is still in Zion, and the shout of a king in the midst of her.' Let the last clause of this lofty psalm find its due recognition, and then we may calmly rest in the sure confidence of its prior clauses. 'The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea. The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. Thy throne is established of old: Thou art from everlasting. The Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith He hath girded Himself. He is clothed with majesty. THE LORD REIGNETH.'

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.*

BY WILLIAM NICHOLS.

SUCH of us as have attained to the years of discretion which number on from fifty, have at least the privilege of recalling two of the greatest

* *The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass, from* 1817 *to* 1882, *written by Himself. Illustrated. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P. Edited by John Lobb, F.R.G.S.* London: *Christian Age* Office. 1882.

events in the annals of humanity: the one, the peaceable annihilation of slavery in the colonies of the mother-country; the other, the abolition of the same crying evil, amidst the mightiest throes, in the domains of the fair, aspiring daughter-people of the West. Some of us can revert to those memorable Sunday evenings in City Road Chapel, when the noble-minded William M. Bunting, after delivering discourses more remarkable for wealth of matter than for brevity, would detain his audience yet a little longer, in order to impress upon them the horrors of West Indian slavery, and to induce them to aid in at once putting an end to that abomination. His earnest efforts helped to give form and breadth to that force of public opinion which soon swept away the 'execrable sum of all villanies' from British soil, and relieved the national conscience from a burden of wrong-doing. They built up, also, in the heart of many a little listener a wholesome disgust for the mean and miserable fraud of slaveholding.

In the anti-slavery crusade in both countries, a notable part was borne by the press. Especially in the States, the incisive pen of the leader-writer, the feathered quill of the poet, and the pictorial pencil of the story-writer, did loyal service. The most successful book of the present century was written with the set purpose of fighting and crushing the dragon of slavery; and Mrs. Stowe, with one vigorous draught of her bow, lodged in the nation's heart a shaft which rankled there till a priceless balsam was applied in the blood of its dearest sons.

On many grounds, the book before us claims attention. Written by an ex-slave, it details his experiences with effect all the more telling from the judicial calmness of its tone. Every allowance is made by its author for the force of habit and the chain of circumstances in the case of the born slaveholder; due credit is given to those who evinced an atom of human feeling; but never have the mental agonies of the slave been so vividly pictured, or his mute aspirations set forth with such exquisite pathos. Close reasoning, graphic power, neat humour, and eloquent sadness, combine to mark Mr. Douglass as a man of rare qualifications.

Frederick Douglass was born in Talbot County, Maryland. He warns his reader not to expect him to say much about his family. 'Genealogical trees did not flourish among slaves.' Neither is he quite certain of the date of his birth. 'Few [slaves] at that time knew anything of the months of the year, or of the days of the month. They measured the ages of their children by spring-time, winter-time, harvest-time, planting-time, and the like. Masters allowed no questions to be put to them by slaves concerning their ages.' Still, he supposes himself to have come into the world in February, 1817. His first experience of life was in the family of his grandmother, who dwelt in a cabin apart from the regular quarters, and had charge of the young children till they were old enough to be subjected to the activities and barbarities of the slave-system. Of his mother he had but few glimpses, caught in her hasty visits by night, when she had to return ere daybreak many weary miles to her work in the field: but her image was ineffaceably impressed on his mind, as 'tall and finely proportioned, of dark glossy complexion, with regular features, and amongst the slaves remarkably sedate and dignified.' Of his father he knew nothing; 'slavery had no recognition of fathers, as none of families.' But in those infantile days this lack of parentage did not trouble him

His grandmother's little cabin had for him the attractions of a palace. Its fence-rail floor upstairs, at once floor and bedstead, its clay floor downstairs, its primitive chimney of straw and dirt, its ladder staircase, the hole for potato storage, dug in front of the fireplace—the old well, with its nicely-balanced beam, which his tiny hand could move and so get himself a drink—the mill with its mighty wheel, and its pond alive with nibbling fish — the squirrels, skipping the fences, climbing the trees, and gathering the nuts—all these marvels, familiar yet ever new, imprinted themselves on his memory and his heart.

Everything became doubly dear to him when he found that the house of his childhood, with all its pleasant surroundings, belonged not to his grandmother, but to a mysterious personage called 'Old Master;' nay, worse still, that the old lady herself, and all the little ones around her, were at the disposal of that potentate, and might be separated at any moment. In Frederick's case the day of doom was at hand. One fine summer morning, when barely seven years old, his wanderings and woes began with a twelve miles' trip, partly on his own legs and partly on his grandmother's shoulder, to the home plantation of Colonel Lloyd, whose chief clerk and butler was Captain Aaron Anthony, the redoubtable 'Old Master' of poor Fred and of most of his relatives. Here he found himself amid a group of children of all sizes and many colours: 'Black, brown, copper-coloured, and nearly white,' who laughed, yelled, played wild tricks, and wanted to make acquaintance with the new-comer, who for some time resisted their overtures, but at length yielded so far as to go as a spectator to their games.

"At last, while standing with my back against the wall, one of the children ran up to me in a sort of roguish glee, exclaiming, 'Fed, Fed, grandmamma gone!'" I could not believe it. Yet, fearing the worst, I ran into the kitchen to see for myself, and lo! she was indeed gone, and was now far away, and "clean" out of sight. I need not tell all that happened now. Almost heart-broken at the discovery, I fell upon the ground and wept a boy's bitter tears, refusing to be comforted. My brother gave me peaches and pears to quiet me, but I promptly threw them on the ground. I had never been deceived before, and something of resentment at this mingled with my grief at parting with my grandmother. It was now late in the afternoon. The day had been an exciting and wearisome one, and I know not how, but I suppose I sobbed myself to sleep, and its balm was never more welcome to any wounded soul than to mine.'

The incidents of that day were not likely to be forgotten even in their minutest detail; for it was the era of his first acquaintance with the bitterness of slavery. He found himself left to the tender mercies of 'Aunt Katy,' who, a slave herself, enjoyed, in the sole management of the large tribe of slave children, abundant scope for the play of a naturally cruel disposition. Seldom in the good books of this harpy, Fred suffered brutal beatings, and yet more intolerable stoppage of food. On one occasion, after having been deprived of bread all day, being too hungry to sleep, he espied an ear of Indian corn on an upper shelf, and, watching his opportunity, shelled off a few grains and put them into the hot ashes to roast, at the risk of severe punishment. He had pulled his corn out of the fire, placed it on a stool 'in a clever little pile,' and was about to stay his hungry cravings, when his own dear mother appeared on the stage.

'The scene which followed is beyond my power to describe. The friendless and hungry boy, in his extremest need, found himself in the strong protecting arms of his mother. I have before spoken of my mother's dignified and impressive manner. I shall never forget

the indescribable expression of her countenance when I told her that Aunt Katy had said she would starve the life out of me. There was deep and tender pity in her glance at me, and a fiery indignation at Aunt Katy at the same moment; and while she took the corn from me, and gave in its stead a large ginger cake, she read Aunt Katy a lecture which was never forgotten. That night I learned as I had never learned before, that I was not only a child, but somebody's child. I was grander upon my mother's knee than a king upon his throne. But my triumph was short. I dropped off to sleep, and waked in the morning to find my mother gone, and myself at the mercy again of the virago in my master's kitchen, whose fiery wrath was my constant dread.

'My mother had walked twelve miles to see me, and had the same distance to travel over again before the morning sunrise. I do not remember ever seeing her again. Her death soon ended the little communication that had existed between us, and with it, I believe, a life full of weariness and heart-felt sorrow. To me it has ever been a grief that I knew my mother so little, and have so few of her words treasured in my remembrance. I have since learned that she was the only one of all the coloured people of Tuckahoe who could read. How she acquired this knowledge I know not, for Tuckahoe was the last place in the world where she would have been likely to find facilities for learning. I can therefore fondly and proudly ascribe to her an earnest love of knowledge.'

On the shrewd little fellow, with all his faculties wide awake, the mysteries of life, and the special anomalies of slave life, now crowded in bewildering succession. He found, on the one hand, a great house, surrounded with lawns, gardens, and parks, and fitted up with luxurious extravagance; its inmates delicately nurtured, daintily fed, and constantly waited on by fifteen selected slaves: while, on the other hand, were the poor field-hands, scantily clothed, badly fed, hardly worked, and mercilessly flogged. Slavery was supposed to don its mildest shape in Maryland, as being contiguous to the free States of the Union and amenable to their humaner sentiments; but Colonel Lloyd's plantation was in a secluded corner of the State, out of the way of all better influences, with no public opinion to check crime, no school-house or town-hall to administer education or justice. The overseer was monarch over the helpless slave. 'He was generally accuser, judge, jury, advocate and executioner;' and like other 'dark places of the earth,' the estate was 'full of cruelty.'

Douglass received his first inkling of learning and religion, in common with twenty or thirty other children, from 'Uncle' Isaac Copper, whose office it was to instil into the little fatherless ones the words of the Lord's Prayer. 'He was both our Doctor of Medicine and our Doctor of Divinity...His remedial prescriptions embraced four articles: for diseases of the body, Epsom salts and castor oil; for those of the soul, the Lord's Prayer, and a few stout hickory switches.' There is, happily, a wondrous adaptability in human nature, and little Frederick, the tendrils of whose affection for his grandmother and his birthplace had been so rudely snapped, found them entwining afresh about his new surroundings. Though wretchedly clad and fed, he had a troop of children to play with, and plenty of pleasant outdoor resorts; and for a time he found life not absolutely unbearable. But as he grew older and more thoughtful, the sense of his wretchedness sank more deeply into his soul. His own sufferings from hunger and cold and ill-treatment, and the outrages witnessed by himself or reported to him by others, led him to wish he had never been born. When nine years old, he had already as strong a perception of the injustice and unnaturalness of slavery as he ever had in after life. It required no appeal to books, or laws, or authorities of any kind; the simple act of regarding God as 'Our Father' was

sufficient to convict and condemn slavery as a crime.

Just when these thoughts were surging in his breast, he received the joyful news that he was to be transferred to Baltimore, to live with Mr. Hugh Auld, the brother-in-law of Captain Anthony's daughter. Three happy days were spent in preparation, which included washing off 'the plantation scurf,' getting the dead skin from his feet and knees, and donning, for the first time, a pair of trousers. His new mistress was a good, kind creature, as yet unspoilt by the slave-possessing spirit; and Frederick's special work was the congenial one of taking charge of her little son 'Tommy.' For a time he lived in clover. Decent food, warm and clean clothes, a gentle mistress, light employment: there was much to be thankful for. Often would he hear the lady reading the Bible aloud; and this roused in him curiosity to fathom the mystery of reading, and longing to acquire that needful art. Mrs. Auld, new to the possession of a slave and innocent of the instincts and traditions of slaveholders, graciously acceded to his earnest petition; and soon, under her teaching, he had mastered the alphabet and could spell short words. But on her telling her husband, exultingly, of the aptness of her pupil, he was astounded, and read the good woman a lecture on the true philosophy of the servile system. Unheeding the presence of the little slave, he told his wife that 'learning will spoil the best nigger in the world. If he learns to read the Bible, it will for ever unfit him to be a slave. He should know nothing but the will of his master, and learn to obey it. As to himself, learning will do him no good, but a great deal of harm, making him disconsolate and unhappy. If you teach him how to read, he'll want to know how to write; and this accomplished, he'll be running away with himself.'

His coloured hearer drank in the heartless words, with an application little dreamt of by the utterer. Receiving with ready assent the axiom that 'knowledge unfits a child to be a slave,' Frederick saw that the one path to freedom must be through the gate of knowledge; and his master's determination to keep him in ignorance made him doubly resolute to seek intelligence. Debarred from reading by his mistress—now as watchful to keep him ignorant as she had been solicitous to teach him—he made good use of his white playmates whom he met in the streets, and, carrying in his pocket a copy of Webster's Spelling-book, would step aside with his young friends and take a lesson at every fair opportunity. It is interesting to know that, in the very citadel of slaveholders, he never met with a *boy* who defended the system; but many times his sad heart, brooding over the mournful burden, 'I am a slave for life,' was soothed and cheered by youthful sympathy and words of hope.

Having earned a little money by blacking boots for some gentlemen, he spent it in the purchase of a popular school-book, *The Columbian Orator*, which proved a rich treasure-house to him. In addition to speeches by Sheridan, Lord Chatham, Pitt the younger, and Fox, it contained a short dialogue between a master and his slave, in which the latter, having been recaptured after a second attempt at escape, is allowed to argue the point; and does so with such effect that his master is convinced, and, like a man, sets him free. The noble sentiments sank deep in the slave-boy's soul, and the eloquent language and imagery doubtless laid the foundation of that oratory for which Douglass himself became renowned in after life. Being much

in the ship-yards, he noticed that the carpenters, after preparing a piece of timber for use, wrote on it the initials of the part of the ship for which it was intended: a piece for the starboard side would be marked S; one for the larboard, L; and so forth. These letters he copied when in charge of his master's yard at dinner-time; and from this beginning, with playmates for his teachers, fences and pavement for his copy-books, and chalk *vice* pen and ink, he learnt to write.

When about thirteen years of age, longing, in utter loneliness of spirit, for some one to whom he could unbosom his sorrows, he was led, by the preaching of a white Methodist Minister named Hanson, and by the counsel of an old coloured man called Lawson, to cast all his care upon God, and to find in Him a Father and a Friend. With his burden lightened and his heart relieved, he for a time 'loved all mankind, slaveholders not excepted:' but his abhorrence of slavery became more intense than ever, and his hunger for knowledge correspondingly increased. Especially did he covet a closer acquaintance with the Book of books. Picking up scattered leaves of the Bible from filthy gutters, he washed and dried them, and pored over the precious fragments at each moment of leisure. The still night would often find him in the kitchen-loft, with the head of a flour-barrel as his desk, trying to copy from Bible or Hymn-book, while the family were safe asleep.

The death of his 'old master,' and the consequent dispersion of the human property accumulated, brought to the aspiring youth various vicissitudes, which we cannot pursue in detail. After undergoing much suffering at the hand of a cruel master, he found himself sent to a still worse man, Edward Covey, 'to be broken.' Just as a horsebreaker can ride or drive, on his own business, the best horses in the country free of expense to himself, so this man, having a reputation for slave-taming, got his farm tilled almost gratuitously, by having slaves committed to his charge to undergo the subduing process. It is needless to say that amongst a community of barbarians he was pre-eminently barbarous. Under his care Douglass drank the very dregs of the bitter cup of slavery. Hard work in the field from morning to night, with frequent and severe floggings, soon crushed all his natural elasticity, and was fast reducing him to the condition of the more favoured brute. The light of hope died out of his eye; his ardour for reading left him; his intellect seemed clouded and numbed; and Sunday, his only leisure time, was spent in a sort of torpor, between sleeping and waking, under some large tree. His master's house stood close by the shore of Chesapeake Bay, and as he mused sadly and despairingly, he could see the white sails crowding over the broad, buoyant waters; and, roused to intense feeling, he would, in the deep stillness of a summer Sabbath, apostrophise the fleeting vessels in this style:

'You are loosed from your moorings, and are free: I am fast in my chains, and am a slave! You move merrily before the gentle gale, and I sadly before the bloody whip. You are freedom's swift-winged angels, that fly around the world: I am confined in bonds of iron. O that I were free! O that I were on one of your gallant decks, and under your protecting wing! Alas! betwixt me and you the turbid waters roll. Go on, go on: O that I could also go! Could I but swim! If I could fly! O why was I born a man, of whom to make a brute?—The glad ship is gone: she hides in the dim distance. I am left in the hell of unending slavery. O God, save me! God, deliver me! Let me be free!'

For six weary months he lived on, a miserable existence: but there

came at last a crisis, when, after being nearly killed by Covey, and after appealing in vain to his real master, he summoned up resolution, and, as there could be no higher degree of suffering, determined to resist punishment at all risks. The crucial hour soon arrived, and Mr. Covey, to his surprise, found the cowed, down-stricken youth transformed into a supple, active wrestler, who, in a contest lasting for two hours, came off victor. This was resistance even 'unto blood,' and the result was the resurrection of conscious manhood and self-respect in the young slave, and a cautious abstinence from violence on the part of the cowardly tyrant for the remaining six months of the hired year.

His next employer was of a different stamp, a well-bred Southern gentleman, who, though infected with many of the vices of the slave-holding class, had some sense of justice, some feeling of honour and humanity. Once again Douglass caught glimpses of freedom. His bosom, relieved from the constant pressure of physical suffering, swelled with high aspirations. His brother slaves were bright, pleasant young fellows, and in their congenial society he reverted to his old habit of self-education under difficulties; brought forth once more his treasured spelling-book and his *Columbian Orator;* showed how it was the interest of the masters to keep the men in ignorance; and finally established a Sunday-school, in which to exercise his gifts, and impart what little knowledge he possessed to his darker brethren. His intimates were Henry and John Harris, and on them he tried the 'prentice hand' of his oratory, discussing the vital subject of slavery, and 'dashing against it the condemning brand of God's eternal justice.' At length, with five of his comrades, he resolved to escape, on the eve of the Easter holidays: seizing a canoe, they were to cross the bay, land near Baltimore, and, bending their steps in the direction of the north star, make for a free State. We can readily believe 'the tempest and tumult' of Douglass's brain when the eventful morning dawned. But it was not to be: their project was suspected or betrayed, and the five—for one had already withdrawn from the plot—instead of starting on their hazardous voyage in the evening, found themselves safely lodged in Easton gaol. Here they were fortunate in having tolerable quarters; and though two were separated from the rest of the party, Douglass might have enjoyed the comfort of rest, and the society of his staunch friends Henry and John, but for the bolts, bars, and grated windows which emphasized the oppressive feeling of confinement and defeat.

Their suspense was soon over. At the end of the Easter holidays four of the conspirators were fetched away by their masters, leaving their leader to languish alone. Never till now had he touched the lowest depths of desolation and despondency. His only prospect seemed to be a long future of the detestable slave-life on the cotton and sugar plantations of the more southerly States: Georgia, Louisiana, and Alabama; names of the direst dread. His only visitors were slave-traders and agents, who tantalized him with impudent questions and jeers. But this period of despair came to an end in a few days, which had dragged along like weeks: his owner, to his surprise and relief, took him out of gaol and ultimately sent him back to Baltimore, to live with Mr. Hugh Auld, his former master, who now hired him to a large ship-builder. Here he got his first experience of the enmity of the white workman against the

black, which was then a distinguishing feature of city life in the slave States. His fellow-apprentices, being of a lighter hue, felt it a degradation to work side by side with him. At last, from hard words they came to blows; four of them set upon him and mauled him severely, and he barely escaped with his life. His master, indignant that a *body* which was his property had been so maltreated and rendered for a time so much less valuable, took him before a magistrate, in the innocent expectation of getting a warrant issued against the ruffians. The magistrate, unmoved by his wrath, coolly enquired, 'Mr. Auld, *who* saw this assault of which you speak?' 'It was done, Sir, in the presence of a shipyard full of hands.' 'Sir,' said the magistrate, 'I am sorry, but I cannot move in this matter except on the oath of white witnesses.' The slave-owner thought, for once, that this state of things was 'too bad,' and left the seat of justice in high disgust. Douglass was put into another yard, and soon became perfect in the art and mystery of shipcaulking, and was able to bring home to his master from six to nine dollars a week.

Still—and all the more from mixing with free workmen—he entertained the longing to escape from slavery. Why, reasoned he, should his master claim all his earnings every Saturday night? 'He did not earn it; he had no hand in earning it; why, then, should he have it? I owed him nothing. He had given me no schooling, and I had received from him only my food and raiment; and for these my services were supposed to pay from the first. The right to take my earnings was the right of the robber. He had the power to compel me to give him the fruits of my labour, and this *power* was the only right in the case.'

As Frederick's discontent grew, he brooded over the way of escape, and at last his opportunity came—or rather, he made the opportunity. A sailor friend lent him his 'protection'—a paper which described the personal appearance of the bearer, and certified to the fact that he was a free American sailor. With this in his pocket, and dressed in seaman fashion, he one Monday morning jumped on a train as it started for the north, travelled to Wilmington in safety, thence steamed across the Delaware, reached Philadelphia, and next day arrived in New York.

Threading the busy streets of the great city with open eyes, he was for a time bewildered with the excitement of his strange situation. The liberty of which he had dreamed from childhood, and which he had despaired of ever attaining, was now his own. A new world had opened upon him; life had become unspeakably precious to him; he 'felt as one might feel upon escape from a den of hungry lions.' His gladness, however, was but short-lived, for he soon learnt that in the city which should have been the headquarters of freedom, there were men continually on the look-out for the capture of fugitive slaves. His little money, too, was speedily exhausted, and he was afraid to seek work at the wharves as a caulker, because he knew that his ex master would be sure to seek him there especially. Wandering about the streets, homeless and friendless, lodging at least one night amongst the barrels on the quays, he 'was indeed free from slavery, but free from food and shelter as well.' A warm-hearted sailor espied him standing on the side-walk opposite his house, and, probably gathering from his appearance and dejected attitude his forlorn condition, took him to share the shelter of his humble home, and next morning introduced

him to the secretary and members of the New York Vigilance Committee, in whose hands he felt comparatively safe.

Douglass thought this a fitting time to get wedded. Accordingly his intended wife—a free woman—receiving the good news of his safety, came on from Baltimore to New York; and they were married by a worthy Presbyterian minister, the Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, whose name deserves special record. 'I had,' says our hero, 'no money with which to pay the marriage fee, but he seemed well pleased with our thanks.' The young couple started the same day for New Bedford, where Douglass could freely pursue his calling without dread of recapture. But he found that even here his colour debarred him from working at his trade along with whites, who would have 'struck' immediately. So for a time he was obliged to undertake anything that came to hand—sawing wood, shovelling coal, digging cellars, removing rubbish, loading and unloading vessels, and scouring their cabins.

It was in the summer of 1841 that he made his first speech in public. An anti-slavery convention was being held at Nantucket, under the auspices of William Lloyd Garrison and his friends; and Frederick was called out from the crowd and invited to say a few words to the large audience. Trembling in every limb, he gave utterance as best he could to the feelings which such an opportunity inspired, and related the reminiscences of his slave life. The quiet, decorous throng was roused to unwonted excitement, and the result, so far as Douglass was concerned, was his engagement that very day as an agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. His qualifications consisted in his thoroughly practical acquaintance with the evils of slavery,—he was often introduced to a meeting as 'a graduate from the peculiar institution, with his diploma *written on his back*,'—in his persevering self-education, and above all, in that noble eloquence with which God had endowed him.

(*To be concluded.*)

AN ITALIAN PESSIMIST.

BY THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

(*Concluded from page* 505.)

WHILST thus distinguishing the great truths of Leopardi's system, it becomes our duty, in the second place, to point out the great error of the sorrowful philosopher. His great error, we must submit, was the condemnation of life in itself: 'that existence is essentially, inevitably, incurably vicious; that happiness in the nature of things is an impossibility.' After all that is sad, illusive, fleeting, unspeakably disappointing in human life, we feel ere is something in it real, noble, desirable, and this feeling is well-nigh inextinguishable. Leopardi, with his thoroughgoing despair, is yet sensible of the secret value of life and its belongings, and in various ways betrays the fact.

He vituperates Nature in the abstract, but worships her in the concrete. In one of his poems he gives advice thus:

'Henceforth despise
Thyself, Nature, the foul
Power which, hidden, rules to the common bane,
And the infinite vanity of the whole.'

And yet, with Byron, Schopenhauer, and other representative pessimists, Leopardi was filled with ecstasy in contemplating creation, and celebrated in glowing lines the loveliness and grandeur of earth and sky. He felt the Nature so abundantly reproached was not altogether base and revolting. The vanity of the world is not 'infinite'; the 'whole' is not vain. If the condition of things were of this awful simplicity, there would be no more philosophical perplexity, as there would be no more hope; but the vanity we feel is bounded by a ring of glory, and in the whole are elements of incontestable preciousness. Nature cannot be altogether despised; her sternest censors feel this. They feel also that what is best in nature is the deepest and most essential. In the cells of the Inquisition the soldiers of Napoleon found an image of the Virgin, which was in reality an instrument of torture. The figure was elegantly draped, the brows crowned, the aspect benign, the arms outstretched as if to welcome the distressed; but those outstretched arms worked by machinery really pressed the victim on a breast planted with spikes: all that was gracious in the figure was external; the design was cruel.

Now it is true that a few modern thinkers regard this image as a true symbol of the world. Nature is richly robed, crowned with glory, and she presents to the unstudious eye an aspect most bewitching; but really her spirit is purely maleficent, and her action cruel beyond thought. The grandeurs of creation are the meretricious and deceptive decorations of a system whose design is simply base and truculent; if you have the courage to strip away the fineries of phenomena, you will find neither truth, wisdom, nor mercy. Sometimes Leopardi argues this version of the world: the sun is blackness, and the moon blood. But again, and with equal sincerity, he extols the earth and sky. As a lover writes of his mistress, he writes of that sphered light and beauty and music we call the world. He felt there was a something in nature which corresponds to goodness in man, and this stole away his heart and refreshed his heart whether he would or no. Some of the greatest pessimists have feelingly deplored the disorders and miseries of nature, and have still felt the spirit and design of things to be sublimely kind and noble. That man in contact with nature is pierced through with many sorrows is a sorrowful fact at which they staggered, but they could not believe the world an artful engine of torture. They saw good and evil, but felt that the truest part of the world is the best part. Byron felt this; so did Shelley; and Leopardi never seems more sincere and enthusiastic than when he chequers his sombre pages with the sweet imagery of nature. He was constrained to be poet as well as philosopher; and he was as sincere in the poesy which glorified the cosmos, as in the philosophy which condemned it.

Again, Leopardi poured on life infinite contempt—and yet clung to it. Schopenhauer, with all his disgust with life, did not recommend individual suicide; if the race had had one neck he would have been happy to have placed it under the guillotine; but the suicide of the individual was a mistake. Leopardi held the contrary view. He writes most ingeniously on the right and merit of suicide, and at one period contemplated thus putting a period to his desolate life. 'A great desire comes into my mind to terminate once for all these wretched years of mine, and to make myself more completely motionless.' He is always longing for death. 'I am weary of life and weary of the philosophy of

indifference, which is the only cure for misfortune and ennui, but which at length becomes an ennui itself. I look and hope for nothing but death.'

Again he writes: 'When death comes to me, I shall die as peacefully and contentedly as if it were the only thing for which I had ever wished in the world. This is the sole prospect that reconciles me to Destiny. If, on the one hand, I were offered the fortune and fame of Cæsar or Alexander, free from the least stain; and, on the other hand, death to-day, I should unhesitatingly choose to die to-day.' But how did the disdainful philosopher behave in the presence of death? His biographer tells us that when the cholera appeared in Naples, Leopardi was extremely terrified, and to escape the epidemic, he and his devoted friend Ranieri went to a country house of the latter's on one of the slopes of Vesuvius. Schopenhauer acted in a similar manner. The German denounced activity as vigorously as the Italian did, but like the Italian, when the cholera came to Berlin he packed his portmanteau and removed with all alacrity to safer quarters. These unhappy men wrote in all sincerity of the weariness and woe of life, and yet when the pestilence walking in darkness passed their way they fled in terror. Their instincts contradicted their philosophy, and prevailed against it. We smile at the palpable inconsistency into which they were betrayed, but everywhere we behold this passionate love of life. Not only do the rich and strong, the young and hopeful, hold ardently to life, but the love of life persists even in the midst of deepest pain and degradation. The old, the poor, the suffering, the defeated, the hopeless, cling to the thorn which pierces them; they feel the ragged robe preferable to a shroud, and the meanest lot better than the tombs of kings. The love of life is profound, universal, almost invincible. But if our instinct contradicts our philosophy, which shall we trust? Is the deepest truth with our instinct? Happily we need not here discuss this point, for the pessimistic school contends that our instincts are far more worthy of being trusted than our metaphysics. Cowper wrote:

> 'Reasoning at every step he treads.
> Man yet mistakes his way.'

And Leopardi, in common with Schopenhauer, is never weary of deriding the lame conclusions of human reason, and insisting on the validity of the instinctive element in human nature. Here, then, is the dilemma in which the pessimist finds himself. Our dialectics prove that we are the victims of necessity, but our consciousness assures us of freedom and responsibility; so our understanding infers the utter uselessness of life, yet our consciousness protests the profound value of existence. Leopardi felt and expressed our paradoxical situation:

> 'I assure you that neither disgust of life, nor despair, nor the sense of the nullity of things, the vanity of all anxiety, and the insignificance of man, nor hatred of the world and oneself, are of long duration; although such dispositions of mind are perfectly reasonable, and the contrary unreasonable.....New hopes give brightness to human things, which once more seem worthy of some attention, not indeed from our understanding, but from what may be termed the higher senses of the intellect. This is why each of us, though perfectly aware of the truth, continues to live in spite of Reason, and conforms to the behaviour of others; for our life is controlled by these senses, and not by the understanding.'

And although Leopardi reckoned the noble things of human life as illusions, he yet felt the reality and incomparable importance of these things. It is impossible to believe,

what Leopardi takes so much pains to teach, that all life is built on a lie; that all the things which render life precious, men illustrious, society secure and progressive, are built on a concatenation of lies. And if we must judge of a man's faith by his works, Leopardi could not bring himself to acquiesce in his own creed. Wisdom was a 'phantom,' and yet with quenchless zeal he gave himself to the acquisition of knowledge and pursued his quest whilst compassed with infirmities. His frame, naturally weak, suffered from the effects of early over-application; his eye-sight was ruined by his severe devotion to his studies; and his humpback was 'the consequence of those studies which simultaneously ruined him and made him famous.' No scholar ever felt more bitterly than he that the increase of knowledge is the increase of sorrow, and yet he turned from vulgar sensual delights, to cultivate, with unremitting assiduity and sublime enthusiasm, knowledge, philosophy and song. What he branded as a phantom, he wooed with sacrifices and tears, and he would have felt it infamy to have been false to that phantom.

Patriotism was a 'phantom,' and yet he was an enthusiastic patriot. His earliest verse is pervaded by patriotism, and of his odes to Italy, Mr. Edwardes says: 'They are the expression of a soul fired with its own flame, which serves to illumine and vivify a theme then only too real in his country's experience,—the sufferings of Italy. Full of fire and vigour, his odes reach the sublime where he stimulates his fellow-countrymen to action, and urges them to aspire to a freedom, happily now obtained.' Whilst he denounces nature, and seeks to prove the whole globe a theatre of horrors, it is strange to read his glowing praises of Italy. One spot is beautiful; one nation great and worthy; one law worth living and dying for.

'O my country, I see the walls and arches, the columns, the statues, and the deserted towers of our ancestors; but their glory I see not, nor do I see the laurel and the iron which girt our forefathers. To-day, unarmed, thou showest a naked brow and naked breast. Alas! how thou art wounded! How pale thou art, and bleeding! That I should see thee thus! O queen of beauty! I call on heaven and earth, and ask who thus has humbled thee. And as a crowning ill, her arms are weighed with chains; her hair dishevelled and unveiled; and on the ground she sits disconsolate and neglected, her face hid in her knees and weeping. Weep, Italia mine.....I burn with love for Italy, and thank Heaven that I am an Italian.'

And yet this is the man who, estimating life in the light of reason, sets down patriotism as an illusion! As a thinker Leopardi was most able, and unquestionably his moody moral was sincere, but the citizen contradicted the philosopher, and knew the reality and immense significance of that freedom, progress and happiness which patriotism so fervently contemplates.

Action is also a 'phantom,' for it simply serves to distract attention from the awful reality of things; and yet Leopardi insists on duty and diligence, setting the example. In one of his letters he says: 'I have for a long time firmly believed that I must die within two or three years, because I have so ruined myself by seven years of immoderate and incessant study....I am conscious that my life cannot be other than unhappy, yet I am not frightened; and if I could in any way be useful, I would endeavour to bear my condition without losing heart.' And far from living a life of indolence and indulgence, he toiled constantly, as he best might, to serve his generation. His words are: 'A life must be active and

vigorous, else it is not true life, and death is preferable to it.' How long the world would have any heart for action after it had once fully persuaded itself of the truth of Leopardi's cheerless view of things, may be a question; but the philosopher felt the real and vast value of action, although he could give no rational account of the feeling.

Love is also a 'phantom,' and yet the cynic knew love as one of the greatest forces and joys of human life. When at Rome, isolated from his family, he wrote to his brother: 'Love me, for God's sake! I need love, love, love, fire, enthusiasm, life.' He was himself capable of tender friendship and profound affection. Throughout his writings he dwells most pathetically on the delightsomeness of love; it is a thread of gold running through all the sackcloth, and he is loth to confound it with the general falsity, vulgarity and misery of the universe. This was the dilemma of Leopardi: his reasonings detected the utter vanity of human life without a religious interpretation; but he had a sane soul and noble instincts, and felt that after all there was reality and preciousness in virtue, knowledge, patriotism, love and glory, although he failed to justify these qualities to his intellect.

Here we feel, then, the defectiveness and inconsistency of Leopardi as a philosopher. All is not bad; life is not originally and absolutely vicious; there is something in the universe we must admire, something in life we must prize. Leopardi finds in us 'a primitive nature,' and this nature still persists. 'Although we are greatly changed, and the power of nature within us is much lessened, we are not so altered but that much of our former manhood remains, and our primitive nature is not quite stifled within us. In spite of all our folly, it will never be otherwise.' At the back of the bad world Leopardi sees a good world; underneath our disordered nature, he sees another nature, a primitive and better nature; and intermixed with the dark and bitter elements of life, he finds rich and sublime ingredients which make us reluctant to put the mystic cup from our lips. Life is full of woe and trial, but it has a suppressed worth still, and we cling to it notwithstanding all its bitterness. 'As the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it.'

We will conclude by remarking that only in revelation have we a full and consistent philosophy of life, and only through the power of revelation can life be redeemed from its disabilities. Harmonies of universal good, and harmonies of evil, alike fail to take in all the facts of life and satisfy the reason, and we are compelled by reason and experience to find another philosophy. This philosophy revelation furnishes. 'And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.' 'By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.... For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope. Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now!' No more rational account of the complex state of things about us has yet been given. The basis of all things is good; the primitive and essential arrangements good; the ideal and essence of life good; but the race has confounded God's order, and brought into life strange sorrows not contemplated in the Divine programme.

And only through the power of revelation can we realize the felicity which played so tantalizingly before the soul of Leopardi, and the attainment of which he gave up in despair. This great genius failed to appreciate the spiritual end of life; failed to understand the relation of suffering to the perfecting of character; failed to perceive that the prevalence of pain in the physical sphere is exactly and directly regulated so as to secure the harmony and joy of higher spheres; failed to accept the doctrine of immortality with its grand atonements and compensations; and so life became to him an insoluble problem, full of dreariness and despair.

Revelation assures us that the universe is built on truth, not on a lie, and that the instinct which leads us to regard virtue, friendship, wisdom, duty, happiness as realities is profoundly true. Love, righteousness, knowledge, action, sacrifice, hope, are not 'cunningly devised fables,' but qualities, inspirations and attributes most real, noble and immortal. Revelation assures us that whatever woes human sin may have introduced into the world, God loves us still. We quoted Leopardi's appeal to his brother: 'Love me, for God's sake! I need love, love, love.' '*For God's sake;*' this, alas! was an unmeaning phrase in the lips of the Italian scholar; but here he unwittingly touched the secret of the whole matter. Could he only have realized that God is, that 'God is love'; and that whatever black eclipses have fallen on the fair fields of existence, God loves us still—that very love for which he yearned should have over-brimmed his heart, and the finite woe of life would have been forgotten in an infinite love and joy. One who realized the keen grief of life and the chaos and tribulation of things as vividly as Leopardi did, yet lived in the power of an infinite joy, because he saw and held the love of Heaven to the bleeding race, wrote: 'I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Revelation assures us that the sufferings of life may be sanctified to the everlasting strength and beauty of our spirit. The grand lesson of Christ's crown of thorns is: that 'through consecrated pain' we may attain the most royal power and purity of being. So far from life being full of blind woes, purposeless suffering, malign torments, unavailing cries and tears, Christianity shows that all these things work together for the highest good of the wise sufferer. Finally, Revelation assures us of immortality. 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.' It is only in the light of Christian truth that we are reconciled to the struggle of life, to the fierce tyranny of things; and it is only in the power of Christian truth that we find genuine and abiding felicity. Otherwise we must take our place with Leopardi, believing that the universe is an elaborate falsehood, and life an awful curse with a tragic ending.

The joyfulness of the Christian Church is a great fact, and a fact entitled to the utmost respect. The bereaved child will sport on his mother's coffin; the lunatic will crown himself king with straws; the slave will dance and sing in his chains; and such is much of the pleasure of man—the joy of ignorance, of insensibility, of madness. But the holy gladness of Christ's people cannot be thus scouted. They are men all of whose

faculties have been aroused and trained, and who rejoice with the spirit and the understanding also. Goethe set himself to 'solve the holy problem of the universe.' In truth, the problem of the universe is not, as Leopardi concluded, dark and cursed, but as the German poet held, most holy and bright; no man, however, can solve that problem except as he walks in the truth and grace of Jesus Christ.

THE IRISH CONFERENCE, BELFAST, 1882.

BY THE REV. OLIVER M'CUTCHEON.

THE history of Belfast supplies a forcible illustration of what can be accomplished, even in Ireland, by persistent industry and well-directed enterprise. In *Marmion's History of the Maritime Ports*, it is stated that there is no other town in the United Kingdom that has risen so rapidly from comparative insignificance to importance. Just a century ago it contained a population a little over thirteen thousand. Between the years 1841 and 1871 the population more than doubled, and during the last ten years it has increased in a ratio unparalleled by any town in Ireland.

The first time Belfast appeared on the Minutes of the Methodist Conference was in 1778. Yet so rapid was the growth of Belfast, and so well did the increase of Methodism keep pace with the progress of the town, that in the year 1826 it was resolved to invite the Irish Methodist Conference to hold its next annual session there; and in 1827, for the first time, the Conference assembled in the chief town of the province of Ulster. Richard Watson was the President, and there were associated with him as representatives of the British Conference, Jabez Bunting, John Mason, and Thomas Roberts.

From 1827 until recently there has been a quadrennial session of the Conference in that important and prosperous town. A few years ago, however, a new arrangement was made, at the instance of the official representatives of the Belfast Circuits, according to which the Conference will meet at Belfast more frequently than formerly. By virtue of this arrangement, the Conference of 1882 was held in Belfast. It assembled in Donegall Square Church, at ten o'clock a.m., on Friday, the 16th of June; and on Thursday, the 29th of the same month, the business was concluded. There was a large attendance of Ministers during the Pastoral session; but the Conference in its Representative session was composed of one hundred and twenty ministers, and an equal number of lay gentlemen. It was presided over by the Rev. George Osborn, D.D., President of the British Conference, who was accompanied by the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., Ex-President; the Rev. W. B. Pope, D.D.; and the Rev. Robert Newton Young, the Secretary of the British Conference.

For many reasons this Conference will be long remembered in Irish Methodism. For the first time for some years, the annual statistical returns exhibited an increase in the number of members in the Society. This increase was spread over eight out of the ten districts; and it appeared that about two thousand new members had been gathered into the Societies in the course of the year. The returns also showed that there had been a considerable loss of members by emigration and death; but as notwithstanding this

here was a net increase in the umber of Church-members, synhronizing with an increase in the umber of persons returning themelves as Methodists in the Governent Census, it was felt that there as much cause for gratitude and ncouragement; and the conversaion on the Work of God which llowed the reading of the returns as not only profitable, but brightned with hope for the future of reland.

The supply of candidates for the linistry continues to be in excess f the means for employing them laced at the disposal of the Conrence. This subject engaged conderable attention; as did also the ecessity of giving to all accepted ndidates for the ministry a suitle training. After much discusion concerning matters of detail, ie Conference declared it to be esirable that such arrangements ould be made in connection with ie Methodist College, Belfast, as ill secure for all accepted candiates for the ministry, a training in eological and other studies, preiratory to their entering upon rcuit work. And in order to is, the Managing Committee of e College has been directed to conler several specified particulars volved in this question, and to port concerning them, through a ecial committee, to the next Conrence. It is earnestly hoped that easures may be devised for giving each accepted candidate a training at least two years in the College.

Seven Ministers retired from the tive work to the honourable ranks the Supernumeraries, exclusive of ur who from temporary causes re permitted to become Supernumeraries for one year. In the ren were included James Tobias, o entered the ministry in 1829, d who repeatedly filled the highest ices in the Irish Conference; James Griffin, D.D., and James Irwin, who entered the ministry in 1837 and 1848 respectively, and both of whom had been Presidents of the Primitive Wesleyan-Methodist Conference. In each of these cases the Conference adopted a suitable record for publication in the Minutes.

The Conference of 1882 will be remarkable in our annals because of the mortality among our Ministers during its session. In the course of the year John Duncan and Gibson M'Millen, both faithful and honoured men, had crossed the Jordan into the promised rest. On the day preceding the opening of the Conference, William Lutton, after a useful ministry of twenty-five years, was interred in one of the cemeteries of Belfast. But while the Conference was in session, Dr. Appelbe, the venerable John Carlisle, and Thomas Hickey, were all summoned from labour to reward. Dr. Appelbe was present in the Conference on Tuesday morning, and after a brief illness entered into rest on the following Thursday evening. He had been engaged in the work of the ministry for forty-eight years; early in his ministerial life he rose to eminence among his brethren; and for several years past, in addition to the work of important Circuits, he efficiently discharged the duties of Theological Tutor in the Belfast Methodist College. His decease is sincerely mourned throughout Irish Methodism.

The political condition of the country unfavourably affects Methodism in common with other Protestant Churches; but, considering the trying ordeal through which we are passing, the various Connexional Funds have been well sustained. At present, however, the annual income of the Home Mission Fund is not equal to the charges upon it; in two years more the contributions to the

Methodist Union Guarantee Fund will cease; and owing to these and other exceptional circumstances, there must be a speedy and thorough adjustment of expenditure to income, if disastrous embarrassment is to be avoided. The Conference has directed the General Committee of Management to consider carefully this whole question in the course of the year.

Recently some desire has been manifested to substitute direct Circuit representation, for the principle of District representation, in the constitution of the Representative Conference. Such a change would be impracticable in England, owing to the number of Circuits, but in Ireland the circumstances are different; and the Conference directed that the subject should be considered during the year by a special Sub-Committee of the General Committee of Management.

Last year one District Meeting recommended to the Conference the union of Lay Representatives with the Ministers in the discussion and settlement of all business except that affecting ministerial character. This year a few Circuit Quarterly Meetings memorialized the Conference to the same effect. In answer to these memorials, the Conference in its Pastoral session re-adopted a resolution agreed to by the preceding Conference, asserting the proposed change to be inconsistent with the provisions of Mr. Wesley's Deed Poll, and subversive of the functions of the Pastoral Conference as defined by the Constitution agreed upon when Lay Representatives were admitted to an equal share in the financial and general business of the Conference; and therefore declaring it to be a subject inadmissible for discussion either in the District Meetings or the Conference. Subsequently the matter was introduced in the Representative Conference: but the President ruled that it was out of order. Any agitation of so grave a constitutional question is much to be deprecated. What Methodism in Ireland needs most, is not constitutional change, but earnest, persevering, self-denying work for the salvation of souls.

Among the notable incidents of the Conference were the presence of the Rev. Dr. Warren, of Boston University, as a fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church of America; the report of the deputation appointed last year to visit the United States and Canada; and the brief address of the venerable President on the subject of family religion. All the public services were well-attended; and the discourses delivered were able, and well adapted to the present needs and responsibilities of the Church.

THE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CONFERENCE, LEEDS, 1882.

BY THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

THE Methodist Council just terminated will be remembered as a very happy and interesting gathering. Happy is the age that has no history, and with equal justice it may be said, happy is the Church whose councils afford small scope to picturesque historians. For the parliament of a great and prospering Church, the commonplace of administration is more desirable than exciting controversies, and routine better than dramatic situations. More sensational Conferences may have been held in Leeds than the Conference of 1882, but none, we are persuaded, in which there was more manifest unity in the distinct

and earnest purpose to accomplish the great spiritual end for which Methodism exists.

The Ex-President—who has been marvellously sustained through his year of office, and who retires with the increased admiration and affection of his brethren—gracefully introduced the new President. The election of the Rev. Charles Garrett to the Presidential Chair has been received with satisfaction not only by the Connexion at large, but also by the Evangelical Churches in general. The President has a large knowledge of the people—the people with whom Methodism chiefly concerns itself. He has also great sympathy with the people. St. Augustine gave fine advice to Preachers: 'Let us love in speaking, and speak in love. Let there be love in our remonstrances . . . love also in our reproofs. Let the mouth speak, but let the heart love.' The President has long addressed the masses in tender tones, and addressed them so prevailingly because he has loved them so much. It was peculiarly fitting that a Church which seeks its triumphs with the masses should have called to the Chair one who has endeared himself to the multitude both as Preacher and philanthropist. In the blessing of God, and the sympathy of the Church, we may confidently predict for the President a year of great happiness and success.

The death-roll was happily much lighter than last year; yet famous preachers, earnest pastors and heroic missionaries have passed to their reward. Of the former, Dr. Gervase Smith is the most distinguished representative, and it is hard to realize that the robust figure and manly eloquence familiar to all Methodism is now only a memory, albeit a grateful memory; Willson Brailsford, James Osborn, Thomas M. Albrighton, and other 'fellow-labourers, whose names are written in the Book of Life,' are dear to many for their services in the pastorate; and the heroic missionary has gone in Henry Bleby. The last-named suffered much persecution at the hands of the slave-holding planters of Jamaica. He was tarred and feathered, and in that condition would have been burned to death but for the courage of his devoted wife, who snatched the brand from the hands of his intending assassin, and extinguished it. We look into antiquity for heroes, yet magnificent examples of faith and devotion are close to us.

During the past year there has been an increase of twelve thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight in the number of members in our Societies, and a further increase of ten thousand nine hundred and eighty-six in the number of young persons in Junior Society-classes. This, after all reductions, is a very substantial and gratifying gain, and it has been realized very equally throughout the whole field of our operations. This marked increase may convince us that there is no need to relax our Church arrangements to meet some supposed change in the age. Nothing can be more fatal than to discount creeds, to relax terms of communion, and lower standards of morality with a view to increased popularity; the true course being for the Church to become more earnest and spiritual. And if it be an error to overstep the modesty of nature, there is another modesty more delicate and significant still which we must not violate in the Church of God. A patient, active, painstaking evangelism does the most and lasts the longest. Methodism has reaped this harvest because over the wide field the labourers have been alive; and if all continue at it and always at it, we shall, without bizarre expe-

dients, continue the ingathering of souls. 'May God do her work,' cries the Spaniard, on beholding a woman who has fallen asleep at her task. But God does not do the work for sleeping workmen; and the idea that He does leaves a great nation in ever-deepening abasement. Paul plants, Apollos waters, and God gives the increase.

The Conversation on the Work of God showed that the Word of God has not lost its power to save the lost, and that Methodism has not lost its fitness to bear the grand message to those who need it most. The Rev. Thomas Wilkes gave some striking testimonies of the power of God in the Bolton (Farnworth) Circuit.

'About eighteen months ago God gave them some remarkable cases of conversion from amongst the very lowest classes of the people, and these had stood fast till now.....In different places in his Circuit special services had been held, and always followed by most blessed results. No one at those services preached a single sermon; no one spoke more than ten minutes; there was no sensationalism and no noise. The cases of conversion were as veritable miracles as any seen in the Apostles' days. There was in Farnworth a band of habitual drunkards, many of them thieves, gaol-birds, wife-beaters,—men of the lowest type, and their homes were dens full of dogs and pigeons. Open-air services were held in the place where these men congregated—the lowest place in Farnworth. The men converted a few months before were the men who were appointed to take the services, and the Word of the Lord had free course, and was glorified. In the Farnworth Circuit they had had an increase of seven hundred and twenty-one members during the last three years, with two hundred and fifty-four in their Junior Society-classes.'

The Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A., from a very different quarter, bore a similar testimony to the power of God's grace:

'He might say that their Church in Oxford and their Ministers received the utmost courtesy from the University itself, and from many of the most distinguished members of that University Ritualism was not the mighty power in Oxford that it once was. The prevalent evil now in the University, he was sorry to say, was scepticism. But he had many striking proofs that the main reason why so many of the young men of culture in this country abandoned all faith, was because they had never heard such stories as those which Mr. Wilkes had just told them. Some of the most exquisite and brilliant scholars in Oxford had been converted under the preaching of a female captain of the Salvation Army, and for this reason, that for the first time in their lives they had learnt that it was their privilege as Englishmen to enjoy peace with God. The first penitent in their enquiry-room was a member of one of the principal colleges of the University. He had never heard until that day that it was his privilege to enjoy peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. If one thing had impressed him (Mr. Hughes) more than another, it was this, that they had nothing to fear from culture if they were only thorough-going, warm-hearted Christians themselves.'

He went on to say that their Mission work in Oxford had been most successful. 'But the Mission was not limited to Oxford, where they reaped three hundred and fifty souls in one week. They held Mission-services in nearly every village on the Plan, and these were everywhere attended with the most blessed results.' Thus the Gospel vindicates itself, and Methodism is doing her great work at both ends of the social scale. 'Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place.'

The Committee appointed for the Revision of the Liturgy and Book of Offices presented to the Conference an Amended Form of Administration of Baptism, which gave rise to an animated conversation. Diverse views were expressed on the subject, but the best feeling prevailed throughout. Whilst some strongly reprobated what they considered the, at best, equivocal phraseology of the

part of the old form the emendation of which the Committee recommended, others contended that the old form, properly interpreted, expressed the Scriptural position. The question mainly turned on the point whether the expressions in the old form which were objected to, were 'fairly susceptible of' (to quote the instructions given by the Conference to the Committee) a sacramentarian interpretation, and the large majority held that such was the natural and historical meaning of those parts of the formulary. By the emphatic adoption of the Amended Form the Conference re-affirmed its loyalty to Evangelical Protestant truth. Some think the opposition to the old form squeamish; but it is necessary to avoid even the appearance of sacerdotal evil. When the plague is abroad, precautions are adopted which to some appear excessive and morbid; but the peril excuses the scrupulosity; the greatness and imminence of the sacramentarian error are such as to justify the most exacting jealousy.

'Now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free,'

writes Milton. After several expurgations, begun by Wesley himself, this part of our Liturgy has at last been freed from expressions which the very great majority of Wesleyan-Methodist Ministers regard as blemishes, and now the tenderest conscience may be at rest. Those who are chiefly indebted to their imagination for their views of Methodism, imagine there is little individuality of view and expression in the Wesleyan Conference. This discussion disproves such an opinion. Whilst the validity and blessedness of baptism were unanimously asserted, very great variety of view obtained as to the exact nature of the sacrament and the limits of its efficiency. May the variety which signifies life ever abide within Scriptural lines! The stars of the sky are red, yellow, blue, green—indeed almost all the gradations of the prismatic spectrum, yet in their lofty harmony they shine before us in one white light; so the stars in the hand of the great Head of the Church, with the individuality and play of rich personalties, are to shine as the body of heaven for clearness.

The Conference received the customary greetings from other Churches. The fraternal and hearty address read by Dr. Cameron in the name of thirty-eight Nonconformist Ministers gave very lively satisfaction. As Dr. Conder observed, the brief interview between this deputation and the Conference was 'the manifestation before all sections of the Christian Church, as well as before the outside world, of the real unity of all bodies of Christians according to the belief and practice of the Church of Christ.' The address was warmly reciprocated by the whole Conference. The President also received an address signed by all the officials of the Methodist Free Church, and a communication from the Congregational and Presbyterian Ministers of Liverpool. The Bishop of Liverpool also forwarded his sincere congratulations to the President. The spirit of the Conference is fraternal and catholic, praying for the success of the whole Israel of God. The scientist avers that more living beings can be supported on the same area the more they diverge in structure, habits and constitution; and we think it will not be difficult to prove that diversity in ecclesiastical structure and constitution, method and expression, is, for the present at least, most promotive of the spiritual life of the community. 'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of My sanctuary; and I will make the place of My feet glorious.'

The Representative Session of the Conference, though not called to discuss any question of very exceptional interest, yet accomplished much useful work, and one or two matters dealt with were of exceptional moment. One of the healthiest and most assuring signs in Methodism is the deep and intelligent interest taken in its fortunes by its laymen. In the middle ages, kings and mighty men of the time, renowned and wealthy nobles of both sexes, stooped so low as to lay hold of the ropes attached to the carts laden with provisions and materials for building churches, and to drag them to the house of God. And what appeared most astonishing was, that although, owing to its size and heavy burden, the cart was sometimes drawn by upwards of a thousand persons, so profound was the silence maintained that nobody's voice was heard above a whisper, and the eye alone could recognise particular individuals in that vast multitude. We cannot furnish dramatic spectacles like this now, but let no one think therefore that in modern times the Church of Christ lacks the heroism and enthusiasm of other ages; for hundreds of men, many of them of great intellectual and social distinction, sacrificingly and unobtrusively, as in the late Conference, set their hands to the building and supplying of the Church of God.

The Conference agreed to give some of its candidates the option of joining the New South Wales Conference, remitting a part, if not the whole, of the expenses of their training at the Institution. The plethora of candidates may thus fall out for the furtherance of the Gospel.

The scheme for a South African Conference, which has long been under consideration, has during the past year been finally matured, and the South African Conference constituted, with the Rev. J. Walton, M.A., as its first President. Who can estimate the importance of this creation? The Rev. Dr. Warren, Principal of the Boston University, the eloquent Representative of the American Church, speaking in the open Conference, reminded the assembly that

> 'He represented two millions of Methodists beyond the sea, whose sympathies were with the Methodists of Britain. They will never forget what occurred in Leeds one hundred and thirteen years ago. Wesley, addressing this Conference, said, "We have a pressing call from New York;...who is willing to go?" He did not then ask about the means. The call of God was enough for him. Two volunteered. Wesley then asked, "What can we do further in token of our brotherly love?" The answer was, "Let us now make a collection among ourselves." £70 was collected, £20 of which was to pay the passage of Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, and £50 was to go towards the debt on the chapel at New York. That gift America never will forget. He visited the tomb of Boardman at the Cathedral of St. Fin Bay, in Cork, and reflected there that Boardman little dreamed of what was to come of the fruit of his labours. We see it, and it gives us an incentive to trust in God's wonder-working providence.'

It was well that the Conference which establishes a South African Conference should be reminded of the great things which have sprung from the faint beginnings of a century ago. So Methodism puts forth its branches.

'GERMAN CULTURE AND CHRISTIANITY.' *

Mr. Gostwick has long been known as an earnest student of German literature, secular and religious, and his labours in translation and compilation have done

* *German Culture and Christianity:* Their controversy in the time 1770 to 1880. By Joseph Gostwick. London: F. Norgate. 1882.

much towards placing the English reader *en rapport* with German thought, ancient and modern. We are thankful that his researches have led him to see so clearly, and to supply so ably, a desideratum which has long been felt by intelligent readers of German and English writings on the philosophy of religion and its connection—vital as some maintain, coincidental as others urge—with practical morality. A certain school of modern detractors of Christianity has long been occupied in rehabilitating German thought in English phraseology, with or without acknowledgment. But the conviction forces itself upon the student of Lessing, Kant, Fichte and Herder, that in the process of presentment to English minds the bad has frequently been gathered into vessels and the good cast away. Mr. Gostwick has undertaken to supply the hiatus left by ingenious but scarcely ingenuous English authors, and to show what were in truth the later and established theories of these and other leaders of German thought as regards the Christian religion.

But Mr. Gostwick's object is not merely or mainly a clear exposition of the views of individual writers. He has carefully watched and succinctly recorded the general tendency of German philosophy and speculation concerning revealed religion during eleven most noteworthy decades in the history of German culture. That tendency he regards as distinctly destructive; nevertheless he has well shown that Rationalism unconsciously preaches the faith it would destroy, and that to that faith it owes all that is worth preserving in its own estimate of truth and morality. Yet, having themselves drawn from the pure fountain of its ethics, the detractors of Christianity claim for their system of morals an absolute independence, and seek to vilify the source of all that is strong and noble in their own teaching. 'Perhaps,' wrote Benjamin Franklin to such people in words wisely caustic, 'you are indebted to your religious education for the habits of virtue on which you now justly value yourselves. Among us it is not necessary—as among the Hottentots—that a youth to be raised to the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother;' a remark of far-reaching application in our own day.

Turning from these subtle yet shallow opponents of Christianity, we follow with a feeling akin to reverence the sincere and profound researches of Lessing, with whom originated the idea, now so familiar, of the progressive education of the human race, its gradual passage through various stages of religious capacity to the full manifestation of God in Christianity. Here we rest satisfied, but Lessing gives no certain answer to the question: 'Will Christianity be our final religion?' An open question was to him a greater delight than a sure footing on the vantage ground of truth. Up to this point, however, he rendered invaluable service by exhibiting the relation, and the vast superiority, of Christianity to the previously-received religions of mankind.

In his *Ideas on the Philosophy of History*, Herder continues and develops the teaching of Lessing. He has no doubt, however, that the Christian religion must for ever remain the religion of humanity; but to him it matters not whether or not the name Christianity still survives. Taking as their guide this latter element in Herder's teaching, modern writers have sought to popularize his views, yet have not remained faithful to his leading tenet. The 'religion of humanity,' as understood in England through the medium of periodical literature, differs widely from the conception of Herder.

Kant and Fichte, in their earlier writings, advocate a morality entirely independent of revealed religion; in later years, confessing the insufficiency of such morality, they have received a similar half-portraiture at the hands of Carlyle and others: their maturer teaching being conspicuously suppressed.

In the last thirty years of the eighteenth century the religious controversy turned upon the question: Is morality independent of religion? Between the extremes on either hand appears a school of thinkers, represented by Kant, asserting in effect that morality, though ideally independent, practically needs the aid of religion. This view contains the implication of an error shadowed forth by Lessing, and widely followed—that the faith whose fervour now inspires morality may die, and yet the essence of the latter may remain. 'The system of man's rational and moral autonomy is one that has never been tried in practice,' says Mr. Gostwick. 'It remains to this day as a theory inextricably mingled with ethical vestiges of Christian teaching. The morality of modern deism is in fact a syncretism—a mixture of the old with the new, made up, so to speak, by men who for the most part were educated as Christians Hence has arisen a deceptive confusion of ideas. It is mostly taken for granted that certain

rudiments of morals—such as are a bare *sine quâ non* of society—may exist among men hardly otherwise made distinct from other animals. So far law or incipient morality may exist without the aid of religion. But that Christian morals can still remain practical when separated from the faith that hitherto has given them life and strength, is an unhistorical notion, however widely it may now be spread abroad.'

But, though Kant held that morality might be possible without religion, he showed that the latter could not be genuine without the former. Fichte, concurring at one time in the views of Kant, expresses his final conclusion when he writes: 'Religion without morality is superstition, betraying the miserable with false hopes; and morality is impossible without religion; for man cannot act without a reason, without a rational motive or end; and this, religious faith alone can give: the faith in a principle by virtue of which every choice conformable to duty has, as its certain result, the furtherance of the rational ends of the moral order which rules the universe.'

Kant, whilst admitting the expediency of a revelation, bears no testimony to the historic value of Christianity. Fichte recognises in its Founder the one Way into the Kingdom of Heaven, where alone true freedom reigns.

Having traced, through the period under review, in four highly-instructive chapters, the powerful though indirect influence of poetry on the popular estimate of the Christian religion, its tendency being in the main 'decidedly non-Christian though not Anti-Christian,' we pass to the second period of the great controversy.

Between the years 1805 and 1830, attempts were made, with something like success, to reconcile the current philosophy with the chief tenets of practical religion. The ideas of atonement, mediation, and dependence on God were no longer regarded as unphilosophical. Thus the way was gradually opened for Schelling and Hegel, who, leaving speculating as to the nature of religion, sought to trace in the various religions of man 'the meaning and mission, the reason and right of religion in the concrete'; and, moreover, the preparation for and the *raison d'être* of Christianity the 'absolute' or final religion.

But we must refer our readers to Mr. Gostwick's pages. The central evidence of the truth of Christianity—the presence of Christ in His Church—is presented with great force by Mr. Gostwick in his closing chapter. We lay down his book with a deep conviction of the service he has rendered to the Church in its production. The style is not popular; here and again are repetitions which border on the tedious; nevertheless, the work will open to a large class of intelligent readers regions of thought which will well repay exploration.

M. A. G.

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, F.R.S., F.L.S., ETC.

ONE of the points of great importance to all who desire to see the doctrines of Theology concerning the genesis of the earth and its inhabitants harmonized with the facts of nature, is to arrive at an accurate estimate of the value in time of geological and archæological epochs. We have repeatedly pointed out that the sharp delineation of epochs as beginning at one point and ending at another in the crust of the earth, did not stand the test of prolonged enquiry and research. This we have had occasion to show to be true even in so exceptionally marked a 'period' as that of the coal—certainly a period in which vegetation reached a point of exceptional luxuriance and abundance; but that terrestrial vegetation began at the lowest ascertainable point of the coal measures proper, is wholly contradicted by recent discoveries. Vegetables are discoverable as dry land productions at points as remote from the present as the earliest known animal. This is, as we have pointed out previously, very important to those who desire to effect an apparent harmony between the received cosmogony and the facts of science. But it has far larger application. The geological fauna are

constantly being carried up and down into newer and older epochs than they were previously supposed to belong to. The actual knowledge of man concerning the past or fossil fauna of the world cannot be supposed to be perfect, and therefore a rigid fixing of boundaries and epochs is neither wise nor safe. The same is true of archæology. Much has to be learned before anything final can be established. The rapidity or slowness with which certain changes may now take place in the earth, or in living species or genera under altered circumstances, must be *fully* stated and studied before final conclusions can be attained. It is worse than weakness, it is immoral folly, to reject, or refuse to see, an irresistible deduction from a set of facts, whatever its apparent bearing may be. But this applies to both sides of the argument. Years of work on the part of geologist and archæologist have brought facts together that have been disturbing and seriously destructive in their apparent bearing. But a calmer mood is upon observers everywhere, and the actual value of certain inferences and assumptions is being steadily gauged, not by design so much as by the necessary or lateral results of continued research.

The inevitable remoteness of the antiquity of certain human remains, for example, has been much modified during the past decade. So with the vast antiquity of the extinction of certain extinct animals; we are constantly obtaining evidence that diminishes the length of time which it was at first inferred these animals *must* have ceased to be living inhabitants of the globe. The Mastodon is an illustration of this. It has several times during the past eight or ten years been discovered in such circumstances as to throw great doubt on the vast length of time during which it has been supposed, from earlier evidence, to be extinct. A discovery has just been made in New Jersey which adds to this evidence, and in fact indicates the survival of the mastodon until comparatively recent time. The bones of the huge beast were found by a farmer while digging a trench for draining a swampy meadow; and they were fully examined and verified by Dr. Samuel Lockwood. The tusks of this huge mammal were nearly eight feet long, but were in a state of complete softness and decay. The bones of the head were lying within two feet of the surface, and were so soft as to be easily cut with a spade: they were nearly the colour of black vegetable mould—saturated, indeed, with the colour of the mould of the meadow. All the characteristics of the mastodon skull were, however, clearly made out; and the great air-cells revealed. The bone of the skull was of immense size and thickness, and everywhere honeycombed with air-cells, which had become filled with the fibrous roots of plants, which extended through the entire skull. The teeth were in a remarkably fine state of preservation, and the entire body was laid bare. It rested on a bed of sand, where it had apparently lain down to die.

Now this animal was so placed that all the geologists who have seen it readily admit that the vast time that must have elapsed since the death of *many* mastodons could not be made fairly to apply to this one.

In the same way the 'kitchen refuse,' amongst other things, has been taken as capable of contributing evidence of the age of man as dweller in a given place for certain approximate time, and in this, there can be no doubt, there is what must ultimately prove a valuable factor for such inferences: but a Russian *savant*—Ivan Petroff—has been making careful practical observations on this subject on the coast

of Alaska, and he tells us that the time required for the formation of a so-called layer of 'kitchen refuse' is much less than many calculations have inferred. He says that any one who has watched a healthy family making a meal on the luscious sea-urchin, would naturally imagine that in the course of a month they might pile up an immense quantity of spinous débris. 'Both hands are kept busy conveying the sea-fruit to the capacious mouth; and with a skilful combined action of teeth and tongue the shell is cracked, the rich contents extracted, and the former falls rattling to the ground in a continuous shower of fragments until the meal is concluded.' A family of three or four adults, and an equal number of children, will leave behind them a shell monument of their voracity, 'a foot or eighteen inches in height, after a single meal.' This explorer had, be tells us, an opportunity in Prince William Sound also to examine the camp sites of sea otter hunters, on the coast contiguous to their hunting grounds. They live almost exclusively upon sea urchins, clams and mussels, which are consumed raw in order to avoid building fires and making smoke, and thereby driving away the sensitive sea otter from the vicinity. The savant says, 'The heaps of refuse created under such circumstances during a single season are astonishing in size. They will truly mislead the ingenious calculator of the antiquity of shell heaps a thousand years hence.'

The same writer gives an instance of the rapid covering of human work at the mouth of the Kenai River. The Russians built a log-hut there in 1789, but in the time that has since elapsed, so rapid has been the local geologic action, that this hut can be seen protruding from an almost perpendicular river-bank nearly twenty feet below the present surface.

But, perhaps, no fact given by Petroff is more valuable than one which indicates the rapidity with which tidal action of great violence may sometimes change the character of a coast. The observation was made during a stay on Nuchek Island last summer. At a short distance from the settlement there was a large cave in a rocky cliff, situated about three or four feet above this high-water mark. He knew the place well from constant observation; but about the middle of June last a great tide caused immense commotion on the coast everywhere, and special violence in the bay in which the cave was situated. 'When,' says Petroff, 'I visited my cave on the day following, I found it almost filled with shingles and débris.' Now this cave was situated about the same height above the water as another cave at Amaknak from which certain geologists had drawn conclusions about the great antiquity of the strata or deposits found in it. But it is manifest that great caution is needed in all such cases; and whilst it would be quite unwise to make large inferences from the negative evidence thus afforded, it is quite palpable that no conclusion can be wholly valid which does not take all such negative evidence into account. There can be but little doubt, that by evidence of this sort, the real value of both geological and archæological evidence as to time will be much more nearly approached.

At the brilliant opposition of Mars in 1877, when his two moons were discovered, certain long, narrow streaks which formed a kind of network on his surface, were for the first time detected; but their nature was not understood. In 1879–80 there was another opposition

Schiaparelli, the Director of the Milan Observatory, found the same long, narrow streaks crossing the martial disc in all directions, and resembling canals more than anything with which we are at all familiar on earth. He made drawings and maps of this remarkable feature, in order to secure future comparison and verification. At the opposition in 1881–82, he again applied himself to the curious subject, and the results of his observations were remarkable indeed; for he saw that where he before had seen what seemed a single line or streak like a canal running across a portion of the planet's disc, he could now on closer study see two lines running parallel to each other; and during the present year he has actually seen what appeared to be single lines open out into two—that is, parallel lines—as in the former instance; only in the latter case it is affirmed that the opening of the lines was actually observed—and the fact that they grew longer distinctly seen.

Schiaparelli is a keen-eyed and a careful astronomer, whose scientific accuracy is well known; but it is only the assurance of all this that will enable some to receive without question these remarkable records. But verification is not only possible on account of the careful drawings of the discoverer of these curious features on Mars, but is also earnestly invited by him. And it is noteworthy that his observations include some made at the same time on a variable brightness in some great regions of the planet; and a progressive of a part of his surface known as the 'Kaiser Sea' on one side, and the steady brightening of certain continents or islands towards the limbs. It is assumed that this may be connected with seasonal changes in the planet; but Schiaparelli earnestly hopes that, at the opposition of 1884, observers will compare his observations and drawings with the facts, and if possible push them further.

This astronomer has secured a place amongst the foremost students of the heavens by his preceding discoveries. He made the brilliant discovery that the August meteor zone is made up of a swarm of particles following Temple's comet and trailing in its orbit. When Mars is again in opposition, some of the vast telescopes now being constructed will be doubtless built and in active use, and there can be but little doubt that their powers, directed in various parts of the earth by competent observers, will go far to verify and perhaps explain this strange and remarkable phenomena.

SELECT LITERARY NOTICES.

The Rev. Gervase Smith., D.D. A Memorial Volume. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Alfred Owen Smith, B.A. London: T. Woolmer.—This fitting Memorial Volume contains four of the Lectures and two of the Speeches with which the lamented Dr. Smith delighted his audiences. These are followed by his *Charge to newly-ordained Ministers*, delivered at the Nottingham Conference, and then six of his sermons. The value of the book is increased by the Dedication and the Preface, which are written by the loving hand of the Editor in excellent taste; also by a portrait from a capital photograph by Turner; and by literary tributes. Among these is an *Historical Sketch* of Dr. Smith, by the Rev. Samuel Lees; *Personal Recollections* of Dr. Smith, by the Editor of this Magazine; and *The Address in connection with the Funeral Sermon*, by the Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins, M.A. Such a volume is a not unworthy memorial of such a man. It will be, as it deserves to be, extensively and profitably read.

The character of Dr. Smith, at once strong and tender, which made him the trusted friend of good and true men, is well drawn in the *Sketch*, *Recollections*, and *Address*. The account of his conversion, given in his own words, is very character-

istic. Answers to the prayer that he might be a 'useful preacher,' are noted in numerous instances of conversion which attended his ministry recorded in his journal, and referred to by Mr. Lees.

The sample of Dr. Smith's sermons given in this volume, furnish evidence of great pulpit ability. They may not excel in expositions of Scripture, but they are admirable for soundness of doctrinal statement, for vigour of expression and illustration, and for great practicalness. We were particularly struck with the discourse on *Truth*. The practical points in that discourse are many, and they are given with great felicity and force, illustrating the statement in the *Recollections:* 'He was a sound and earnest Methodist Preacher. Whatever play he gave to his fancy, he always aimed at edification and conviction.' But, as the *Recollections* add, Gervase Smith 'specially cultivated platform oratory.' His power is best seen in his *Lectures and Speeches.*

In the *Lectures* of Dr. Smith the portrait of Wycliffe is drawn with admirable strength of outline and warmth of colouring. The times before the Reformation live again upon the canvas of the artist—their fashion and folly, and their superstitious servitudes to the imperious magnificence of the Bishop of Rome. The begging friars pushing their merchandise in souls, and inciting to crime in order to increase the revenue from fines and pardons, are re-animated before us. The holy indignation is seen to fire the righteous soul of Wycliffe. The passage of arms between John of Gaunt and Bishop Courtney, in the Convocation before which the Reformer was cited in 1377, is well described. The lecture on Elizabeth and the Spanish Armada is introduced with a description of the grandeur of the British Empire under Victoria. This is to contrast the present time with the period when England was but a third-rate power, and to show the blessing which resides in the principles of Protestantism. The character of Elizabeth is wittily portrayed. The fencing of the Pope, his duplicity, his insolence, and the plottings of his emissaries against the life of the Virgin Queen, are all vividly and cleverly depicted. Philip of Spain is also skilfully introduced. The story of the Armada is well told. The incomparable oration of Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort has its proper place of honour; and the exciting story of the discomfiture of the 'invincible armada' is worthily narrated. The Lecture on the Seven Bishops is not inferior to either of the others; and perhaps the best of the series is the last. The exciting scenes of the siege of Derry are presented in the full vigour of Dr. Smith's spirit-stirring eloquence.

The Missionary theme, so sublime and far-reaching, was congenial to a soul full of noble emotion as that of Dr. Smith's. The speech given in this volume is scarcely a fair sample, though undoubtedly very characteristic, for it fully displays the 'impetuous declamation which was at once his forte and his weakness.' It reads best when memory can bring back into it the voice, tone, gesture and living heart which moved the multitude. The speech on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society is every way an admirable composition. The volume is altogether a very suitable Memorial of a very remarkable and useful man.

Baptism and the Wesleyan Conference. London: Elliot Stock.—The value of this pamphlet has not ceased with the decision of the question which occasioned it. The Conference has adopted the report of the Revision Committee by a very large majority, and the controversy is so far settled. It still, however, remains a matter of importance to ascertain what were John Wesley's opinions as to the nature of Baptism, especially as set forth in the standard *Sermons* and the *Notes;* and it is still beneficial to possess a clear exposition of the teaching of Holy Scripture concerning this sacrament.

The opening chapter of the pamphlet is entitled *Words of Wesley.* The writer contends that 'though Wesley may occasionally use an expression which characterizes the Baptismal Regeneration School in which he had been educated, the general drift of his writings is in a contrary direction'—a conclusion in itself scarcely questionable. Nevertheless, it is a moot point what weight should be allowed to these 'high' expressions, and how far they govern the interpretation of the writings as a whole. The practical upshot is, that Wesleyan-Methodist Ministers are absolutely unbound by our standards as to the doctrine of Baptism they hold. Our 'standards' are elastic enough to contain all the shades of opinion on the subject expressed at the last Conference. The bulk of the pamphlet and the strength of the author are spent upon the Biblical doctrine of Baptism. Naturally the investigation begins with a careful scrutiny of the 'words of institution,' as given in Matt. xxviii. 19, 20: 'Go ye, and make disciples, etc.' It is argued that both the baptizing

and the teaching must follow the discipling, and that therefore our Lord could not have intended baptizing as interpretative of discipling. In the case of adults, regeneration, as a rule, precedes baptism, and cannot be contemporaneous with it. Keen logic, exegetical skill and critical acquaintance with the original combine to produce an argument which in all fairness must be pronounced convincing.

The next chapter examines the 'words and acts of the Apostles.' The writer shows that not once did the Apostles so connect baptism with regeneration as to make the former the cause or even the condition of the latter. Baptism was the sign of a faith the converts had while yet unbaptized—the seal of a solemn covenant with God. Our space will not permit us to follow the author in his examination of particular passages in the *Acts* and the *Epistles*. Certainly, to say the very least, he does demonstrate that texts most confidently appealed to as teaching a necessary connection between baptism and regenerating grace may, without strain, be explained on very different principles. We are not quite sure that all his interpretations are the most satisfactory that could be adduced; *e.g.*, the treatment of the narrative in Acts viii. has an air of special pleading not at all necessary to the cogency of the argument. On the other hand, no little light is thrown upon several passages by his insistence on the exceptional significance which baptism must have had to those who thereby publicly professed a change of religion and of life.

Perhaps the ablest chapter in the book is that which deals with 'words misapplied.' Among the texts considered under this head is John iii 5: 'Except a man be born of water, etc.' The reasons for thinking that this celebrated passage does not refer to Baptism, are marshalled with much freshness and force. Particular stress is laid upon the fact that Nicodemus could not possibly have understood this saying as referring to Christian Baptism; and upon the universality of the statement, 'Except a man (τις), be born of water,' which, if interpreted of baptism, would exclude the patriarchs and prophets from the Kingdom of God; and also upon the true translation, 'born of water and the Spirit,' instead of 'born of water and of the Spirit;' so that the two nouns represent 'one complete idea.' On the other side, of course, is to be placed the aptness of the proleptical application of the utterance, and the difficulty of conceiving that our Lord, Who intended to institute Christian Baptism, could have helped thinking of that sacrament when He used words so easily interpretable of it, and so certain to be referred to it by many. To this instinct of exegesis the pamphlet does not allude. Nevertheless its putting of the argument for its own opinion is the strongest and most nearly irrefutable with which we are acquainted.

Concerning Ephesians v. 25, 26, and Titus iii. 5, 6, a distinct *point* is made, when we are reminded that λουτρόν *could not* signify the baptismal font, as no such vessel was known to the Apostles or the Church of their times. This often-overlooked fact appears fatal to the 'high' exegesis.

The most noteworthy statement in the concluding chapter on *Infant Baptism* is, that we are not forbidden 'to expect benefits of some kind to accompany the beautiful rite,' even as Jesus blessed the little children—'*and they were blessed*—how we cannot know.' This admission ought to satisfy every one. Very few indeed would contend for more. It is a pity that the acknowledgment is made only on the last page of the book. Indeed, the writer does not seem to have quite grasped the position of some who differ from him—that grace not only *may* but *must* be in some way attached to the sign when rightly observed, because our Lord could not have established a mere ceremony, however beautiful and significant. All the ceremonies of our religion are, if duly observed, means of grace, at least so it might be argued. To some minds the alternative would be to give up *Infant* Baptism entirely. On this matter the writer does not join issue. The pamphlet, too, we think, scarcely dwells sufficiently upon Baptism as a pledge on the part of God as well as on the part of man.

Whether the reader accepts the doctrine of this pamphlet as the full message of the truth or not, he must acknowledge it to be able, vigorous, temperate, logical and scholarly. No one can peruse it without benefit to his theology, and to many it will carry complete conviction.

The Revisers' English: A Series of Criticisms Showing the Revisers' Violations of the Laws of the Language. By G. Washington Moon, F.R.S.L. London: Hatchards.—This is a re-publication of a series of letters which appeared in *Public Opinion*. Mr. Moon is well known, through his *Dean's English, Bad English Exposed, etc.*, as a sharp critic of written

English. Such authors are not without utility. The tendency to the depravation of the English language even in the mouths and by the pens of educated people is only too obvious. One main source of this deterioration is the loose, conventional chat of fashionable life, the slipshod parlance of the dinner-party and the drawing-room, betraying a want of clearness and connectedness in thinking. We heartily thank Mr. Moon for undertaking the too thankless task of trying to make educated people write sensibly. As to the volume now before us, although Mr. Moon does indicate some unfortunate blemishes in the Revised Version of the English New Testament, yet he is far from establishing his own infallibility as a critic or impeccability as a writer of English. To discuss his points in detail would require a volume larger than his own. Some of his criticisms are staringly superficial, and others are somewhat snappishly captious. The fact of their having appeared at first as *Letters*, most of them *replies*, in a popular journal, may account for, though it cannot altogether excuse, an occasional asperity not quite in harmony with the subject in hand.

As an example of superficial objection we may notice that on 1 Corinthians xiii. 13. The Revisers are blamed for retaining the rendering: 'And now abid*eth* faith, hope, love, these three.' Surely an intelligent pause between the successive substantives, in reading the passage, would bring out the significance of the singular, as making each Grace stand forth in all its individual and independent beauty, dignity and permanence. One feels more force in his objection to the *change* from 'hang' (A. V.), Matthew xxii. 40, into hang*eth* (R. V.). There certainly seems an uncouthness in the English sentence: 'On these two commandments hang*eth* the whole law, and the prophets.' We cannot but think that the older translators displayed in this instance, as in some others, more tact, more taste, more judgment and more *scholarship*, by paying regard in such cases as this to the idioms of the language *into* which they were translating. To sacrifice the idioms of the language *into* which a translation is made to those of the language *from* which it is made, to such an extent as to produce on the reader or hearer a harsh and grating effect, is to leave a phrase imperfectly translated. Standard classic translations of secular works into English, whether from the Greek or any other tongue, which have taken a place in the literature of this country, have not been executed on this principle. The minute and rigid literality of a corrected Greek exercise is altogether out of place in a Version prepared for popular use: 'appointed to be *read in churches*,' and accustomed to be read in chapels. Assuredly, the *English tongue* has a right to be heard on the question of the *English Bible*. We cannot but feel that the Grecizing of the Revised Translation has been rather overdone. It would have been a much wiser utilization of the margin, to give there the exquisitely literal renderings which please scholars, but disturb 'the simple folk,' than to assign a place there to the conjectures of 'modern interpreters,' and to alternate readings which can only puzzle and mislead, because the flimsiness of the grounds on which the most important of them rest is kept out of sight: alternate readings which owe their place in the Revised Version of the English New Testament to an unwarranted and unworthy concession to a self-asserting minority. The Revisers themselves admit the principle for which we contend, but, we think, are wrong in supposing that they have always adhered to it. They say: 'We have not attempted to violate the idiom of our language by forms of expression which it could not bear' (Preface). We quite agree with Mr. Moon in his condemnation of the change in Luke vii. 33, from 'John the Baptist came neither eating bread *nor* drinking wine' (A. V.), into 'John the Baptist is come eating no bread *nor* drinking wine.' On the other hand, Mr. Moon's strictures on 'There is none *other* but He' (Mark xii. 32), on the ground that the word 'other' is superfluous, appear to us quite mistaken: although, we think, 'beside Him,' would have been a better translation than 'but He.'

When the Revisers revise their own revision, some of Mr. Moon's suggestions will be found well worth looking at.

*** We have to make the following correction of an unfortunate misprint. In the hymn on *The Lord's Day* in our last issue, in the third line of the third verse, (p. 621) for '*Love* our own work,' read '*Leave* our own work':

'Gladly we enter into His design,
Obey His voice Whose love commands our rest;
Leave our own work, all to His care resign,
Left in obedient faith 'tis served the best.'

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WESLEYAN-METHODIST MAGAZINE.
OCTOBER, 1882.

MARY CALVERT.

BY THE REV. G. STRINGER ROWE.

(*Concluded from page* 650.)

Towards the end of 1848, Mr. Calvert went to Viwa, another part of the group, a hundred and fifty miles away. Here he was detained by the fatal illness of the Rev. John Hunt. It was already determined that he should remove, with the printing establishment, to that island; but as he could not leave his dying friend, and the *John Wesley* was waiting to carry out the transfer, he was compelled to leave the whole business of the removal in Mrs. Calvert's hands, having sent a native to help her in the packing. Thus this brave woman, with her four little children, was left to dismantle the home, which had become dear to her in the last ten years—the scene of much toil, many sufferings, and also of many joys. The work was faithfully done, the passage safely made, and the family reunited in a new home at Viwa, on which lay the sacred shadow of John Hunt's recent death.

Here the demands of her position became greater than ever; and the time and patience of the housewife were often sorely taxed by the frequent visits of chiefs and others from Bau, the capital of the group, which was very near. Their neighbourhood to this great centre also brought to the Mission family many callers from other islands. To all, whatever it cost her, Mrs. Calvert gave a bright, cheery welcome; and all these, as well as the people who came to barter the produce of their gardens and nets for English goods, learned to regard with grateful affection the lady, the fame of whose generous kindliness was thus spread far and wide. On one memorable occasion, when Mr. Calvert, at a distance from home, fell into the hands of savages in time of war, he owed his escape mainly to the fact that he was recognised by one of their number as the husband of the lady at the wooden house at Viwa.

Another claim upon her time and strength, to which her loving sympathy yielded hearty response, came from her sisters in the Mission, who at times stood in sore need of all the help she could render. Many a long journey did she thus take, sometimes carrying her own young baby; and in lone stations her happy presence and warm ministry of goodness were prized, as only those know how to prize such help who, when needing it most,

find themselves out of the reach of the fellowship and aid they require. Perhaps by none is the memory of Mrs. Calvert held in deeper esteem of grateful love, than by these faithfully devoted women, who, like herself, nobly shared the burdens and contributed largely to the success of the Mission-work.

There came a great sorrow during the seven years' residence at Viwa. When Mrs. Hunt with her two children left, the Calverts entrusted to her care their eldest child, Mary, to be taken home for education in England. A year and a half afterwards they were eagerly awaiting the first English news of their little girl. The *Wesley* came, and the first news was, that Mary was dead.

To this period belongs the story which has been told again and again, and will continue to be told as long as men have in remembrance the way in which the Lord helped His servants to establish in Fiji the Christianity which has utterly overturned its ancient heathenism with all its attendant horrors. A great festival, to do honour to some important visitors, was being held at Bau, and, that everything might be done in the best style, fourteen persons were captured, and brought to be cooked for the feast. When the terrible news reached Viwa, both the Missionaries were away on a distant island. Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert resolved, at all hazards, to go among the cannibals and try to rescue the victims. As their boat neared Bau, they knew by the sound of the death-drum and the firing of muskets, and then by piercing shrieks, that the work of butchery had begun. Making all haste, they stepped ashore, and, accompanied by a *lotu* chief, hurried to the king's house, where no women not belonging to the household were allowed to enter. But heedless of all but their urgent errand, they passed into the forbidden place, and, with an offering in their hands, pleaded before the deaf old man for the women's lives. Staggered at their heroic daring, he gave order that the murders should be stopped. Five of the wretched women were saved. All the rest had been already slaughtered for the ovens.

In after days it was not an easy thing to get Mrs. Calvert to talk about this terrible adventure. What it cost her and her noble companion can never be known; and yet one of the finest features of the deed, was the unconsciousness which belongs to all true courage. She could never see that she had done anything very extraordinary; and if it caused her anything like fear, it was afterwards, when she was able to look well at the peril to which she had been exposed. An English naval officer visiting Fiji, writes about this act: 'If anything could have increased our admiration of their heroism, it was the unaffected manner in which, when pressed by us to relate the circumstances of their awful visit, they spoke of it as the simple performance of an ordinary duty.'*

* *Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific, in H.M.S. Havannah.* By J. E. Erskine, Capt. R.N.

In 1855, after seventeen years' service, Mr. and Mrs. Calvert left Fiji, and having called at Rotumah on the way, reached Sydney, where they stayed long enough to escape the English winter. Their three youngest children were left in the colony that they might undergo some preparation for further change of climate after leaving their tropical birthplace; and the parents, with two of the elder children who had been at school in New Zealand, arrived in England in the spring of 1856, and settled at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, where Mr. Calvert was to assist in the final revision of the Fijian translation of the Scriptures, in concert with the Rector of St. Mary's, Woodbridge, who was then the editorial superintendent of the Bible Society.

Here Mrs. Calvert found herself for the first time the mistress of an English home; and it was a charming thing to see how she began by framing everything on the free fashion of the old Mission-house life. The most timid forgot their fears in the open light of her smile; and the suffering, bowed with secret trouble, soon learned the way to that most unconventional home, where they could always command ready and warm sympathy. And if any who were accustomed to trade on their wants, found how liberally kindness was dealt out there, they were not long in discovering also that it was administered by one whose natural and well-practised shrewdness disconcerted their most plausible inventions. Those who were admitted into the inner love of that household, will always reckon the privilege amongst the most precious of their lives.

Before things were well settled in the new abode, Mrs. Calvert freely put her services at the disposal of the Church, and worked as diligently and as lovingly amongst the afflicted and the poor at Woodbridge as she had done at Lakemba or Viwa.

Here at last she had the joy of gathering all her children around her, the little ones having come safely from Australia; and it seemed as if her life was to be blessed with the comparative repose, so well earned, of completed home happiness in her own land.

Towards the close of this more quiet period, Mrs. Calvert was suddenly laid aside by an accident, in which she suffered a compound fracture of a knee-cap. Although this caused her very little pain, it imposed the unwelcome necessity of absolute rest. She was attended by a doctor who was himself already stricken by a fatal disease, but had no knowledge of personal religion. The piety which he saw exhibited in his patient, not only in uncomplaining endurance, but in a bright serenity which was never disturbed, so impressed him, that, all unknown to her, he sought for himself the secret of her courage and happiness. After her recovery, and shortly before his death, he wrote to give thankful acknowledgment of the beautiful example which had guided him to salvation through faith in Christ Jesus.

In about four years, while Mr. Calvert was still engaged in his revision work, news came of death amongst the Missionaries in Fiji, and it was

determined that the last reinforcements which were to come from Englan should be sent out at once; and six young men and their wives, togethe with another devoted couple for the Friendly Islands, were set apart fo this immediate service.

Those who witnessed in the Woodbridge home the debate and th decision of the question that then arose, can never forget it. One of th strongest and most experienced men had lately fallen in the work o yonder. Were these dear young recruits sufficient to meet the exigen which had thus arisen? Was it well to let them go alone? It is wi the unspoken meaning of that question, as for the moment it seemed t threaten the mother's very life, that we have now to do. A warmer, more clinging love than hers for her darlings never filled an woman's heart. She steadfastly, and with a pitiful look of pain, faced the anguish that was coming close upon her; and before any one had dared to put the momentous question into words, she solemnly answered it. 'We must go back,' she said, 'to Fiji.' But the children? They could not go back. No; she saw it all. She knew the Lord called for her husband and her to do His work; and though her heart all but broke, it trusted in Him that He would care for her dear ones. These servants of the Lord had endured many afflictions together in the Master's service, but this was the heaviest of all. It was the costliest sacrifice they had been required to render, and it was presented with unreserved loyalty.

On the voyage out, the younger members of the Mission party learned to love Mrs. Calvert with a devoted affection. There are few things could give such evidence of the triumph of her unselfishness, as the fact that in sea-sickness, from which she always suffered much, she yet made it possible to look after the comfort of others. She at once gave all the stores of her wide experience for the benefit of her companions, especially of the young wives. Thus they got the advantage of many a little expedient for adding comfort to a life on ship-board. She met them in Class, and, weather permitting, drilled them in the elements of the Fijian language, while Mr Calvert was performing the same offices for their husbands. The passage from Sydney to the islands was very trying to patience and Christian temper for the accommodation on board the *John Wesley* was overtaxed, and they had much sickness. Through all, notwithstanding her own sufferings and the repressed anguish of her soul in leaving her children, Mrs. Calvert's cheerful courage was the light that brightened all the rest.

On his reaching Fiji again, it was decided that Mr. Calvert should settle at Levuka, on the Island of Ovalau. This place had in recent years become a centre of great importance. The islands were attracting more and more the notice of the commercial world, and the spread of Christianity had made it possible for white men to traffic or to dwell in safety in almost all parts of the group. Trade had greatly increased, and its chief emporium was at Levuka. Here was the best anchorage, and therefore the place was visited by all the mercantile vessels and ships of war belonging to the

English, American, or French navies which came to Fiji. At this town also was the residence of both the English and the American consul.

It will be readily seen that all these facts told seriously upon the occupation of the mistress of the Levuka Mission-house. Naval officers of different nations, scientific travellers, and other distinguished visitors enjoyed her ready hospitality. Sometimes wanderers were thus brought under a good influence to which they had long been strangers. 'She made me think of my mother,' said a weather-beaten sailor, brushing a tear from his cheek; 'and her kind words and good cup of tea brought home back to me.' Even the very 'beach-combers'—lawless settlers of the Pacific Islands—would lift their hats at the mention of her name.

The younger members of the Mission who had come out with her, she had taken fully into her large, generous love, and they learned to call her mother. She never wearied in her thoughtful kindness towards them; and when they were scattered in distant stations throughout the group, cut off from intercourse with the outer world, she was ever on the watch for opportunities of sending to them. Many a time the information, generally kept secret until the last moment, would somehow reach her that a canoe belonging to some far-off island was going to start on her return voyage at daybreak; and she would sit up hour after hour, writing up all the news which had reached the principal port, and adding words of good cheer, for the help of the lone workers away yonder, to whom these letters were 'as cold waters to a thirsty soul.' Then, bad sailor as she was, nothing was allowed to keep her away from the Missionaries' wives when they specially needed her presence and help. Sometimes in a native canoe, sometimes in an open boat, and at best on some schooner, on the deck of which, if the weather were decent, she could sleep with entire comfort, she journeyed on her errands of love.

The faculty of making herself comfortable with the slenderest means, Mrs. Calvert possessed in an excellent degree. The inconveniences and annoyances which embittered the lives of others, and made them sadly eloquent with complaint, she insisted upon rating at a small value; while her warm, trustful heart had an affinity for all that was good and helpful and merciful, which made her discover and assimilate blessings which sometimes had been unsuspected until she found them out. This faculty made her a model comforter. Under the spell of her cheerful piety, despondent souls found themselves surprised into hopefulness; while her strong good sense and simple sagacity, expressed in a few words of child-like modesty,—as if she were saying the most unimportant thing in the world,—would often point the way out of difficulties which were sorely perplexing other brains and hearts. In not a few instances, one of these quiet little speeches, put almost in the form of a pleasant jest, has been enough to stop some one from following an ill-considered and unwise counsel.

In nursing the sick and ministering to the sorrowful, she never seemed to intrude, inasmuch as she had in perfection the beautiful power of putting

herself close alongside of the sufferer. It is impossible to measure the benefit conferred upon the natives by her consummate skill in nursing. In many a Fijian home to-day, pain is alleviated and sickness controlled by expedients of kindness and simple arts of healing which were first revealed by her teaching and example. At Levuka, too, she had full opportunity for the exercise of these gifts amongst white men,—sometimes broken down by their own vices,—and amongst their widows and orphans, suddenly left desolate in a foreign land. Not deterred by their sins, but seeing only their trouble, she ministered to all with the like readiness of love. When, after her departure from Fiji, a meeting was held to consider the establishment of a hospital in Levuka, and the subject of a suitable matron was discussed, a Roman Catholic priest said to the Rev. Joseph Nettleton, 'We want such a lady as Mrs. Calvert. When she visited my people, she did not ask, "Are you Catholic?" or "Are you heathen?" or "Are you Wesleyan?" but "Are you *sick?*" and "What can I do for you?"'

The Mission being well manned, well-worked, and in vigour and prosperity, Mr. Calvert returned to England in the early part of 1866, when he settled down at Bromley, in Kent, as a Supernumerary Minister, resting after long and arduous toil. And here, rejoicing once more in having some of her children about her—for some were grown up and scattered here and there—Mrs. Calvert fell at once into her old ways of quiet work, meeting a Class, and finding out for their help the sick, the mourners and the needy, and endearing herself to Christian people of all Churches. Thus six calm, but busy years were spent.

Then came another, and a great and unexpected change. Although the now veteran Missionary was occupying his rest with a great deal of active service, the consciousness that he had strength for further work made it impossible for him to settle down in prolonged quietness. His second daughter had been three years in South Africa, whither she had gone on account of her health; and bad news of her, which had lately arrived, made the mother's heart long to be with her failing child. In these circumstances, Mr. Calvert accepted an appointment to Bloemfontein. But before they started on their new mission, the parents' hearts were overwhelmed with grief in hearing of Sarah's death. They were at once released from their engagement; but it seemed to them that their very loss was setting them at liberty for fresh work, and they put themselves without restriction at the disposal of the Missionary Society. Special help was just then needed at the South African Diamond Fields, and there they consented to go and serve.

Accompanied by their youngest daughter, they again left England in October, 1872, and after calling at several places, reached Bloemfontein, where their Sarah lay buried, just before Christmas.

In March of the following year they set out on the wagon-journey to the Diamond Fields; and they remained at Kimberley for nearly two years. Here Mrs. Calvert's long-continued good health began to show signs of

ing, though as yet there was no cause which she would acknowledge
ɔe sufficient for abating her usual full employment in all good works.
› next station was at Potschefstroom, in the Transvaal Republic, whence,
ır sixteen months, they removed to Pietermaritzberg. Here they
ıained for six months, and then spent nearly two years at Durban,
Natal, after which they returned to Kimberley, and stayed more than
› years at the Diamond Fields.

Jone of these changes had wrought any permanent improvement in
s. Calvert's health; and loving eyes, in spite of the obstinate hope of
ing hearts, could not help seeing that her strength was gradually break-
: down. An incurable cough, frequently accompanied by low fever, was
sting her away; and in the early part of 1881 she left for England,
ere she landed on April 20th. The years spent in Africa, though in
:y different circumstances, were marked by all the same characteristic
tures which have been already hastily sketched as belonging to her
uth Sea life. There was not a place visited in either of the Colonies,
ıere there were not left friends who deem it among the most precious
ings of their life that they knew Mrs. Calvert, and enjoyed her sym-
thy and Christian love.

Her friends, who saw her on her return home, were painfully shocked
her altered appearance; and it was almost more touching to note how
e old brave, bright, unselfish spirit asserted itself as cheerfully as ever.
ıe was little disposed to talk about herself, but was ready to converse
ith lively interest about the concerns and prospects of the Missions she
ıd just left, and the friends she had learned to love in Africa, especially
ose with whom she had been in times of their trouble and sorrow.

The worst fears on Mrs. Calvert's account were now confirmed by a
edical examination, which discovered serious disease of the lungs; and
ıncefortlı she who, all her life long, had ministered to others, became the
›ject of the tender and devoted nursing of those to whom she was un-
ɔeakably dear. During the summer she was able to visit her relatives,
ıd a few of the many friends who longed to have her in their homes;
ıd in September she settled down, with her husband and eldest daughter,
: Torquay. Here she took a keen interest in all the arrangements, and
ɔemed to be at perfect rest from the moment she entered her 'little Eng-
sh home'—as she called it. And here, for two months, she appeared to
ain strength.

Into the sanctuary of that little home we are permitted to take a
rivileged glance. The autumn sun shone brightly into the sitting-room,
ighting up with a warm glow the couch at 'mother's window.' A quiet
ight that came from beyond the sun played upon the worn face lying there
n wondrous content and perfect peace, as the dear invalid offered the
ilent sacrifice of musing thankfulness, or joined in family talk, or listened
› reading, or to her daughter's singing to the little organ.

She insisted upon getting up to breakfast at eight o'clock, and when

urged to have her breakfast quietly in bed, would say: 'No, I'm tired of bed, and I love to sit down with father and Lakai.' This was her daughter's Fijian pet name. After prayers, and the settling down of the little household, she would rest in a chair by the fireside, reading. Then she would remain for an hour together with her Revised Testament, having, as she sometimes said, 'a chat with Paul,' or perusing some book that spoke to her in the tones she needed. Just before the daylight faded, she had tea, and then turning again to the fire for what she called 'our lazy time,' would look at her daughter with indescribable tenderness and delight, saying, 'Mother and her sweet Lakai!' And so the two would talk on together, going over the years of separation, or further back to her own early life, and those first days in Fiji. And then her love spoke its yearnings for her other dear children, one by one, some at a far distance, and all occupied in their own centres of life. Presently, as the conversation drew in more closely, she would begin to tell concerning herself: 'It is all peace within. I just leave myself entirely in my Heavenly Father's hands, and have no anxiety about the future. I know that if He sees fit to send me greater suffering, He will give greater grace to bear it.' And so the days went on, in so happy a calm that, notwithstanding frequent suffering, it seemed as if there might be for her many a month yet of carefully-sheltered life.

In the middle of November, she was greatly brightened by the arrival of her youngest son from Africa, and two days after drove to the station to see Mr. Calvert start on a journey to attend some Missionary services at Bradford. On the following Sunday she was not so well, but would attend the chapel, as she longed to 'go with the boy' once more. There she heard her last sermon; and the text came as a message of preparation: '*Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you.*' That evening new and distressing symptoms showed themselves, and thenceforward her appetite failed, and her strength slowly and steadily wasted away. She had her last drive; and by degrees it became an event for her to be fully dressed. And thus the time went on until Christmas, and the year of suffering and waiting drew to its close. During the evening of the last day of the year she slept a good deal, and woke up refreshed as Mr. Calvert was leaving for the Watchnight service. Her daughter and son remained with her, reading her favourite Psalm, the 121st, and beloved hymns. A little before midnight she prayed long and fervently; and then the new year's hymn, 'Come, let us anew Our journey pursue,' was read.

On January 4th, 1882, she greeted her doctor with a smile, saying, 'I've had such a lovely sleep, doctor.' In the course of the day, she would insist upon her daughter's going for a walk, bidding her not to hurry back. But she was glad to see her come in again about four in the afternoon, for she was feeling worse. She said, 'You came just as I wanted you. God has helped us through so beautifully!' A changed look, impossible to

describe or to misunderstand, came over her face as she said, 'I feel so strange all over.' And thus the winter evening darkened upon her and upon the watchers weeping beside her, who listened for her few faint words, in which she spoke lovingly of her absent ones, and said, 'We must all meet in heaven'; and presently, for the last time, they heard the voice of her prayer: 'Precious Jesus, take me to Thyself!' At eight o'clock that evening the prayer was answered.

Mary Calvert had lived sixty-seven years. Nearly thirty of these were spent in active Mission service abroad. In the foregoing sketch there are imperfectly indicated the features which seem, to the reverent recollection of love, to have most marked her character and life and work. The affection which has penned the lines is unconscious of having concealed anything necessary to the truthfulness of the portrait, except it be that its excellencies have been toned down by a jealous fear lest those who knew not this well-beloved one should discredit her memory by deeming the description to be overdrawn. All into whose lives has come the blessedness of having Mrs. Calvert for a friend, will know how to sympathize with the writer of this brief record, in that he has found it impossible to do justice to the meek goodness, the cheerful courage, the bounteous kindliness, the ungrudging devotion of one of the most perfectly beautiful lives he has ever known—a life which, by the grace of God, illustrated, in a rare degree of completeness, the sacred word, '*Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*'

THE NEW CONFERENCE CATECHISMS.

BY THE REV. DR. RIGG.

In his Journal, under date Sunday, April 11th, 1756, John Wesley writes: 'I met about an hundred children, who are catechised publicly twice a week. Thomas Walsh began this some months ago; and the fruit of it appears already. What a pity that all our Preachers in every place have not the zeal and wisdom to follow his example.' This was in Dublin, when the Methodist Society in England was only about fifteen years old, and in Ireland had only been planted nine years. What catechism Walsh used does not appear, but it may fairly be doubted whether it was that of the Church of England, since of this catechism Wesley wrote in a letter to Miss Bishop, in 1776: 'Our Church Catechism is utterly improper for children of six or seven years old. Certainly you ought not to teach it them against your own judgment. I should imagine it would be far better to teach them the short catechism prefixed to the *Instructions for Children*.' The *Instructions for Children* had been drawn up by Wesley in the year 1743, the year in which the *Rules of the Society* were first issued by himself and his brother for the use of the 'United Societies,' and the year before the holding of the first Conference. And the 'short catechism' prefixed to the *Instructions* was intended for the use of the children of the first Methodists. So early did the prescient spirit of Wesley recognise even for his 'Society,' whilst it remained still under the shadow of the Church

of England, the need of some form of catechetical instruction different from that provided by the Church of England, and adapted to the Evangelical tone and teachings of Methodism. When that 'Society' had grown up into an independent Church, after the lapse of nearly eighty years, the 'short catechism' being no longer adequate or in all respects suitable, the Methodist Conference determined to make fit and worthy provision for the catechetical requirements of the children of the Methodist people. Accordingly, in 1821, the *Conference Catechisms*, Nos. 1 and 2, were issued, having been prepared chiefly by the labour of Richard Watson,* but also revised by a special committee according to the direction of the Conference. These catechisms were of high excellence, and besides serving the needs of the English 'Connexion' for sixty years, were in use for thirty years among the American Methodists. In 1852, however, the great Methodist Episcopal Church of the States published its own 'Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3,' No. 3 being an expanded summary of doctrine rather than a catechism for children—a system of theology in a condensed form. And now, in 1882, after an interval of more than sixty years, the English Conference has determined to substitute for the excellent catechisms of 1821, catechisms of still higher excellence, answering to the increased light and volume of theological thought and feeling which has gathered within the consciousness of Methodist 'pastors and teachers' during the last sixty years, in relation especially to the needs and capacities of children placed under the care and instruction of Christian parents and of the Church of Christ. The year which sees completed the Wesleyan-Methodist Church Book, for use in the public services of the Church, including the revised occasional Offices or formularies, has also seen the completed revision of the First and Second Catechisms of the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference. Of these the First is designed for children of tender years, the Second for children not so young.

No fully organized collective Church, including within itself many congregations, and having 'its seed within itself,' 'wherein there is life,' can be complete without a catechism. As a matter of fact, we doubt whether, since the printing-press and the Reformation transformed the conditions of Church-life and, indeed, of Christian life, any such Church has long subsisted without its catechism.† In the times of the early Church, before the dissolution of the Roman empire, catechetical instruction was of necessity merely oral; although it seems probable that its practice and traditions tended, not indeed to stereotyped uniformity, or anything like it, but to a general agreement of method and phraseology, coupled with the systematic use of certain forms of prayer and of creed-profession. This oral catechizing was in those ages in universal use. Not only heathen converts, postulants for admission into the Church, were catechized before their baptism, but the children of Christians were catechized sometimes before and sometimes after baptism. With the break-up of the Roman dominion and the destruction of the ancient civilization of the world, catechizing came to an end, finding no revival during the 'dark ages,' although we

* Mr. Benson, who was associated with Mr. Watson, died a few months afterwards.—EDITOR.

† The fact that the Greek Church is still without an authorized Catechism is only an apparent exception to this rule—it is an exception of the sort which proves the rule, as the well-informed student of history will at once perceive.

are told that a monk of St. Gall, in the eighth century, published the Creed and Lord's Prayer in German for the instruction of children and ignorant people, and we know that Wycliffe did the like in England for his country-people, adding to the Creed and the Lord's Prayer the Ten Commandments.

With printing and the Reformation came a large and rapid upgrowth of catechisms. In 1520 Luther published his first Short Catechism, and afterwards he published other catechisms both large and small. Calvin published a catechism in French in 1536, and in Latin in 1538. Of these two catechisms, the respective editions of 1541 and 1545, being in a revised and enlarged form, were speedily translated into several languages and brought into general use among the Churches of the 'Reformed' confession. The famous Heidelberg Catechism was published in 1562, and became one of the chief standards of the German and Dutch Reformed Churches. The Catechism of the Reformed Church of England in the Prayer-books of Edward VI. and Elizabeth was inserted in the Order of Confirmation. In 1604 was added the explanation of the Sacraments. With but little change, the Catechism was confirmed and adopted by Convocation and Parliament in 1661, and has since stood in the Prayer-book of the Church of England as it is found to-day. The famous Catechisms, Larger and Shorter, of the Westminster Assembly are standard forms of the British Presbyterian Churches. They date from 1647-8. The best, as well as the chief, of the Catechisms of the Church of Rome, is the Catechism of the Council of Trent (1566). The more important even of the Socinian Churches, as, for example, those of Poland, possess their catechisms, drawn up by leading divines of their Confession. All these catechisms have been used, in the respective Churches, chiefly in the systematic preparation of young persons — baptized children — for confirmation or first communion.

Independent or segregated Churches —Congregational Churches, so called —owning no mutual organic connection of Churches or Ministers, and having therefore no common bond of Church responsibility in regard to the Christian instruction and training of the young, can hardly have any common provision of a catechism for use among them. Private catechisms, however, have been prepared by some Congregationalist divines, and have been employed, more or less extensively, in family instruction. Of catechisms used by Pastors or Sunday-school teachers in the instruction of the children of the Congregation, as such, there has, I presume, been very little known in Independent Churches. Dr. Watts' Catechism, however, to name this only, has been a widespread blessing, not only in family instruction among Congregationalists, but among others who had no connection with Congregationalism. Before the publication of the Conference Catechisms, Dr. Watts' Catechism was used in some Methodist families, and probably also in some Methodist Sunday-schools.

The Conference Catechisms of 1821 owed something to Wesley's Short Catechism, already referred to, something also to Dr. Watts' Catechism, owed, not very much in quantity, but that which was of much importance, to the Catechism of the Church of England, and owed, perhaps, most of all, to the Shorter Westminster Catechism. To a considerable extent, that is to say, the Catechisms were a compilation. The parts borrowed, however, were so skilfully adapted and, where necessary, modified, and as to the special

and essential points of Wesleyan theology, definitions and answers were inserted so clear and happy—very often in the language of Wesley himself—that the Catechisms, as a whole, presented a remarkably consistent summary of Evangelical truth. Although they can be shown to have been so much in the nature of a conglomerate, when their contents are historically analyzed, they left no impression of incompleteness or inconsistency on the mind of either teacher or taught. Methodists generally — including most of our theological students in the earlier stages of their course—remained unaware of the natural history of the Catechisms, or that they had not issued, for the most part, fresh and complete from the labours of Wesleyan divines. This fact speaks very much for the skill with which, in the course of one year, the work of preparing these Catechisms was done by Richard Watson and other theologians of Methodism sixty years ago. Nor can it be doubted that, in accomplishing a task so delicate, so difficult, and so responsible as that of preparing Catechisms, for the first time, for the Methodist Church—at that time, sixty years ago, comparatively in its callow youth—the principle of appropriating and adopting, as far as possible, the tested and time-honoured definitions and phraseology of earlier Churches, was a principle recommended by its wisdom not less than by its modesty. It was from the fountains of high theological authority, under the sanction of ancient and sacred custom, or from the most cherished teachings of the Founder of Methodism, that those portions of the Catechisms were derived which were most liable to be exposed to criticism.

For some time past, however, it has been felt that Methodism needed to possess Catechisms more purely and characteristically her own: catechisms to a larger extent an emanation, if I may so speak, from her own life, more perfectly moulded and conformed not only to the theology of Wesley, but to the suggestions of our experience as a Church, as these suggestions have accumulated during the last half century of our existence. In 1821 Methodism had barely emerged from its merely Society-stage of existence. Now for fifty years it has been feeling, with increasing pressure of consciousness, that it is bound to recognise, express, and fulfil all that belongs to its unique position as a Church, whether as respects doctrine or duty. Methodism is now a confessed Church, a fully-appointed, fully-developed Church. It is in this English realm the representative evangelical Arminian Church. Its special theology stands equally apart from the Calvinistic postulates and from the theurgic sacerdotalism, the sacramental superstition, which blights with a heathenish taint the Christian teaching of the Anglo-Catholic school, which affects all its Church organization and life, all its views as to conversion and regeneration, justification and sanctification, pastors and flock, the ministry and the sacraments. Since the Oxford Anglo-Catholic revival which began forty years ago, the theological mind of Methodism has learnt as to these points much which before had not been brought distinctly forth into consciousness. The new Methodist Catechisms, though intended primarily—not, however, solely—for young children, should, of necessity, be shaped and inspired in accordance with the complete experience, as well as the fundamental theology of Methodism. In them Wesley's theology must be clearly mirrored; but in them also, and scarcely less, must the experience and consciousness of the present century be

reflected. The new Catechisms may well be expected to answer to the Church-character and Church-life of living Methodism, as well as to the precious and indestructible Society-character, out of which the forces and faculties of our existing Methodism have developed: a character which it is not too much to say must always be essential and radical in true Methodism.

In the brief account which is now to be given of the new Catechisms, and in the comparison here and there between them and those they are intended to replace, which cannot but be included in such an account, however brief, the observations which have just been made must be borne in mind. There is much the same relative difference between the new First and Second Catechisms, as between the First and Second with which we have been so long familiar. The questions, and especially the answers, in the First Catechism, are shorter and simpler than in the Second. The more difficult and comprehensive aspects of Gospel truth are reserved. The limits of a young child's thoughts and enquiries are regarded throughout, and no proof-texts from Scripture are added to the answers given. The Catechism No. II. of American Episcopal Methodism differs from the No. I. of that Church in one respect only, namely, that proof-texts from Scripture are added. Our English Catechisms recognise, in the form of the questions put and in the style and compass of the answers given, the intellectual interval which lies between the conceptions of the child of five or six, and of the boy or girl of nine or ten and upwards.

In preparing the new Catechisms, there has been no violent or gratuitous departure from the model offered by the Catechisms of 1821. The fundamental ideas and the general form and order of thought are alike in the two pairs. There is development, not contrariety, evolution, not discord. One chapter may have its parts unfolded into distinct chapters, but the general symmetry is only made thereby the clearer and fuller. Or a chapter may be inserted; but it is seen at once to have been a 'missing link.' It strengthens the cohesion of the whole, and completes the circle. It fits in with the older teachings which precede and follow. It represents, in its place and measure, the up-growth into consciousness and recognition of the pastoral idea in Methodism during the last half century. It answers to the developed responsibilities which the completed Church-character of Methodism has imposed on its Ministers and people.

The First Catechism, in its original form, the form of 1821, included chapters, mostly very short, on *God; the Creation of Man; the Fall; Redemption;* and *Heaven and Hell:* the last, however, being a long chapter, with which were incorporated questions and answers as to holiness of heart and life, our duty to God and man, grace and the means of grace, also the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments. The new First Catechism has unfolded and divided the last chapter into three chapters, entitled respectively, *Judgment and the Future State, Religion, and The Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and the Ten Commandments.* This will at once be recognised as an improvement, conducing greatly to clearness and simplicity. An exquisite small chapter is also inserted, immediately after that on Religion, and preceding the sacred formularies of the last chapter, entitled *Jesus Christ and Little Children.* The title of the fourth section is changed from 'The Redemption of Man,' into *The Salvation of Man.*

It will be seen that there is here no change in the general plan and outline of the First Catechism. The one chapter which, as to its substance, is new, is only a personal application to little children of the teaching of the foregoing chapters: it brings all to a focus in the person of Jesus Christ; it tries to bring home to the hearts of little children, the meaning for them of the Saviour and His atoning love and work; and it affords a glimpse to them, at closing, of what their baptism signified for them and their whole life. This chapter is, accordingly, in the First Catechism, the distinct expression of that pastoral idea, in its especial application to children of tender years, the increasing recognition and development of which has so hopefully marked the history of the later years of English Methodism.

I may venture to quote this new chapter of the First Catechism entire: it is a gem not unworthy to enrich the pages of the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine*.

OF JESUS CHRIST AND LITTLE CHILDREN.

Does the Saviour care for children?—Yes: for He said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.'

Was He once a child Himself?—Yes, and we read about His infancy in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke.

Do we know anything about the Saviour when He was growing up?—St. Luke tells us that when He was twelve years old He was found in the temple at Jerusalem.

How was He a pattern to children?—We read that He grew in wisdom, and was subject to His parents.

May children have the blessing of the Lord Jesus?—When children were brought to Him, He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.

Does the Lord Jesus listen to children?—He was pleased with the children who cried Hosanna in the temple.

May children know the Scriptures?—Yes: for Timothy knew the Holy Scriptures from a child.

What did the Lord say about children before He went up to heaven?—He said to St. Peter, 'Feed My lambs.'

May children receive the Holy Ghost?—Yes: for God has promised to pour out His Spirit upon all flesh, and His blessing upon the offspring of His people.

By what sign is it shown that the Lord is the Saviour of children?—Children are baptized 'into the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

What is 'the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost?'—The name of One God in Three Persons, blessed for evermore.

How must you remember your baptism?—By seeking grace that I may become a true Christian, and serve God and my Saviour all the days of my life.

The space available for this paper will not allow of a detailed comparison between the chapters of the revised and of the original First Catechism. But a comparison of the first chapter in each will be sufficient to indicate the spirit of the revision, and to show how, while the substance of the teaching may remain the same, the form and expression may often be more specifically and with a touching simplicity adapted to the faculties of young children. The first three questions and answers in the first chapter of the former First Catechism were as follows:

'Who made you?—God made me. What is God?—God is an Infinite and Eternal Spirit, One that always was, and always will be.' Here the words *Infinite* and *Eternal* are beyond a child of tender years, the epithet *Eternal* being, moreover, made unnecessary by the explanatory clause which follows.

In the new First Catechism the corresponding questions and answers stand as follows: 'Who made you?—God. Who is God?—God is our Father in heaven. What is God?—God is a Spirit, One that always was, and always will be.' Here the children are first taught *Who* God is,

before it is explained *what* He is; and the key-note of evangelical Arminian theology, especially for baptized children, is struck when it is said that 'God is our Father in heaven.' Touches similar in their general character are found everywhere throughout the Catechism; simplicity and tenderness being striking characteristics of this first manual of early instruction. Thus in the section on *Judgment and the Future State*, the question is asked, 'In what manner will they serve God in heaven?' and the answer is, 'We cannot tell how they will serve Him until we go there.' In the new chapter on Religion, of which the germ was found in the former Catechism in the chapter on *Heaven and Hell*, the thought of the Holy Spirit is wisely introduced to the mind of the child before anything has been as yet said respecting the Persons of the Trinity. The child is taught that 'to be holy in heart is to be changed by the Holy Spirit, so as to be saved from sin and to love God;' and that 'the grace of God is the power of the Holy Ghost felt in our hearts, enabling us to do what otherwise we could not do.' The child is farther taught that 'the grace of the Holy Spirit' is received 'only through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' Thus the way is prepared for learning in the following chapter, the chapter that speaks of *Jesus Christ and Little Children*, that 'the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' the name into which children are baptized, is 'the name of One God in Three Persons, blessed for evermore.'

Alike in the original and the revised forms of the Catechism, the doctrinal portion is followed by a short catechism of Scripture names, and by forms of morning and evening prayer for the use of young children. The forms of prayer, sweet and beautiful as they are, are almost unaltered in the revised Catechism, and the changes in the catechism of Scripture names are not many. A division is made between the Old and the New Testament names; the title of Saint is given to the Evangelists and Apostles; Eutychus no longer appears as a name of terror to children sleeping in service time, as the 'youth who slept at sermon, and, falling down, was taken up dead;' Agrippa, the 'king who was almost persuaded to be a Christian,' is no longer commemorated; Cornelius, the 'devout Gentile soldier,' and Lydia, the blessed 'woman whose heart the Lord opened,' find a place in the gallery of distinguished names; Apollos is spoken of as 'an eloquent teacher, whom Priscilla and Aquila instructed'; and Titus is joined with Timothy as 'a companion and helper of St. Paul.' These sum up the chief changes made in the list.

The changes made in the revised Second Catechism are not only, as would almost of necessity be the case, absolutely, but are also relatively, more numerous and more important than those made in the First Catechism.

In the original form the successive chapters of the doctrinal part of the Catechism related respectively to *God, the Creation of Man, The Fall of Man, The Redemption of the World by our Lord Jesus Christ, The Holy Ghost, The Law of God, The Sacraments, The Word of God and Prayer*, and *Death and Judgment*. In the revised Catechism the titles of the chapters in succession are—I. *Of the Christian Religion;* with three subsections (1), *Jesus Christ and Christianity;* (2), *The Scriptures;* (3), *The Creed and Catechism*. II. *Of God;* with two sub-sections (1), *God, the Holy Trinity;* (2), *The Attributes of God*. III. *Of Creation and Providence*. IV. *Of the Fall of Man;*

with two sub-sections (1), *The Fall;* (2), *The Tempter and Temptation.* V. Of *The Redemption of the World by our Lord Jesus Christ;* with three sub-sections (1), *Jesus Christ the Redeemer;* (2), *The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ;* (3), *The Offices of Christ.* VI. *Of the Gospel Salvation;* with three sub-sections (1), *The Gospel;* (2) *Repentance and Faith;* (3) *Personal Salvation.* VII. *Of the Holy Spirit.* VIII. *Of the Law of God;* with two sub-sections (1), *The Law;* (2), *The Law and the Gospel.* IX. *Of the Church and the Means of Grace;* with five sub-sections (1), *The Church; or, Christian Society;* (2), *The Sacraments;* (3), *The Word of God;* (4), *Worship and Prayer;* (5), *The Lord's Prayer.* X. *Of Death and Judgment.*

In comparing the two outlines, it will be seen that whilst the revised Catechism follows the same general order of thought with the earlier one, an important new chapter is prefixed, introductory to the whole, in which the Christian Religion, in its general idea, is explained to the young learner who is about to become a catechumen or an enquirer in regard to the doctrines and duties of that religion in detail. It will also be observed that the subjects of the following chapters being, for the most part, the same and in the same order as in the earlier Catechism, the analysis of the subjects and the detailed contents are developed in the new Catechism with singular comprehensiveness and completeness. Of the included sub-sections, several are nearly or altogether new. The most important of these sectional additions are found in the chapter entitled, *Of the Church and the Means of Grace.* The change of title here is instructive. In the original Catechism the title stood simply, *Of the Sacraments.* In the revised Catechism the introduction of the phrase 'the Church' marks the fully-developed position into which the Methodist Society has grown, almost despite of itself, since the Catechism was composed in its first form, a change yet more distinctly indicated and emphasized in the sub-sections, the separate title of the first of these being, *The Church; or, Christian Society.*

The first chapter—the new chapter on *The Christian Religion*—is an admirable feature in the Revised Second Catechism. Briefly, succinctly, suggestively, it explains the nature of the subject in general of which the Catechism is to speak, and indicates the grounds of evidence and authority on which the teacher is entitled to claim the attention and the confidence of the young enquirer and student in what he is about to unfold from the Scriptures as to divine truth and the faith and doctrine of Jesus Christ. As a summary of Christian evidence, brief but remarkably comprehensive, given in the simplest phrase and form, so as to adapt it to the intelligence of young children, but yet worthy of the attention of 'children of a larger growth,' we have seen nothing like it. What, for instance, could be happier than the opening questions and answers of the first sub-section, on '*Jesus Christ and Christianity.*'

'*What do you mean by religion?*—Our whole duty to God our Creator.' [An admirable definition, this, of religion in general.] '*How may you divide that duty?*—Into two parts: What we have to believe, and what we have to do. *Who is the great Teacher of religion?*—Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Redeemer. *What do you call His religion?*—Christianity. *Are there any other religions in the world?*—There is only one Divine Teacher, and only one true religion; but there have been many false teachers, and there are many false religions.'

The nice discrimination as well as the admirable clearness of these questions and answers are deserving of study.

How aptly, also, and how happily, does such an introduction as this prepare the learner for apprehending the position of Christianity among the various religions of the world, of which in our age the young come so soon to hear, and the relation of himself to God His Creator, and Jesus Christ His Redeemer and Saviour!

The first two sub-sections of this first chapter, entitled respectively, *Jesus Christ and Christianity*, and *The Scriptures*, and summarising, as we have described, the evidences of Christianity as the Divine religion, are appropriately followed by a third sub-section on *The Creed and Catechism*. The learner is thus enabled to approach the study in detail of the contents of the Christian revelation of doctrine and duty, with a preliminary consciousness of the authority and claims of that revelation, with a general knowledge of the Christian creed, and with a clear understanding of the meaning and intent of the catechetical course of instruction on which he is about to enter. The subject which he is to master has been sufficiently defined beforehand, and he has been made acquainted in general with the leading thoughts which are afterwards to be explained in detail. The Creed taught in the First Catechism is revived in the scholar's memory as he begins the study of the Second Catechism. The Creed, too, is brought into connection with the form of Baptism, of which the baptized child is reminded. The final questions and answers of this first chapter of the Catechism are not less happy than those with which the chapter opens. They are as follows:

'*Why is it called the Apostles' Creed?*—Because it contains the substance of the Apostles' testimony. *How did this Creed arise?*—It is an enlargement of the form used in baptism. *How is the Creed an enlargement of that form?*—Baptism is "into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The first part of the Creed speaks of the Father, Who created us; the second of the Son, Who redeemed us; and the third of the Holy Ghost, Who sanctifies the Church, assuring us of forgiveness, and fitting us for everlasting life. *May we hope for the teaching of the Holy Spirit?*—Yes; our Saviour promised: "When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the truth" (John xvi. 13); and this promise, first given to the Apostles, belongs to all the true disciples of Christ.'

Thus the young catechumen, as a Christian child, inheriting Christian ideas and influences, is introduced to the study of the holy mysteries of the Christian religion, its doctrines, privileges, and duties, as taught in the sacred Scriptures.

In comparing the main body of the revised Second Catechism with the Second Catechism of 1821, it is impossible not to be impressed—and the closer the examination the deeper will be the impression—with the thorough and minute care which has been bestowed on the whole,—on every question as well as every answer; and on the selections of confirmatory or illustrative passages of Scripture, whether for express quotation or for reference—the large number of illustrative *references* given to Scripture texts, without actual quotation, being a new and noteworthy feature of the revised Catechism. While none of the questions or answers as given in the earlier Catechism have been removed merely for the sake of change, not one appears to have been retained where it was felt that an answer needed to be found more perfectly adapted to the apprehension of a child, or in more precise and delicate accordance with the teaching of Scripture and the theology of Methodism. The theology is that of a master in Israel, the clear and simple language is that of a teacher

who can enter sympathetically into the feelings and workings of a child's mind. This combination, it is safe to say, has never been fulfilled in any other catechism as it is in this last fruit of Wesleyan theological thought — in which, while one master-hand has drawn the outline and done the most also of the detailed work, some of the best and ripest doctrinal and pastoral theologians of Methodism have also taken a full and effective part; and all concerned have concurred in the final result. That result is a Catechism of which by far the greater part is, in its form of expression, new; while the ancient spirit, the true aroma, of Wesleyan theology pervades the whole. The new Catechism is, in fact, more perfectly Wesleyan than the one which it supersedes. There is less in it of what was borrowed from other sources. It is more absolutely inspired by Wesleyan ideas; it is moulded throughout more entirely in conformity with the theology of Methodism.

It would be easy, and the temptation is strong, to give illustrations of what has now been said. But one or two such illustrations would not be sufficient to justify the general statement which has now been made, nor adequate to convey any true idea of the complete originality of form and phrase which, speaking generally, may be said to be characteristic of the new Catechism. On the other hand, the space at the disposal of the writer will not allow him to give that ample and various illustration of the character of the newly-moulded Catechism which might suffice to warrant the language he has used and to exhibit the merits of the new manual. He must content himself, therefore, as to this point, with referring his readers to the Catechism itself. The only important exception to the general statement he has now made which ought to be noted, relates to 'the Law of God' and 'the Lord's Prayer.' The sections of the Catechism relating to these subjects are not largely altered from the form in which they stood in the earlier Catechism. In other words, the ethical and practical portions of the Catechism vary much less from the earlier form than the theological portions.*

It will be expected that, in this sketch, special reference should be made to the chapter, new as it is not only in its title but as to a considerable portion of its contents, of which the subject is *The Church and the Means of Grace*. The first section of this chapter shows remarkable skill, not only in what is distinctly said, but also in what is not said, and in what is barely suggested. There can be no doubt that the collective wisdom of the revising company is represented in this section.

* It seems necessary here to mention, in a note, the one theological answer as to which, so far as the writer knows, regret has been expressed at the substitution which has been made for the answer given in the Catechism of 1821, namely, the answer as to the nature of regeneration. The earlier Catechism gave Mr. Wesley's own definition, taken from his masterly sermon on *The New Birth*. The one given in the new Catechism is much shorter and simpler, but less distinct and full. It may indeed be perhaps regarded as ambiguous, and capable of being adopted or assented to by theologians who make regeneration precede faith and 'effectual repentance.' Fidelity requires the writer to refer to this point—the doctrine in question being one of primary importance. In making such a reference, it is at the same time proper for him to recognise that, if there be here a blemish in the new Catechism, he cannot himself be absolved from his share of personal responsibility, as having been one of the company of revisers. The definition in question teaches that 'regeneration is the work of God in the soul, by the Holy Spirit, which begins the new life in Christ Jesus.'

The subject of the section bristles with controversies, and yet it was impossible for the revisers to avoid dealing with it, especially at the present time, when, on the one hand, there is so much zeal for the Society-fellowship of Methodism, and in particular for the maintenance, in full efficiency and acceptance, of the Class-meeting, and yet, on the other hand, so much is said and felt as to Wesleyan Methodism being no longer merely a Society, but having unfolded into a Church, with a larger scope and more wide and complex responsibilities than could belong to any mere Society. There are controversies as to these points and others associated with them, as to the respective definition and responsibilities of a Society and of a Church; as to the conditions of Church-membership; as to the visibility and invisibility of the Church; and as to the nature of the unity—if there be really any such organic or outward unity—of the visible Church of Christ. Methodism also holds its own views as to the truly Scriptural character of 'United Societies' or of a Connexional Church. In the section now under view it would have been unfitting to deal with any of these subjects in a controversial spirit or in an argumentative manner; it would also have been undesirable, if not unbecoming, without controversy or argument, to lay down dogmatically very definite views on points eminently disputable. How the revisers have steered their way amid the currents and quicksands of this sea of controversy and have intimated gently views true to their own Church without challenging or contradicting the views held in other Evangelical Churches, will be seen from the quotation which follows:

'*What is the Church of Christ?*—The society of those whose bond of union is faith in Christ as our Divine Redeemer and our Lord, and who worship God in His name.

What is the difference between the visible and the invisible Church?—By the visible Church is meant the whole number of those who belong to Christian societies; the invisible Church is the company of all true believers in every age.

Is the Church one?—The invisible Church is one in Christ; but visible Churches may have and have many forms.

Is the Church holy?—It is called to be holy, and the invisible Church is holy; but there may be many unworthy members in the visible Church.

[*Matthew* xiii. 30, 47—50; 1 *John* ii. 19.]

Is it the Lord's will that all should belong to a visible Church of Christ?—Throughout the New Testament this appears to be His will.

Acts ii. 46, 47. And day by day, continuing steadfastly with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread at home, they did take their food with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people. And the Lord added to them day by day those that were being saved.

[*Matthew* xvi. 18, xviii. 17, 20; *Acts* xiv. 23; 2 *Corinthians* viii. 5; *Hebrews* x. 25.]

What are the chief marks by which Christian Churches are known in the world?—Assembling to worship in the name of Jesus, and observing the sacraments appointed by Him.

[*Luke* xxii. 19; 1 *Corinthians* i. 2, xi. 26.]

How is the spiritual life of a Christian Church best maintained?—One chief means of maintaining it is close spiritual fellowship in private assemblies of the Church.

What was the practice of the first Christians?—Spiritual fellowship was one of the special marks of the primitive Church, from its beginning at Jerusalem.

[*Acts* ii. 42; *Colossians* iii. 16; 1 *Thessalonians* v. 14; *Hebrews* x. 25.]

What peculiar provision is made for spiritual fellowship among the Methodists?—They meet together in small companies for fellowship and mutual edification.

Why do the Methodist societies use the term Connexion?—Because many separate societies are connected or united into one.'

The section on the Sacraments is

very carefully and wisely drawn up, and will give wide-spread satisfaction in the Connexion. The answer to the question relating to the privileges of baptized infants, is in strict keeping with the decision of the last Conference in regard to the office of Baptism for Infants: 'They have the outward advantages of the Christian Church, and all the spiritual blessings of the covenant are assured to them for the future when they shall comply with the terms of the Gospel.'

The account given in the same section of the character and benefits of the Communion of the Lord's Supper is excellent. One defect there may perhaps appear to be in this section. Some would perhaps have been glad if a question and answer had been inserted from the Assembly's Catechism, as follows: 'How do the Sacraments become effectual means of salvation? — The Sacraments become effectual means of salvation, not from any virtue in them, or in him that doth administer them, but only by the blessing of Christ and the working of His Spirit in them that *by faith* receive them.' And yet, if the insertion of this question had been suggested to the revising committee, they might, perhaps, not unjustly, have thought the form of it needlessly negative, and thus even suggestive of errors not likely to be imbibed by those who intelligently apprehend and receive the positive explanations of the truth contained in this section.

The short Catechism of Scripture History which, in the new as in the original Second Catechism, forms an appendix to the doctrinal Catechism, has been greatly enlarged, much improved in every way, very conveniently divided into sections, and now forms a truly instructive and valuable introduction and companion for intelligent young persons to the study of the Scriptures. It answers the purpose of a comprehensive and condensed manual of Scripture history and ecclesiastical information to the end of the first Christian century. With this in his hand, and above all, in his memory, many a boy or girl at Sunday-school will find the way opened to the clear and vivid understanding of the history and meaning, in its harmony and unity, of the Divine Revelation of Redemption in Christ Jesus.

The forms of daily morning and evening prayer for private use which close and complete the Catechism, are very little varied from those which closed the Second Catechism of our earlier days. Perhaps these prayers are too elaborate, but they are very beautiful and impressive.

In the course of years it may be expected that these revised Catechisms, like their predecessors, may have again to be revised. But it must be observed that vastly more time and pains, and the concentrated labour of more minds of trained theological faculty, have been given to the production of these Catechisms, than were bestowed on their predecessors. Perhaps, therefore, it may not be too much to hope that they may serve the Church as long as the Catechisms of 1821 have done. At any rate, the Connexion may, without any misgiving, be congratulated on being put in possession of such manuals. And Dr. Pope, by whose labours chiefly, though of course not exclusively, this result has been accomplished, will have his name no less inseparably associated with these Catechisms, than was that of his great predecessor, Richard Watson, with the two which preceded them.

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MISSION.

BY C. F GORDON-CUMMING.

PART I.

IN the history of Christian Missions, a special interest seems to attach to those which, within the last fifty years, have so entirely changed the character of the Eastern Pacific, and are now being worked in such steadfast hope in the Western and still heathen Isles.

The earliest efforts having been made in the Society Isles, the light thence radiated westward, dispelling the dense darkness which rested on the Navigators' Isles, the Friendly Isles, and perhaps most deeply of all on Fiji. In all these groups the interest was intensified by the personal danger which the messengers had to face; danger to their own lives and those dear to them; and the terrible sights surrounding them on every hand. Far to the north lies an isolated group—the Hawaiian, or, as *we* sometimes call them (ignoring their right to bear their own name), the Sandwich Isles. In these the progress of Mission-work was never impeded by the ferocity of the natives; the chief difficulties arose from the opposition stirred up by bad white men. The story of the Hawaiian Mission differs from all others, in that when the first Christian teachers arrived expecting terrible opposition from the priests of the idols, to their amazement these were the first to greet them as 'brother priests,' and to accept their teaching, their old faith having literally crumbled away, and their idols having been destroyed by their own voluntary act, while the Mission ship was actually on its way from Boston, U.S., slowly sailing round Cape Horn.

This had been a most remarkable epoch in the history of Hawaii. At the time when Captain Cook visited the group and met his sad death, in 1779, each isle was a separate kingdom, engaged in constant inter-tribal warfare. At last one powerful chief gained the supremacy; victory followed his course wherever he turned, until the great Kamehameha was the acknowledged king of the whole united group. His renown was partly due to the fact that all the islanders believed him to be the special favourite of the gods, and that opposition to his arms could be of no avail. In a land continually subject to most appalling earthquakes, tidal inundations, and terrific eruptions from ever-active volcanoes, it was natural that the Hawaiians should worship the fiery gods of the crater in fear and trembling. The supreme ruler in the house of fire was the goddess Pélé, who was surrounded by a Pantheon of malignant fire-spirits, who exerted their power only for evil, and delighted in deeds of vengeance and destruction, causing earthquakes or pouring lava-floods on the fertile lands. On the first alarm of an eruption, whole herds of swine, alive or already cooked, were thrown into the crater, with many another precious offering, to secure the goodwill of these mischievous rulers of the infernal regions. On one occasion, in the early days of Kamehameha's career, he was sorely harassed by simultaneous wars on Maui and on Hawaii—the two principal isles—and was compelled to go in person to the former, leaving a friendly chief to take command of his warriors. The contest would have been of very doubtful issue, but as the enemy were marching across the isle to attack the forces of Kamehameha, they had to cross the shoulder of Mauna-Loa, the great active volcano, and were compelled to camp

in the neighbourhood of the crater, when a terrific storm of thunder and lightning commenced. Supernatural darkness overspread earth and heaven, weird red and blue lights flashed in awful glare from the crater, and the earth rocked so appallingly that the stoutest hearts quailed, and none dared to move from his place, lest the next step should precipitate him into some yawning chasm.

For two days and nights the tribe halted, terror-stricken. Then having to choose between starvation and movement, they determined to advance. In order to divide the danger, they separated into three companies, and started at intervals. The first company had gone but a little way, when a violent earthquake shook the ground, so that they reeled to and fro like drunken men, unable to proceed. Then great Pélé unmasked her batteries, and, with a roar far exceeding the loudest thunder-crash, pursued them with such a volley of artillery that the miracle seems that any could have escaped. The sky, which but a moment before had been unclouded, was filled with a shower of cinders and ashes, extending for many miles around, while the air was poisoned with sulphurous gases. The ashes were thrown to so great a height that they were partly cooled in their descent; and so the majority of the first company were uninjured, and only a few of them overwhelmed.

At the appointed interval the second party started, and then, in due time, the third. The last experienced much the same dangers as the first detachment, but hurried onwards, and escaped with little loss. But what was their consternation on discovering their comrades of the central division lying stark dead—four hundred men, with their wives and their little ones, stifled by the sulphurous vapours. Some were sitting upright, with their families grouped around them in close embrace; others lying down, apparently in natural sleep. It was like the destruction of the Assyrians when

> 'The Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
> And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed.'

The only creature that had survived was a hog (probably one of the usual Hawaiian pets, which are often more cherished than the children). This creature was quietly and unconcernedly hunting about for food. Probably the action of sulphur tended to preserve the bodies, for they remained unchanged for many days. Finally, the flesh dropped from the bones, which were left to bleach in the sun—a warning to all men of the fate awaiting whosoever should venture to fight against the favourite of the gods.

After this, the great chief pursued his career of conquest till, to his original patrimony on Hawaii, he had added the whole of that isle, and then passed on to Maui, Lamai, Molokai, Oahu, and even Kauai, the wildest and most remote of all, and reigned supreme throughout Hawaii-nei, the name by which the group collectively is called.

This old warfare was full of picturesque incidents and of opportunities for the display of individual valour. One war custom was almost identical with that of the Fijians, namely, the boastful shout of defiance and the advance of a single warrior deridingly carrying only a fan, as if to brush away harmless flies, and challenging the foe to attack him singly. Perhaps, in reply, a dozen spears might be cast at him at once; these he avoided by nimbly jumping aside or stooping; sometimes he caught them in his hands, and hurled them back at his

assailants. The Hawaiians carried no banners, but the idols, borne by the priests, acted as rallying points, and inspired the combatants with vigour. As flags of truce they sent young banana trees, whose long, broad, silky green leaves waved as they moved. Then the chiefs and priests of both sides met to decide on terms of peace. A pig was then sacrificed, and its blood poured on the earth, as a symbol of the fate that awaited the truce-breaker. A wreath of the fragrant mailé (a creeping plant) was then woven by the leaders of both sides, and deposited as a joint-offering in one of the temples.

When there remained no more foes to conquer, this energetic king had leisure to show his true greatness by the wisdom with which he ruled his dominions. By a clemency hitherto unknown in native warfare, he won the affections of the vanquished, who became his most devoted servants. He made wise regulations concerning commerce, as also for the fisheries and modes of agriculture, and set his subjects an example by following all three pursuits himself, and excelling in each. He had in his service a considerable number of foreign artisans, and even some physicians. Every encouragement was given to such white men as wished to settle on the Isles, and in 1810 the Isle of Oahu alone numbered sixty foreign residents. Ever on the watch to gain knowledge of every sort, nothing escaped his notice, and he encouraged his subjects to acquire all possible arts, so that very soon a considerable number of the natives became expert as carpenters, blacksmiths, and coopers.

Rumours now reached Hawaii of the great changes wrought in Tahiti by the adoption of Christianity; and Kamehameha remembered the words of Captain Vancouver—probably the only white man who had ever spoken to him of the Christian faith. He began to desire instruction from the foreign settlers concerning their religion. It is a painful commentary on the class of men who acted as the pioneers of civilization, that he found none capable of teaching him the simplest outline of the Christian faith. 'He no tell him nothing,' was the comprehensive account given by a Hawaiian of the vain cry for light from the dark king to the white trader.

So this grand savage died worshipping the gods of his ancestors. In his last illness, when he had become too weak even to turn on his mat, he called his son Liho Liho, and bade him go to the temple to make supplication on his behalf, adding that he himself would offer his prayers where he lay. So he prayed to his feather-god Kukailimoku. Afterwards a chief who had a bird-god called Pua, suggested that perhaps it might heal the king of his sickness; so it was brought that its power might be tested, but it availed nothing. On the 8th of May, 1819, just forty years after Captain Cook's discovery of the isles, the master-mind who had welded all these conflicting tribes into one united people, passed away, at the age of sixty-six.

To the last he maintained the oppressive and rigorous laws known as the tabu, by which most cruel penalties were enforced, and men were often put to death for the most trivial infringements of arbitrary prohibitions. The whole system of tabu was one long oppression. It affected all classes; though the priests and high chiefs took care that their share of the burden should be a light one. But the common people were weighed down from their birth to their grave by the most senseless and cruel enactments. They were in constant

danger of infringing some rigid rule of etiquette for which the penalty was death. To bathe in a pool reserved for a chief; to touch his food, his clothes, his house; to walk in his shadow; to appear upright in his presence, or without baring the shoulders—were offences punishable by death. With regard to the gods, tabus were proclaimed at the caprice of the priests; and during these seasons, lasting sometimes for weeks or even months, the people must abstain from all sports, fishing, house-building, and from certain foods. Any person found infringing the law was stoned, strangled, or clubbed, often after horrible tortures.

But it was on women that the institution of tabu rested most heavily throughout their lives. It was death for a woman to approach a temple; to enter the eating-house of any man, even her own husband. Never might she taste the food which had been cooked for a man, even when his meal was finished. All the daintiest meats were reserved exclusively for the males. I cannot call them lords of the creation, for rank descended only from the female side, and the right of blood gave a woman power to rule all men of lower rank than herself. But the highest chiefess who thus held the power of life and death over her inferiors, and who had the right of selecting and repudiating any number of husbands at her own caprice, was as entirely subject to the iron law of tabu as the meanest of her attendants. The savoury meats on which her kinsmen feasted might never pass her lips. Turtle, pork, shark, and certain excellent varieties of cocoa-nut and banana, might be captured by her people, and grown on her lands for the use of her male relations, but she might never taste them. From earliest infancy, a female child was taught to avoid the food that had touched its father's dish as if it were poison.

From generation to generation the people had been held enthralled by this system, which grew more and more oppressive. But with the arrival of foreigners came the dawn of deliverance. They were seen to infringe every tabu with impunity, and when at length some daring spirits were tempted secretly to follow their example, they found that so long as they escaped detection by the priests, the gods took no heed of their presumptuous actions. White men persuaded native women to eat with them, and even to taste the forbidden meats. Some were discovered and fearfully beaten, but others enjoyed their feast so much as to risk a repetition of the offence. Finally, some of the chiefs began to think that the foreigners, who apparently acknowledged no religious obligation whatever, might be right, and that the priests were deceivers, the oracles lying words, and the service of the gods senseless folly. The priests were allowed full sway till after the burial of the great king. Three hundred dogs were sacrificed, and the people mourned after the usual manner, behaving like beasts and madmen.

The saturnalia over, Liho Liho was robed in the royal mantle of feathers, and proclaimed king. His mother, the great Chiefess Keopulani, urged him at once to break through the laws of tabu, and she set him the example by eating with her younger son. Kaahumanu, the great king's favourite wife, who, by his will, was to retain a large share of power, gave the same counsel. For awhile the young king wavered, scarcely able to muster courage for so venturesome a revolution. But urged by the queens, and finding that several of the high chiefs were

willing to support him, he finally determined on action. He invited all these chiefs to a great feast. According to custom, the women assembled in a place apart. So soon as the food was prepared, and the pigs, fowls, turtles, and certain tabued fish were cut up, the king bade his attendants carry these forbidden dainties to his wives and the other women, with whom he then sat down to eat. Shouts of amazement from the multitude greeted this breach of the tabu, but the king's example was followed by several chiefs, who thus deliberately violated the oppressive system which in a thousand details had weighed on each man, woman and child from the hour of birth.

Of course the majority of the priests threatened terrible consequences from the wrath of the gods; but Heva-Heva, the high-priest of the war-god, declared that no evil would ensue even if the worship of the gods were altogether discontinued. Thereupon he resigned his office, and the king announced that both idols and priests should be utterly abolished. Several of the priests supported the action of Heva-Heva, and seem actually to have taken part in the destruction of idols and demolition of temples which followed. The sacred relics, which had for ages been objects of devout worship, were committed to the flames, and the rejoicing people began to realize that their days of thraldom were ended. But it was not to be supposed that such an upheaval could occur without opposition, or that the great mass of the priests would let the iconoclasts run riot through all sacred places without opposition. By the will of Kamehameha, his nephew Kekuaokalani had been appointed to share with Liho Liho in the general charge of the temples and the support of the national worship. To him the priestly party now looked as to their rightful champion. Assuring him of victory, and of obtaining for himself the sovereignty of the isles, they raised a strong force, and flew to arms in the name of the insulted gods.

The followers of the king were equally prompt in preparing for battle, and the two factions met and fought on the shore of Isle Hawaii. The action continued ten hours, when the party of Kekuao-Kalani were effectually routed. Most of the leaders perished. Kekuao-Kalani, though wounded, and weak from loss of blood, made a last stand to rally his flying forces, but receiving a ball in the breast; he covered his face with his feather mantle, and expired. His faithful wife Manona had never left his side throughout that hardly-contested day, but fought with dauntless courage. A few moments after her husband fell, a ball struck her, and she fell dead upon the corpse of her lord. The battle-field is still strewn with many cairns, one of which, larger than the rest, marks the spot where the brave young chief and his noble wife were slain. An oblong pile of stones was raised over the grave in which they were laid, and a thick pall of the lilac marine convolvulus quickly overspread the tomb.

It seems to have been no uncommon thing for women to accompany their husbands to the thick of battle; bearing in one hand a calabash of water or of *poi* wherewith to recruit their lords, and in the other hand a spear for their own defence. Even if they did not actually take part in the fight, women generally accompanied the warriors to nurse them should they be wounded.

One feature of Hawaiian warfare is specially interesting on account of its similarity to ancient Hebrew custom—that of having cities of re-

fuge—*puhonuas*, as they were called —which afforded an inviolable sanctuary to all who were in any danger, either when fleeing from victorious foes or from justice. There were two such places in Hawaii. One was a large enclosure with several wide entrances, so that fugitives, whether coming from north, south, east, or west, might make straight for their haven. At a short distance beyond each gate was planted a tall spear, from which fluttered a white flag. Thus far might the pursuer follow his foe, but not one step further; he would himself be guilty of desecrating the *pahu tabu*, the sacred enclosure, and such criminals would assuredly be put to death, though the thief, manslayer, or murderer was safe the moment he crossed the threshold. The first act of the fugitive was to render thanks in presence of the image of Keave; he was then allowed to rest in one of the houses built specially for refugees within the sanctuary, and here he must remain for a few days, after which he might return to his home.

The puhonua at Honaû-naû was on so large a scale as to afford refuge to all the women, children, and weakly folk of the neighbourhood in time of war. It was about seven hundred feet long by four hundred wide, and was surrounded by walls twelve feet high and fifteen in thickness. Within it were built three large sacred platforms. One of them was one hundred and twenty-six feet by sixty-five, and ten feet high. Several masses of lava-rock, weighing two or three tons a-piece, were built into the solid wall, at some height from the ground, exciting marvel as to how such Cyclopean work had been performed by savages ignorant of mechanical appliances. It was said to have been built in the seventeenth century.

The battle gained by Liho Liho completed the overthrow of idol-worship. These events occurred in November, 1819. The only foreign influence traceable in the matter was that of men who, hating all law, felt that the restraints of the tabu sometimes indirectly affected themselves, and who in any case were ready to promote any measure which tended to more unbridled license. To this the Hawaiians needed small encouragement, so the practical result of a measure which had been carried out by the king when in a condition of semi-intoxication, and which left his country without any form of religion or any definite law, was to produce a state of anarchy of which 'the mean whites' were not slow to take advantage. And as a natural consequence, immorality, in all its most flagrant forms, reached a climax hitherto unknown even in Hawaii, where every element that could constitute social degradation flourished unchecked. Frequently aged and infirm persons were buried alive or cast from a precipice by their own children, who would not be troubled to take care of them. Still more frequently, they were turned out of the houses their own hands had reared, and left to die by the roadside, their corpses being devoured by wild dogs. The blind or deformed were only suffered to live as a butt for cruel jesters. Idiots and lunatics, if not treated with reverence as the incarnation of some god, were stoned to death. Infanticide prevailed throughout the Hawaiian Isles to an extent even more awful than in the Society group, and in an aggravated form. Although the Tahitians rarely allowed more than two of the largest family to be reared, yet, if from any cause a child was allowed to survive its birth even a few hours, its parents rarely could bring themselves to murder it. But the Hawaiians were far more inhuman, for multitudes of children were put to death when

they were several months old. If they chanced to be unusually fretful, or their parents found them particularly inconvenient, they were unscrupulously suffocated. A hole was dug in the earthen floor of the house, and the wailing baby was therein deposited—a bit of cloth thrust into its mouth to still its cries—the earth and mats replaced, and quiet being thus restored, domestic life continued as before.

The Tahitians at least buried their dead out of their sight, seeking some retired corner in the bush where to lay the unwelcome child. Many women told the early Missionaries that they had with their own hands buried seven or eight of their children. And sometimes a pitying neighbour arrived in time to dig up the newly-buried baby and rear it herself, when of course it grew up with slight knowledge of its mother, who had probably devoted all her petting (I cannot use the word *affection*) to some favourite piggy or puppy, which she suckled in preference to her child. One of the queens who had thus reared a fine young hog, and who subsequently became a very devout Christian, found its affection rather inconvenient when, having grown to a great size and armed with large tusks, it insisted on taking its place in chapel.

Such was the condition of Hawaii at the time when the first party of American Missionaries arrived at the Isles, sent thither by the Congregational branch of the Church. Strange to say, although British Missionary efforts were directed to Tahiti and other South Sea Isles so early as 1796, no attempt was made to establish any in the Sandwich Isles until 1820. The idea had been suggested some years previously, when one morning the students at Yale College found a dark-skinned lad sitting on the doorstep crying bitterly. He told them how his father and mother had been slain before his eyes, and when he fled, carrying his infant brother on his back, the child was killed with a spear, and he was taken prisoner. After awhile he managed to escape and to get on board of an American ship, and so landed at New-Haven.

Craving to be taught all the wisdom of white men, he found his way to the College, hoping by some means to gain access to it. But at the last his heart had failed him; and so, sad and lonely, he could not choose but weep. Kind hearts were moved; the poor lad received the teaching he craved. After awhile Opukahaia became so deeply impressed with the reality of the Christian faith, that he confided to others his longing to go back to Hawaii and tell the good news to his countrymen. The idea thus started gradually expanded, and white men determined that the young convert should not return on his perilous enterprise alone. Four other young Hawaiians were received at the College, and the idea of forming a special Mission to the Sandwich Isles took definite form.

But Opukahaia was not destined himself to carry the Gospel to his dear Isles. Ere his own studies were completed he was called away from this lower school. But the great longing of his heart had awakened an echo in many others, and in the autumn of 1819, at the very time when King Liho Liho was abolishing the tabu and destroying the idols, a Mission band of seventeen persons were preparing to embark at Boston. Six hundred communicants met at a farewell service, and crowds assembled to witness the ordination of Messrs. Bingham and Thurston. The Mission party were reminded in a farewell charge that probably not one of them would live to witness the downfall of idolatry.

And so, doubtless, they all thought.

On the 23rd of October, 1819, they embarked. On the 31st of March, 1820, they sighted the snow-capped peaks of Mannakea, and as they neared the land, the Hawaiian lads put off in a boat to meet a fishing canoe. A few minutes later the boat was seen returning, and the lads shouted in wild excitement: 'Oahu's idols are no more!' Returning on board, they related the wonderful news told them by the fishers —that the great king was dead; that Liho Liho had abolished the tabu and burnt the idols.

Well was it for these simple folk that these teachers of righteousness arrived amongst them at this critical time, for adverse influences were rife in the form of a multitude of the very coarsest specimens of the white race, who annually found their way thither in the whaling ships, to which Honolulu proved a convenient station for re-fitting and provisioning. These men used every argument they could invent to induce the king and chiefs to prevent the Mission party from even coming ashore. So during a weary fortnight the travellers, who after a five months' voyage, cooped up in the little vessel, naturally craved to set foot on land, were prevented from doing so. Finally the good sense of the Hawaiians triumphed; they determined to give the newcomers an equal chance with their traducers, and agreed to let them settle for one year, with the proviso that should they prove unworthy they were then to be banished. Thenceforth a ceaseless struggle was waged between these good men and the very low whites, who hitherto had considered Hawaii in the light of a happy land where vice might flourish unreproved. The natives, drawn first to one side and then to the other, were perplexed, and their growth in good sorely hindered; yet year by year the good seed took root and spread.

Strange to say, the foremost in giving cordial welcome to the newcomers was Heva-Heva, late high-priest of the god of war. It was he who counselled the king to destroy the idols, telling him that wooden images, carved by their own hands, could never make the kalo to grow, nor send rain, nor bestow life or health. He added: 'My thought has always been there is only one Great God dwelling in the heavens.' So now, when the servants of the One God arrived, he threw his whole weight into their scale.

Amongst those to whom the good tidings came home with intense reality was Puaaiki, a wretched blind dancer. His blindness was partly due to the excessive use of the intoxicating kava, and his life had been as disreputable as it well could be. He was chiefly noted for his skill in the performance of the *hula-hula*, a combination of objectionable songs and dances. For this reason he was retained for the amusement of the queen and chiefs, and earned a scanty living by playing the buffoon in their presence. As a court-follower, he accompanied the king to Honolulu, where he fell ill. Neglected and miserable, he lay alone, and the deep darkness that had blinded his eyes lay heavy on his soul. In his hour of distress he was found by Honolii, one of the Hawaiian lads educated in America, who comforted him, and spoke of the Great Physician Who had given sight to the blind. These words were as a message of life to the poor blind buffoon. He induced a heathen lad to lead him day after day to the place where the Christian teachers spoke to the people, and he eagerly drank in every word. Those who observed him saw only a picture of extreme degradation and wretchedness—a frail object of

diminutive stature, and bowed down by sickness; with long black beard, and a scanty strip of bark cloth as his only dress. But his sightless eyes seemed to save him from distraction: he gave undivided attention to all he heard. His wonderful memory seemed to grasp and to retain everything.

When next the chiefs sent for him to dance before them, he refused, saying that henceforth he must live as beseemed a servant of the Living God. Some derided him; but the queen respected his courage, and herself gave ear to the words of the poor blind dancer, who now besought her to seek the way of salvation. In what appears an excess of caution, the Missionaries refused to receive him or any other native as a member of the Church till after four years of probation, lest any should afterwards bring discredit on their profession. But though thus kept as it were in the outer sanctuary, the earnestness and eloquence of the blind convert made itself felt as a living influence. If his bodily presence was weak, his speech was with power; and when, at Prayer-meetings, he was called upon to speak, all who heard him were touched to the heart by the deep tenderness and the unutterable humility with which he poured forth his soul, as to One very near him. Fourteen years more were allowed to elapse ere this very devoted servant of the Lord was permitted to work officially as a deacon! and two years more ere he was licensed to preach. He had long been recognised as the most eloquent speaker in the nation, while his extraordinary memory made him more thoroughly master of the Scriptures than most men endowed with sight. But these early Missionaries were slow to make full use of native agencies. It was not till 1843 (the beginning of his last year on earth) that Batimea (*Bartimæus*—the name chosen by the blind man at his baptism) was ordained as an Evangelist.

There was at that time a great awakening throughout the district where he was called to labour. Besides visiting ceaselessly from house to house, he had constantly to journey to and fro on foot between two villages twenty miles apart. So the flesh succumbed; and the good servant, whose promotion on earth had been so slow, was called to serve in the very presence of the Master.

He was noted to the last for the touching humility which ever took the lowest place, and shrank from every word of praise. His marvellous power of language and his familiarity with all customs, legends and modes of thinking in the old religion, as well as his practical knowledge of the new faith, gave him such power as no foreigner ever attained, and the very fact of his blindness lent a deeper pathos to his earnest pleadings with his unseen hearers.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

BY WILLIAM NICHOLS.

(*Concluded from page* 700.)

In New England, rife with glorious traditions, and leading the van in thought and action, several towns closed their doors against the advocates of freedom. In other parts the anti-slavery conventions were mobbed; and in one instance Douglass, while endeavouring to force his way through an uproarious mass, was knocked down, and had

his right hand so broken as never to recover its natural strength and dexterity. In travelling, a great deal of hardship had to be endured. On board some of the steamers no coloured man was allowed abaft the wheel, and the deck was his only place in all weathers. If he would lie down at night, he had to lie upon the freight on deck. When travelling in company with white friends, Douglass would urge them to leave him and go to their comfortable berths in the cabin. 'I saw no reason why they should be miserable because I was. Some of them took my advice very readily. I confess, however, that while I was entirely honest in urging them to go, and saw no principle that should bind them to stay and suffer with me, I always felt a little nearer to those who did not take my advice, and persisted in sharing my hardships with me.'

On several railroads a dirty, uncomfortable car, called 'the Jim Crow car,' was set apart for coloured travellers; and he was often 'soundly beaten' for persisting in his preference for the regular first-class seat for which he had paid. On one such occasion, his tenacity tried the temper not only of the conductor but of the car itself. On his refusal to leave the carriage, the man called some rough fellows to 'snake him out,' a feat which they attempted with evident relish. They found him, however, so well attached to his location that his forcible removal tore away two or three of the neighbouring seats, to which he held with a firm grasp, and which in those days were not so solidly fixed as now.

After four years of wholesome agitation, Douglass had become a man of such mark, his speeches and work were felt to be so damaging to the interests of slave-holders, whose criminal secrets he had uncovered to the light of day, that his friends were apprehensive lest the passions of avarice and vengeance should lead to his recapture. It was therefore thought best that he should for a time 'seek a refuge in monarchical England from the dangers of republican slavery.' After a pleasant voyage, during which he had in his second cabin a daily levee of first-class passengers—the Cunard line having, in deference to American prejudice and custom, declined to take him in the first cabin—he arrived in England at a time of great political excitement. O'Connell was still demanding the repeal of the Union, and Cobden and Bright were agitating for the repeal of the Corn Laws. With all three Douglass became well acquainted. Crossing to Ireland, he was heartily received by O'Connell, with whose powerful oratory he was deeply impressed. But the versatile, indefatigable Lord Brougham appeared to him the most wonderful speaker of them all: rattling along at railway pace, ready for every interruption, full to the brim with minute statistics and unexpected information. In company with George Thompson and William Lloyd Garrison, Douglass paid a visit to the venerable Thomas Clarkson—then in his eighty-seventh year—who, taking one of his hands in both of his own, said, in a tremulous voice, 'God bless you, Frederick Douglass! I have given sixty years of my life to the emancipation of your people, and if I had sixty years more they should all be given to the same cause.'

But he was most amazed and affected by the total absence, on this side of the water, of all prejudice against the colour of his skin. Prejudice! nay, his colour was a passport to universal hospitality, a parchment-deed which bound all classes to show special kindness to the stranger. The contrast to the

treatment to which he had become habituated at home is well put in a letter written to his friend Garrison, on January 1st, 1846:

'In the Southern part of the United States, I was a slave—thought of, and spoken of, as property; in the language of *law*, "held, taken, reputed, and adjudged to be a chattel in the hands of my owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators, and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever." (Brev. Digest, 224.) In the Northern States, a fugitive slave, liable to be hunted at any moment like a felon, and to be hurled into the terrible jaws of slavery—doomed by an inveterate prejudice against colour to insult and outrage on every hand—Massachusetts out of the question—denied the privileges and courtesies common to others in the use of the most humble means of conveyance—shut out from the cabins on steamboats, refused admission to respectable hotels, caricatured, scorned, scoffed, mocked, and maltreated with impunity by any one—no matter how black his heart, so he has a white skin. But now behold the change! Eleven days and a half gone, and I have crossed three thousand miles of perilous deep. Instead of a democratic government, I am under a monarchical government. Instead of the bright blue sky of America, I am covered with the soft gray fog of the Emerald Isle. I breathe, and lo! the chattel becomes a man! I gaze around in vain for one who will question my equal humanity, claim me as a slave, or offer me an insult. I employ a cab; I am seated beside white people; I reach the hotel; I enter the same door; I am shown into the same parlour; I dine at the same table,—and no one is offended. No delicate nose grows deformed in my presence. I find no difficulty here in obtaining admission into any place of worship, instruction, or amusement, on equal terms with people as white as any I ever saw in the United States. I meet nothing to remind me of my complexion. I find myself regarded and treated at every turn with the kindness and deference paid to white people.'

Travelling for two years through all parts of the United Kingdom, Frederick Douglass met with a friendly appreciation which stamped itself ineffaceably on his heart, the crowning-point of which was the purchase of his freedom from his old master. His English friends could not bear that he should return to the States under any risk of reverting to the condition of a slave, and two excellent ladies—Mrs. Ellen and Mrs. Henry Richardson, 'Friends' indeed—having ascertained by correspondence that Captain Auld would take £150 for his quondam slave, promptly raised the amount, and placed the manumission papers in Douglass's hands. He returned to the States in the spring of 1847, and immediately set himself to realize a pet project by starting a newspaper, to the alarm of his primmer patrons on that side of the Atlantic. 'A wood-sawyer offering himself to the public as an editor! a slave, brought up in the depths of ignorance, assuming to instruct the highly civilized people of the North in the principles of liberty, justice, and humanity!' However, he stuck to his purpose; but, instead of issuing his new light in Boston, he went to Rochester, N. Y., among strangers, and there commenced *The North Star*, subsequently changing its name to *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, to distinguish it from the many other *Stars* in the North. Though at times he stood aghast at his own audacity, and though he often, no doubt, wondered, like other editors, whence the inevitable 'copy' was to come, he now believes that this was the best possible school for him, obliging him to read and think, teaching him to express his thoughts clearly, and making it necessary for him to lean upon himself alone—to be a principal, and not a mere agent—a thought-maker, and not simply a thought-retailer. At Rochester, too, situated on the southern border of Lake Ontario, with the free British soil right opposite, he undertook to be the local 'station-master and conductor' of the 'Underground

Railway,' the apparatus which smuggled fugitive slaves over the frontier into liberty and safety.

About this time he became acquainted with one of the most notable men in American history—Captain John Brown, a man who devoted time, fortune and life to the cause of freedom. Douglass was first introduced to him at Rochester, and was struck with the Spartan bareness of his home surroundings. The style of the furniture was in strict accord with the precepts of Mr. Ruskin, whose critical eyes would surely have feasted with delight on the family-table, 'innocent of paint, veneering, varnish or table-cloth, announcing itself unmistakably of pine, and of the plainest workmanship.' It was an emblem of the character of the man himself—an enemy of shams in any shape.

In his house 'there were no disguises, no illusions, no make-believes. Everything implied stern truth, solid purpose, and rigid economy. I was not long in company with the master of this house before I discovered that he was indeed the master of it, and was likely to become mine too if I stayed long enough with him. He fulfilled St. Paul's idea of the head of the family. His wife believed in him, and his children observed him with reverence. Whenever he spoke, his words commanded earnest attention. His arguments, which I ventured at some points to oppose, seemed to convince all; his appeals touched all, and his will impressed all. Certainly I never felt myself in the presence of a stronger religious influence than while in this man's house.

'In person he was lean, strong and sinewy, of the best New England mould, built for times of trouble, fitted to grapple with the flintiest hardships. Clad in plain American woollen, shod in boots of cowhide leather, and wearing a cravat of the same substantial material; under six feet high, less than a hundred and fifty pounds in weight, aged about fifty, he presented a figure straight and symmetrical as a mountain pine. His bearing was singularly impressive. His head was not large, but compact and high. His hair was coarse, strong, slightly gray, and closely trimmed, and grew low on his forehead. His face was smoothly shaved, and revealed a strong, square mouth, supported by a broad and prominent chin. His eyes were bluish gray, and in conversation they were full of light and fire. When in the street, he moved with a long, springing, race-horse step, absorbed by his own reflections, neither seeking nor shunning observation. Such was the man whose name I had heard in whispers, such was the spirit of his house and family, such was the house in which he lived, and such was Captain John Brown, whose name has now passed into history as one of the most marked characters and greatest heroes known to American fame.'

Such is the vivid portrait, drawn by the ex-slave, of this noble man, whose whole soul was aglow with the fire of freedom, and whose life was cheerfully given as a sacrifice for the down-trodden coloured race. But though deeply impressed with the grandeur of Brown's character, and much moved by his eloquent earnestness, Douglass could not bring himself to see the practicability of some of his plans. Yet, had there been a few score men of equal heroism in the North at that day, the tide of Southern despotism would not have swept over the land as it did under the Presidencies of Pierce and Buchanan. Brown did not believe in allowing brute force to have its own way, and when the slave-owners of Missouri inundated Kansas with ruffians in order to prevent its becoming a free-soil State, he displayed 'boundless courage and eminent military skill' in combating the rough enemies of the public weal. For several years Douglass saw much of him, with ever-increasing admiration. At length, however, Brown put into operation a pet but mistaken scheme, and so threw himself into the power of the enemy. On October 16th, 1859, with only eighteen men, he marched into the Virginian territory and invaded Harper's Ferry, taking pos-

session of the arsenal, etc., collecting and arming the slaves, and holding his ground manfully for thirty hours, when he was overpowered by a body of United States troops under Lee. Though dangerously wounded, he was, with a mockery of justice, hastily tried, and condemned to death, and was hung on the 2nd of December. The South, maddened at his boldness, cried out for the arrest of all who had been in any way connected with him. Douglass fortunately was warned in time, and escaped into Canada; or he, though disapproving of his friend's indiscreet undertaking, would have experienced a still worse fate.

From Canada he proceeded to England and Scotland, and was on the point of visiting France, when the news of the death of a beloved daughter reached him, and he at once returned home. During his six months' absence a revulsion of public feeling had taken place. In the North John Brown had come to be regarded as a martyr, and, in the words of the popular refrain, though 'his body was in the dust, his soul was marching on,' and lived afresh in thousands of resolute followers. The triumph of the newer Republican school in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, soon showed that the tide had turned, and that the domination of the encroaching South was at length to recede.

Then came the great Rebellion, and found the North, thanks to the foresight of pro-slavery officials, quite unprepared for the contest. For some time after the civil war had commenced, the Government was careful to repudiate the idea of emancipation being one of the objects or possible consequences of the conflict, and was severely exact in its observance of the unjust laws then still in existence. As for employing coloured men as soldiers, such an innovation could not be thought of. In vain did Douglass and others urge the impolicy of such suicidal self-denial: the Government could only be convinced by the stern logic of events. Disaster after disaster was required to disabuse the official mind of its prejudices. At last President Lincoln gave authority to the Governor of Massachusetts to raise two regiments of coloured men, and not only did Douglass render ample aid in gathering recruits from his despised race, but in the State of New York his sons Charles and Lewis were the first two of the darker hue to enlist in the national service. The experiment answered well; more coloured regiments were raised; the men bore themselves bravely. But the Government was slow to put them altogether on the same footing as the white soldiers; and Douglass, after much writing and speaking on the subject, went to Washington and laid their grievances before the President and the Secretary of War. Lincoln received and heard the dark ambassador with characteristic kindness and attention. 'Long lines of care were already deeply written on his brow, and his strong face, full of earnestness, lighted up as soon as my name was mentioned. As I approached and was introduced to him, he rose and extended his hand, and bade me welcome. I at once felt myself in the presence of an honest man—one whom I could love, honour and trust without reserve or doubt.'

We must pass rapidly over the later years of Mr. Douglass's life. Each year saw him exercising a higher influence in political matters, and wielding it for the advancement and elevation of his coloured brethren. By degrees most of the measures which he had advocated for their benefit were carried, and now, politically, the coloured man stands on an equal footing with

white fellow-citizen. When slavery was banished from American soil, Douglass felt that his 'occupation' as an anti-slavery orator was 'gone.' He therefore began to lecture on other subjects, and had good success, especially on the topic of 'Self-made Men,' of which *genus* he himself was no bad specimen. On the other side, he lost a large amount of money by *The New National Era*—a newspaper which, started by an enthusiastic company, was ultimately thrown on his hands alone—and by 'The Freedmen's Bank,' a grand establishment at Washington, of which he was constituted President only in time to discover that it was insolvent. However, he seems to have taken calmly the ups and downs of life; the 'ups' decidedly having the advantage in his case. The last ten years have seen him in several responsible positions—sent on a State mission to San Domingo; appointed member of the Council for the Government of the District of Columbia; made Marshal of the same District by President Hayes, and Recorder of Deeds by President Garfield; besides having to deliver orations on many public events, and to preside over conventions and other assemblies.

One of his finest speeches is that which he delivered at Elmira two years ago to a great assemblage of coloured people, met to celebrate the forty-sixth anniversary of the glorious first of August—the birthday of West Indian freedom. In this oration he gives several reasons for an American celebration of this British epoch; urging, first, that 'West India Emancipation has claims upon us as an event in this nineteenth century; for, rich as this century is in moral and material achievements, it can claim nothing for itself greater or grander than this act;' next, that the day has a special relation to American Emancipation, seeing that 'the abolition of slavery in the West Indies gave life and vigour to the abolition movement in America; Clarkson of England gave us Garrison of America; Granville Sharpe of England gave us our Wendell Phillips; and Wilberforce of England gave us our peerless Charles Sumner;'—and, finally,—like the traditional West Country mayor, reserving the vital point to the last,—adducing 'the very good reason, that we have no other day to celebrate.'

'English emancipation has one advantage over American emancipation. Hers has a definite anniversary; ours has none. Like our slaves, the freedom of the negro has no birthday. No man can tell the day of the month, or the month of the year, upon which slavery was abolished in the United States. We cannot even tell when it began to be abolished. Like the movement of the sea, no man can tell where one wave begins and another ends. The chains of slavery with us were loosened by degrees. First, we had the struggle in Kansas with border ruffians; next, we had John Brown at Harper's Ferry; next, the firing upon Fort Sumter; a little while after, we had Fremont's order, freeing the slaves of the rebels in Missouri; then we had General Butler declaring and treating the slaves of rebels as contraband of war; next we had the proposition to arm coloured men and make them soldiers for the Union. In 1862 we had the conditional promise of a proclamation of Emancipation from President Lincoln; and, finally, on the 1st of January, 1863, we had the Proclamation itself,—and still the end was not yet. Slavery was bleeding and dying, but it was not dead; and no man can tell just when its foul spirit departed from our land, if, indeed, it has yet departed; and hence we do not know what day we may properly celebrate as coupled with this great American event.'

The marvellous change of sentiment with regard to colour in the South, even more than in the North, has been very gratifying to Douglass in the autumn of his life. About five years ago he revisited St. Michael's, the scene of some of his early trials; and, when there, was

invited to see his old master, Captain Auld, then lying on his deathbed at the age of eighty. The spirit in which the quondam slave met, and was met by, his ancient master —hovering on the very margin of the grave, where the harsh demarking lines of life must perforce be merged in one dark furrow—was creditable alike to both.

'We addressed each other simultaneously, he calling me "Marshal Douglass," and I, as I had always called him, "Captain Auld." Hearing myself called by him "Marshal Douglass," I instantly broke up the formal nature of the meeting by saying, "Not *Marshal*, but *Frederick* to you, as formerly." We shook hands cordially, and, in the act of doing so, he, having been long stricken with palsy, shed tears, as men thus afflicted will do when excited by any deep emotion. The sight of him, the changes which time had wrought in him, his tremulous hands constantly in motion, and all the circumstances of his condition, affected me deeply, and for a time choked my voice and made me speechless. We both, however, got the better of our feelings, and conversed freely about the past.

'Though broken by age and palsy, the mind of Captain Auld was remarkably clear and strong. After he had become composed, I asked him what he thought of my conduct in running away and going to the North. He hesitated a moment, as if to properly formulate his reply, and said, "Frederick, I always knew you were too smart to be a slave; and had I been in your place, I should have done as you did." I said, "Captain Auld, I am glad to hear you say this. I did not run away from *you*, but from *slavery*; it was not that I loved Cæsar less, but Rome more."...I told him that I had at no time any wish to do him injustice; that I regarded both of us as victims of a system. "O, I never liked slavery!" he said; "and I meant to emancipate all of my slaves when they reached the age of twenty-five years."... Before I left his bedside, Captain Auld spoke with a cheerful confidence of the great change that awaited him, and felt himself about to depart in peace. Seeing his extreme weakness, I did not protract my visit.'

Two years later Douglass was called to deliver an address for some Association at Easton, whither, forty-five years before, he had been dragged, with his fellow captives, behind horses, with hands tied, and lodged in durance vile. What mingled memories and contrasted scenes flashed across his mind as he looked once again at the old gaol, with its white-washed walls and iron gratings, and heard once more, with the keen ear of recollection, the clank of the bolts and the shooting of the locks, as the heavy doors closed behind him in his hot youth! Instead of cuffs and fetters, he now met with a kind consideration and hospitality which his happiest slave-dreams had never painted as one of the possibilities of the future.

Quite recently he revisited the Eastern Shore—the *locale* of his infancy—which he had not seen since he left it, a child of eight years, in 1825. He was kindly received by the grandchildren of Colonel Lloyd, and was pleased to note the few changes which time had made in the spots familiar to him through the incidents of five-and-fifty years before. There still stood the kitchen over which the furious 'Aunt Katy' was wont to preside, where Frederick's head had received many a thump from her not impartial hand, and where—saddest memory of all—he had the last glimpse of his mother. There was still the shoemaker's shop, where 'Uncle Abe' toiled at the craft of Crispin; and there the smithy, where 'Uncle Tony' brought down mighty strokes on the anvil, and the weekly closing of which first taught little Douglass to distinguish Sunday from the other six days.

Going over the old scenes in such altered circumstances—being treated with perfect courtesy, and looked up to as a national notability, on the very ground where he had been reckoned as the offscouring of t'

earth—and the consciousness that the intervening gap of his life has been filled with services, to his race and his country, which will live in history,—such are among the compensations which Frederick Douglass has reaped for the hardships of his early days. It is pleasing to find him summing up his career in such words as these: 'Notwithstanding all that is contained in this book, my day has been a pleasant one. My joys have far exceeded my sorrows, and my friends have brought me far more than my enemies have taken from me.' Much as he has accomplished for his people by voice and pen, his great achievement has been the consistent tenor of a life which, in its intelligent energy, its bright hopefulness, and its noble perseverance, stands at once as an example for his own kith and kin, and as an answer to those who would persuade us that the negro is neither of the same blood and make nor of like capabilities with ourselves.

'THE PEACE OF GOD, WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING.'

BY THE REV. THOMAS THOMPSON, M.A.

THY will is power: Thou spakest; it was done:
And Thou commandedst, and the earth stood fast,
Bound to its central core. And, thus begun,
Coeval with Thy will Thy work shall last.

But O, Thy smile is peace! The felon's cell,
If the reflection of that smile it show,
Nears to the tranquil realm where seraphs dwell,
And trees of life by living waters grow.

Thy Gospel, preached by seers inspired of old,
To man repentant, bade his sorrows cease;
And from Thy lips the truths Thou didst unfold,
Thou spakest that in Thee we might have peace.

All nature yields the balm that soothes his care
Who Thee adores, and who is loved by Thee;
And light, and shade, and health, and sickness share
His thoughts, with Thine in perfect harmony.

His Shepherd, Thou, as in the days of old,
Through meadows green, and by the waters still,
Thy sheep dost lead; and, with a joy untold,
His cup to overflowing Thou dost fill.

In quiet resting-places, lo, he flings
His wearied frame adown in sacred rest;
And with the breaking dawn exulting sings,
Of the abundance of Thy peace possessed.

'Led forth with peace,' *he goeth out with joy*,
Gaining from dark suspense a full release:
Thy will his law; Thy service his employ;
To him—to all Thy saints—Thou speakest peace.

Thou speakest in the thunder of Thy power;
Thou speakest in the murmuring of the rill:
Thy smile and nature's is the constant dower
Of him who trusts Thy word, and does Thy will.

As rivers to the sea Thy peace shall flow,
Flooding his spirit with Sabbatic calm;
As when in tropic lands the ardent glow
Of noon, is followed by the evening's balm.

From gloomy care to set his spirit free,
The hoary mountains yield their ample stores
Of restful peace; while the unquiet sea
Shall waft its halcyon gifts from distant shores.

Flowers rainbow-tinted, golden harvests' yield,
Balm-breathing zephyrs, lakes and emerald vales,
To him ye whisper peace! beasts of the field,
Earthquakes, volcanic fires, and hurtling gales.

Calm as the distant azure of the sky,
While thunder-clouds below their revels keep;
Still—as the floor on which its waters lie
While shipwrecks strew the surface of the deep:

Such is the joy of him who trusts in Thee,
Who, heavy-laden, came to Thee for rest;
And, taking from Thy hand a pardon free,
Now hides himself in Thy inviolate breast.

AN IMPROVISED PROSE POEM ON SEEING A MAGNIFICENT SUNSET AT ILKLEY.*

BY THE REV. JOHN BURTON.

An orb of fire, whose quenchless beams are fed from the heart of God!
Warm with His love and bright with His beauty!
A girdle of blessedness, clasping all to thy life-yielding breast!
A god in the infinitude of thy might!
A speck in the infinitude of God!
Man, greater than thyself, hath worshipped thee.
Thy deep-bosomed mystery excites my awe:
Before thy changeless majesty I too could all but worship.
Yet, no! He who touched thy fires into flame breathed His essence into me.
I measure thee in thy might, I track thee in thy march: my soul shall sing by expiring dirge;
And when thou with thy last trailing splendours art gone for ever,
I shall mount into the manhood of my being,
And kneel before Him Who made both thee and me.
Farewell, bright sun! Thy King and Maker is my Father and my Friend!

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES:

'THE MAMMON OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS.'

BY THE VERY REV. J. S. HOWSON, D.D., DEAN OF CHESTER.

'And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.'—Luke xvi. 9.

'I say unto you'—a form of words sometimes used by our Saviour when He called attention to an utterance which was of special importance as proceeding from Himself. In this way He asserted His supremacy, and separated Himself off, so to speak, from all other prophets. Thus, when

* Taken down in pencil at the time, by one who overheard it.

He rebukes the notion of any limit to the forgiveness of injuries, 'I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven'; or when He inculcates that vigilance in the attitude of our souls which is essential to our spiritual safety: 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.'

And sometimes He used this form of words with an express contrast between what was uttered by Himself and what was uttered by others. Thus, 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil.' And again: 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies.' So here, at the end of the parable of the Unjust Steward, we read that 'the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely: for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. And I say unto you,' adds our Saviour, 'Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.'

By observing this, we at once clear away a difficulty which has been occasionally felt, though surely by careless readers only. The 'lord' who 'commended' the unjust steward, was not the Lord Jesus Christ, but the master in the parable. Even thus the commendation is to be understood only in a particular sense: for the man is called an 'unjust' steward, and he receives his dismissal very abruptly without any notice. The word 'commend' evidently does not denote any approval of his dishonest conduct. The point, however, on which I am remarking at the moment is that in the text we have our Lord's comment on His own parable, whereas in the preceding verse we have the comment which the master in the parable makes on his steward's cleverness.

Other difficulties, indeed, remain in the interpretation of the parable: and by some they have been felt rather seriously. For my own part, I think they are difficulties in appearance rather than in reality. To a great extent they seem to me to vanish, when we deal with the parable naturally and simply. Let us endeavour to approach our subject in this way—not, however, failing to remember that a prayer for the aid of the Holy Spirit should always attend our examination of the meaning of Scripture.

One feature of the parable is this, that it is an instance of a very peculiar and, if such a phrase may be permitted, very bold method of teaching adopted by our Lord. He instructs us in good practice out of the example of bad men. There are two other very remarkable instances in His instruction concerning prayer: and it is worth while to observe that each of them occurs in this Gospel of St. Luke. A man, who is visited at midnight by a friend with a request for a small supply of food for a hungry traveller, is so selfish that he refuses the request. A judge, whose very business is to be just, is so cruel that he will not do justice to a widow in distress. But in each case importunity and perseverance in asking overcome the reluctance. And this is used to teach us our relation to God in the matter

of prayer. He is not reluctant: therefore importunity and perseverance in prayer must be successful. In the case before us the example of a thoroughly dishonest man is used to teach us what may be termed the lesson of spiritual prudence. This, as I have said, is a very peculiar method of teaching. I doubt whether there is anything exactly like it to be found elsewhere. It is also a very bold method. We can clearly see that it is open to captious objections. But our Lord Jesus Christ is quite strong enough to take this responsibility. Divine Providence, as we watch it closely, is likewise open to captious objections.

At the same time it is evident that this mode of reasoning has a very strong logical power. Our Lord Himself sets this before us with the most lively illustrations: 'If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?' No parent would thus mock his famishing child. 'Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?' Is it possible that any parent, in mere cruel insult to his child's request, should put a revolting creature into his hand, that would sting him, and inflame his body with pain and endanger his life? 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?' The method of reasoning is the same in the parable of the Unjust Steward. He is just a worldly and selfish man—so worldly and selfish that he has lost all sense of honesty. He has simply to escape from a difficulty into which he has brought himself by his fault: he has to provide himself with a refuge for the short remainder of time that is before him in this life. Yet in devising means to this end, he shows wonderful promptitude, ability and forethought. And what are we Christians doing? We profess to have in prospect a heavenly home and an eternal reward: and we know very well that these results will not come to us as a matter of course. Yet where is the like promptitude, ability and forethought in the affairs of our souls? Our Lord points the contrast and sums up the argument when He says: 'The children of this world are more clever in their generation than the children of light.' More accurately it would be expressed thus: 'for their own generation,' or 'in reference to their own generation'; and so it is given in the Revised Version of the New Testament. Worldly and bad men make plans with other worldly and bad men. In the case under our attention this was done dishonestly: but it was done cleverly: and here is the point of comparison, and the basis of our Saviour's argument. This Divine logic is irresistible. We Christians have 'light.' We are 'children of light.' We might be expected to see clearly our duty in the present and our highest interest for the future.

And this mode of reasoning carries with it an admonition that we draw perpetual instruction and exhortation from what we observe in human life around us. How diligent is this man in business! what a lesson this is, that we be diligent for the welfare of the soul! How brave is that man in going to the war! What an inculcation this is of courage

in the cause of Christ! Elsewhere, even when mere amusement is in view, we see a patience and zeal which are astonishing. It is as if the very universe depended upon the competition. St. Paul seems to have felt the interest of this side of the subject with a loving, pitying sympathy, and he draws from it an exhortation to spiritual energy. 'They do it to obtain a fading crown; but we an unfading one.' But the parable before us invites us to advance still further in the same direction, and to pursue this search for religious instruction in the very vilest and most guilty parts of human society. The worst villains may often be our very best examples.

And here, by one of those side-strokes which come to us so often when we study our Lord's parables, we are reminded, and with much sadness of heart as the consequence, of the large amount of dishonesty which pervades the transactions of human life. The framework of the parable appears to come as easily as possible. It would seem as though the illustrations were not likely to cause any surprise or shock to the hearers. 'How much owest thou unto my lord? And he said, An hundred measures of oil. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty.' 'Sit down quickly.' The case was certainly one of emergency. But there was no hesitation, either in the conscience of the 'steward,' or manager, or in that of the 'debtor' or tenant. 'Then said he to another, And how much owest thou? And he said, An hundred measures of wheat. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and write fourscore.' The 'Mammon' of our life—and by this word is meant simply riches, or such possessions as we regard in the light of riches—this Mammon is pervaded by 'unrighteousness.' In itself Mammon is not bad. But it is so commonly procured by unrighteous methods, or employed for unrighteous ends, that this bad reputation is given to it as though it almost belonged to it. It is probable that when our Lord lived on earth, this state of things in Palestine was very bad indeed. Such is the state of things now, as we know by manifold evidence, in the countries of the Levant. A writer who has lived fifty years in Palestine says: 'Everybody there trades, speculates, cheats. The shepherd boy on the mountains talks of piastres from morning to night, so does the muleteer on the road, the farmer in the field, the artisan in his shop, the merchant in his magazine, the pasha in his palace, the kadi in the hall of judgment, the mollah in the mosque. Money is the desire of every heart, the theme of every discourse, the end of every aim.'

But is it needful for us to occupy our minds with other times and other countries? Are we free from these evils in this highly-civilized, highly Christian country? It is impossible not to be reminded here of those bargains which are often made—those secret understandings in virtue of which, for the sake of obtaining custom, the owner of property is made to pay more than he ought to pay, and the agent receives a clandestine payment for the transaction. It is sometimes said, when these subjects are touched in the pulpit, that the clergy do not understand the necessities of mercantile

business. But however this may be, it is a supreme necessity with all of us that we should be honest and truthful; and let me add just this—If regarding certain transactions a question arises as to whether they are right or not, a very simple test can be applied: Will they bear the light of day? We Christians are 'children of light;' we are 'not children of the night nor of darkness.'

But, passing from this point, let us note precisely what this unjust steward did, that we may learn the more from him for our spiritual benefit. We observe that the parable has, as inevitably it must have had, the colouring of the time and country to which it belongs. Palestine was then, as it is now, a land of olive-trees and a land of corn-fields. Its characteristic commodities are oil and wheat. The rent, too, (for it is really a question of rent with which we have to do) is paid in kind. The duty of the steward is to fix the value of the crop, and the proportion thereof due to the owner. By a fraudulent valuation, and by altering the writings, he has the tenants on his side, he lays them under a lasting obligation, he makes them partakers in the fraud. Thus he secures their friendship. He will be welcome in their homes. It is a remarkable example of the adaptation of means to an end, and of subordinating the present to the future. The unjust steward is vigilant, resolute, and in the highest degree prudent. Herein is the lesson we are to learn from him for the benefit of our souls.

We should observe that Christian life is here presented to us on its prudential side; and it has a prudential side. It is sometimes urged that Christian life ought to proceed on a principle altogether higher than this: that it ought to be inspired by the pure love of God and the pure desire of doing good. And this is indeed truth. But such truths may be stated in too exclusive a manner, without regard to other things which are true also. The emotions and motives of the human being are very complicated. Even our religious life has many sides; and it has its prudential side. This parable in the New Testament might be said to be like the Book of Proverbs in the Old. We are required to be vigilant and resolute with regard to the future, to subordinate the present to the future, and with spiritual cleverness to adapt means to ends: and after all, we are only stewards; and our stewardship must soon be resigned. 'My Lord taketh away my stewardship,' is a sentence which each one of us must often repeat to himself. 'When ye fail,' is a prophetic warning which ought often to be ringing in our ears. And it is made more emphatic by the true reading which is given to us in the Revised Version. 'When it fails,' when the Mammon fails, as fail it must, our possessions will pass away from us: our money will slip out of our hands when we die; our position in life will be filled by others; our opportunities will be gone, and will never return. This, too, is one of the side-strokes of the parable which give force to all the rest of its teaching.

How we are to use this 'Mammon of unrighteousness' so as thereby to secure to ourselves 'friends,' and so that those friends may 'receive us into

everlasting habitations,' is one of those subjects which give to us daily work for our consciences. If we address ourselves to the task of understanding this and practising it, the way will be made plain before us. These slight remarks on the parable which has been selected for this discourse, may suitably end here with a reference to the 'friends' whom our Saviour sets before our view. Who are these 'friends'? 'Make unto yourselves friends,' He says, 'of the Mammon of unrighteousness; that...they may receive you.'

It is sometimes contended that this is merely equivalent to the abstract statement: 'So use this mammon, that it may be made friendly to you, and that ye may be received into everlasting habitations.' For my own part, I am unwilling thus to attenuate and dry up our Lord's rich and sympathetic words. I think He does allude to real, living friends, whom we may procure to 'ourselves,' and who will welcome us hereafter in heaven, if we make a wise use of our opportunities now upon earth.

And here, as we approach our conclusion, let us pause once more to see that we make sure of apprehending the right meaning of one of the phrases in this remarkable verse. Twice before a reference has been made to the Revised Version of the New Testament, and one reference more will be useful. It ought, indeed, to be hardly necessary; for the Authorised Version in this place is quite correct. When it is said that we are to make to ourselves friends 'of the Mammon,' the meaning is 'out of the Mammon,' or 'by means of the Mammon.' We are to elicit from it, corrupted though it may be by bad human usage, a good, a spiritual, a heavenly, an 'eternal' benefit: and this benefit is to be the welcome given to us by the 'friends' whom we have thus secured—even as the Unjust Steward obtained for himself a welcome on the loss of his stewardship.

Who, then, are these 'friends'? Are they not the angels? Are they not 'the spirits of just men made perfect'? Are they not some of our own precious ones, whom in past days we ourselves have known?

The Angels: what could gratify them more, if they see us—and how can they minister to us without seeing?—what could gratify them more, than to see us, in the use of our present opportunities, honouring God, and doing good to man by an unselfish life? A true friendship is thus formed with the angels: and the full blessing will be hereafter, when our eyes are opened.

And the spirits of just men—the saints of all ages. This is the way they went before us. They so used these earthly things as to secure eternal results. By travelling the same road we become their friends, while they become ours. And though we never saw them here, and have read only slight notices of a few of them, we shall be welcomed by them to 'the everlasting habitations.'

And some, too, whom we have known—possibly some to whom we have done good—certainly some who have done good to us—and who are now 'like the angels.' A great part of our reward will be come with a new

sense of what is meant by this eternal home, when, on the threshold of Heaven, the darkness passes away,

'And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile.'

THE TWENTY-THREE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CONFERENCES HELD AT LEEDS.

BY THE REV. JOHN NAYLER.

CONCLUDING PAPER: 1837-1866.

As our record has now reached comparatively recent times, our remaining notices of the Leeds Conferences will be very brief.

One cannot but be struck with the rapid advancement which had been made in Leeds Methodism during the interval between the Conference of 1830 and that of 1837. Two larger edifices than Brunswick Chapel had been erected: one in St. Peter's Square, just alongside the 'Old Chapel' (which was still in use), and the other in Oxford Place. The increase in the number of Church-members had been equally remarkable. There had been an average addition of more than seven members a month for forty years! The position which Methodism now held in Leeds, and the importance attached to the sittings of the Conference, are evident from the long and detailed accounts which the Leeds newspapers furnished for their readers, although just at that time their columns were crowded with intelligence relating to the general election which was exciting the whole nation.

On the Sunday immediately preceding the Conference, at Wesley Chapel the morning Preacher was the sweet-spirited and saintly Joseph Entwisle, now in his seventy-second year. No one would be better able than he to appreciate the great improvements which had taken place in Leeds Methodism, as he had been stationed in Leeds nearly fifty years before. Those who were privileged to be present while he discoursed on the 'Blessedness of the meek,' could not but feel that the Preacher was a living embodiment of the truth. The Missionary Committee of Review met on Tuesday evening, July 25th: 'at which,' says the *Mercury*, 'the Rev. Edward Fraser, an emancipated slave and man of colour, but now a Minister of the Gospel, gave a very pleasing and satisfactory account of the Society's proceedings in those parts of the Leeward Islands where he was employed as a Missionary.'

We subjoin a characteristic letter from the Rev. Hodgson Casson to Mr. Benjamin Pollard, 'The Successful Class-Leader' at 'the Old Chapel' and St. Peter's. It is dated Birstal, June 21st:

'My dear Brother Pollard,—My heart has been greatly refreshed this morning while glancing over the plan of public services to be held in the Leeds Circuit during the Wesleyan Conference; on finding, also, that I am put down to breakfast, dine, and lodge at Mr. Pollard's, St. Peter's Square, taking it for granted that tea, supper and prayer would be all included. In the meantime, while pleasing myself not a little in consulting the large sheet of stations, my worthy friend, Brother Clapham, came in all smiles, saying he had seen you yesterday, and that you had wished him to state, as you had one bed for two Preachers, I might write immediately and say whom I would wish as companion. I have just seen Brother Bolam, who would like very well to be with me, if it is convenient. I do hope and earnestly pray that the Holy Ghost will accompany every effort which may be made amongst so great a number of worthy brethren in

one place at one time. May cloven tongues of fire be on every head, and holy flames of love to God and man burn in every heart.'

The President, the Rev. Edmund Grindrod, was well known in Leeds. He had been Superintendent of the Leeds East Circuit, and Chairman of the Leeds District at the time of the unhappy 'organ controversy.'

One of the earliest acts of this Conference was to draw up an address of congratulation to Queen Victoria, who had ascended the throne about a month before; the gracious receipt of this address was at once acknowledged by Lord John Russell. Many very important regulations were passed by this Conference. Proper Circuit-books and schedules were ordered to be kept, and the numbers of Members in Society and the amount of the contributions to the various funds were to be regularly entered. The schedules were to be presented annually at the District Meetings, and three copies of the Minutes of the District Meeting were to be made. On the recommendation of all the District Committees, it was resolved that in future some provision should be made for the children of supernumerary and deceased Ministers. A Committee was appointed to arrange for the great Centenary Commemoration of 1839. Owing in part to the depression in trade, and in part to the widespread agitations and consequent secessions in certain districts, there was a decrease in the number of Members in the Society. This unusual fact led to a very earnest conversation and enquiry.

On Wednesday, August 2nd, the Ordination Service was held. This was, indeed, the *first* ordination, in the ordinary sense of the word, that the Leeds Methodists had witnessed. Year after year there had been the public admission and setting apart of the young men to the full work of the Ministry, but there had been no 'laying on of hands;' the young men had simply stood up in the front pews in the gallery of the Conference Chapel to relate their experience, undergo a brief examination, and then be solemnly set apart by fervent prayer. The year previous to this Conference, however, while the Conference was being held for the first time in Birmingham, the question of ordination was earnestly discussed. It was felt to be strangely anomalous that while Methodist Missionaries ere they went abroad were solemnly ordained by the imposition of hands, Methodist Ministers at home were deprived of the rite. The Conference felt that they were not justified in departing any longer from the practice of the Early Church, and of almost every other Christian community; and so, after a long debate, it was carried that the rite of ordination by the imposition of hands should that year and henceforth be administered.

The Ordination Service took place in Brunswick Chapel. The body of the chapel was mainly filled by the Ministers. The public crowded the galleries; the young men to be ordained were seated in rows *on the platform*, which had been enlarged for the occasion. The order of proceedings was different from that to which we are accustomed. The Rev. George Marsden rose, and moved that the young men be now received into Full Connexion; this was seconded by the Rev. John Scott, and supported by the Rev. Thomas Waugh. On being put by the President, the resolution was carried unanimously. The hymn, 'The Saviour, when to heaven He rose,' etc., was next sung. Then the ordination questions were put to, and answered by, each candidate. This was followed by silent prayer,

t the close of which the President ffered up the ordination prayer. ıfter this the young men knelt, and eceived the rite of the 'laying on f hands.' Dr. Bunting then deivered a most appropriate and orcible 'Charge,' which occupied ıearly an hour and a-half. The ıymn commencing 'Lord, in the trength of grace,' was then sung with great fervour by the whole ongregation, and prayer offered by he Rev. John Hannah brought the proceedings to a close. One of the twenty-five young men ordained on his occasion was Thomas Collins, who wrote: 'Conference was to me a solemn sight, I could not but weep as I entered it.' He described its sessions as being 'short, spiritual, and pleasant.'

On August the 1st, the boys from Woodhouse-Grove School were admitted into the front of the gallery of Brunswick Chapel, accompanied by the head master, the Rev. Joshua Wood, of Trinity College, Dublin. On Sunday, August 6th, a second Ordination Service was held in St. Peter's Chapel. Five young men who were about to proceed to India, under the direction of the Rev. Jonathan Crowther, were that morning publicly ordained, and set apart for their work. Although the service began at seven a.m., the chapel was crowded to excess. In the afternoon, two very large and impressive sacramental services were held, one in St. Peter's Chapel, and the other in Oxford Place. This important Conference concluded its sittings on Tuesday evening, August 8th, and the Methodist Ministers and people of Leeds at once devoted themselves to aggressive Christian work with an energy and success almost without a parallel in the history of Leeds Methodism.

Methodism has probably never enjoyed a period of greater tranquillity and success than during the eight years which intervened between the Leeds Conferences of 1837 and 1845. A very important new movement had been set on foot during this period—a Connexional Education movement. An Education Committee was formed; the establishment of Wesleyan Day Schools was determined upon. When the Education Committee met at Leeds, on July 28th, it was announced that no less than £17,211 had been received towards the Education Fund. The Conference opened on July the 30th. Jacob Stanley was elected President. The number of Ministers present at this Conference was about four hundred and eighty, and the hours of session were from 8.30 to 1, and from 5 to 8. The Ordination Service was opened by the venerable Richard Reece, who had travelled fifty-eight years. Amongst the thirty-two young men then ordained were William B. Pope, Wallace McMullen, and Daniel Sanderson. Dr. Bunting delivered an 'eminently appropriate, luminous, and impressive Charge.'

The ten years which intervened between the Conference of 1845 and the next Leeds Conference, 1855, are marked as the most stormy and disastrous period in the annals of Methodism. At the Conference of 1855 there were eighty-nine thousand fewer Members in Great Britain and Ireland than at the previous Leeds Conference. The Leeds Circuits reported a loss of two thousand four hundred members during this decade. The worst was, however, passed. The destructive waves of agitation had spent their fury. The tide was beginning to turn, and a spirit of hopefulness and renewed life was manifested. On Monday evening, July 23rd, a largely-attended public meeting on

behalf of the Wesleyan Training Institution at Westminster was held in Oxford Place Chapel. Joseph Richardson, Esq. (Mayor of Leeds), took the chair.

The Watchman of August 2nd paid a high tribute to the character of Leeds Methodism and its Conferences:

'Leeds Conferences have always been good Conferences. Such as they were in the days of Thomas Hanby and Joseph Entwisle they have continued since.... British Methodism has three centres: London, the national and official centre; Manchester, the financial and economical centre, especially for chapel affairs; Leeds, the centre of religious fervour and influence. Here have taken place some of the most remarkable revivals in Methodism. Every aspect of Leeds congregations and the atmosphere of the Leeds Bands and Prayer-meetings have told of the quality of the piety which has its home in this town. There is happily wanting the vain and worldly aspect in dress, in air, in manners which is sometimes to be seen in Methodist congregations. And the devout, half-uttered response from the many, even more than the loud Amen! from the few, bespeaks the strong hold which religion has taken of the deep places of the heart in many of those who attend the Leeds chapels.'

Then, after describing the inspiring effect produced by the sight of one of these immense chapels when crowded to excess, by the noble organs, and 'powerful and thrilling' singing of the Leeds Methodists, the writer adds: 'The services of the Conference are crowded in Leeds as in no other place.'

About five hundred Ministers were present at the Conference. The Rev. Isaac Keeling was elected President.

At the evening sitting the Rev. George Osborn presented the first address of the newly-formed Australasian Conference.

On July the 25th, a Temperance Meeting was held in the Stock Exchange Hall.

On the Conference Sunday three great epochs of Christian oratory in the Methodist ministry were represented in Leeds: The 'burning and shining light' of Dr. Hannah, Dr. Dixon, and Robert Young displayed the splendour of a golden eventide; with Samuel Waddy, G. B. Macdonald, John Rattenbury, Frederick J. Jobson it was almost noon; while William Arthur and William Morley Punshon were like the sun when 'as a bridegroom' he cometh 'out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.' In the afternoon, Brunswick Chapel was not only packed to hear Mr. Punshon, but two congregations of persons, who were unable to gain admission, were addressed in the chapel yard.

The most remarkable feature of the services of Sunday, August 5th, was the celebration of the Jubilee of the Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-schools of Leeds. The Ministers attending the Conference cordially co-operated with the movement, and large and enthusiastic services were held in the afternoon of this day in the principal chapels of the town. The immense galleries were filled by thousands of scholars, who sang with a sweetness, force and precision highly creditable to themselves and gratifying to their parents and friends, who filled the body of each chapel. The Sunday-schools of Leeds were reported to be in a very prosperous state, the labours of the Rev. Robert Jackson having had a most beneficial influence.

At the Leeds Conference of 1866 the recommendation of the Conference for the erection of a Theological Institution at Headingley was read, and a very animated discussion took place.

The finely-situated building which is so familiar an object to the inhabitants of Leeds and neighbourhood, was opened at Headingley in September, 1868. At the Missionary Committee of Review the Ex-President,

the Rev. William Shaw, the eminent Missionary, presided. The Rev. William Arthur was the first speaker, and the reception accorded to him was indicative of the feeling which existed as to his election to the Presidency. He spoke mainly in reference to the forthcoming Paris Exhibition, and said that it was proposed to have, as a set-off against a similar display on the part of the Romanists, an exhibition of objects of interest connected with Missionary labour and success in foreign lands. He intimated that the probable cost of this exhibition in Paris would be £500, and a number of subscriptions were at once offered in the meeting. The next speaker was the Rev. James Calvert, recently returned from Fiji, who gave an interesting account of the triumphs of Christianity in those islands.

After the Rev. William Impey had spoken of the work in Southern Africa, and the Rev. James Hartwell of the operations of the Society in the West Indies, the Chairman called upon the Rev. W. O. Simpson, stating that he was about to return to Madras in a few weeks. Mr. Simpson began by saying, 'Sir, I was a child in this chapel, I was trained for God in this place, and I gave my heart to God where I now stand, and said, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"' He then proceeded to give a deeply-interesting account of his experiences as a Missionary in India. He made telling use of the question which had often been put to him, 'Do you *like* India?' After vividly picturing the difficulties, discomforts and dangers of Indian life, and contrasting them with the favourable conditions of English life and service, he answered the question by an emphatic negative: 'I do *not*, cannot *like* India.' But turning suddenly to the other side of the picture and portraying the splendid opportunities and joys of preaching the glorious Gospel to the heathen which that land afforded, he replied with even greater emphasis: 'I *do* like India.' He regarded it as the greatest honour and joy of his life to spend and be spent for the service of Christ in that far-off land. The Rev. John Kilner next spoke, followed by the Revs. Daniel Sanderson and M. T. Male.

Little did any one think that Mr. Simpson would never return to India, and that before the next Leeds Conference he would be numbered with the dead. The Conference opened on Thursday morning, July 26th, in Brunswick Chapel. The Revs. Thomas Vasey, George T. Perks, James H. Rigg, and Gervase Smith, were elected by nomination into the Legal Conference. Mr. Arthur was elected President.

Those who had been present at the last Conference in Leeds could not but be struck as they looked at the platform with the changes which had taken place since 1855. The most noticeable absence was that of Dr. Bunting; but besides him, six Ex-Presidents, the Revs. George Marsden, Samuel Jackson, Dr. Beecham, Robert Young, John Bowers, and William L. Thornton, had passed away. But great as were the changes on the Conference platform between the years 1855 and 1866, those which have taken place between the Conference of 1866 and that of 1882 are still more numerous and remarkable. Those who were present at the Conference of 1866 looked in vain this year for the familiar and noble forms of most of the Preachers who occupied prominent places sixteen years ago. Of those who then had, on the platform, seats as Ex-Presidents, twelve have passed away: William Shaw, Charles Prest, John Rattenbury, Dr. Stamp, Dr. Waddy, F. A. West, Isaac Keeling, John Lomas, John Scott, Thomas Jackson, Dr. Hannah, and Dr. Dixon; followed

by seven of their successors—John Bedford, S. R. Hall, Dr. Jobson, L. H. Wiseman, G. T. Perks, Dr. Punshon, and Dr. Smith.

Our work is done. We will therefore conclude by expressing the hope and breathing the prayer that all succeeding Leeds Conferences may be as successful, as enthusiastic and as spiritual as the past Conferences have been.

GARIBALDI.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GREEN.

On Friday, June 2nd, an outburst of passionate grief, such as is seldom witnessed, shook the Italian peninsula from end to end, reverberating throughout the civilized world. From a rocky island in the Mediterranean it was telegraphed that Garibaldi had died. The shock in Rome was declared to be 'almost indescribable.' The Municipal Council rose on receiving the news, and, in the name of Rome, telegraphed its sympathy; resolved to place his bust on the Pincian Hill, to insert marble tablets in the municipal hall, on which two of his most celebrated letters should be inscribed, and to place a similar tablet on each of the houses he occupied. The performances at the theatres were instantly suspended; one actor, it is said, burst into tears in an attempt to inform his audience of the sad news. The King with his own hand wrote a telegram of condolence. The news was conveyed to the Chamber of Deputies by the President, all the deputies standing to hear the intelligence and to listen to a long account of the life and labours of the deceased. Laws were at once proposed by the Premier, in the name of the King, for the postponement of the great annual National Festa; for the payment by the State of the funeral expenses; for the erection of a monument; and for the grant of a pension to the surviving members of his family; while the Chamber itself went into mourning for fourteen days. Deputies rose to testify from every shade of party in the house, the great services of the deceased, and the loss Italy had sustained. At once the city of Rome headed a subscription-list with eighty thousand francs, for the erection of a monument, the other principal cities following the example. Every Italian city closed its shops, and visitors from all parts of the country engaged passages to the little island in order to be present at the funeral. The Pope, it is said, on hearing the news, remained in silence for a time, then raising his eyes, breathed for him to heaven a prayer for mercy. Spontaneous tributes to the honour of the deceased and of sympathy with his nation in her great loss were paid in all lands.

So passed away at an advanced age a man who has commanded to himself a more enthusiastic attention during the last thirty years than any other man of his time.

How different was this from the effect produced upon the nation by the death of the great Cavour. Some of us well remember the solemn, deep, sad sense of loss that rested upon all classes of the people; but there was no passionate outbreak of feeling. It was the irreparable loss of an invaluable servant, not of a friend.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, whose German name, signifying *war-bold*, speaks of a descent from other than an Italian ancestry, was born at Nice, July 19th, 1807. His father was master of a small coasting vessel in the Mediterranean. His

pious mother desired that he should enter the priesthood, but a sailors' life had greater attractions for him than had the sacred office, and the great inland sea became his early school. With extended voyages came experience and skilfulness as a sailor; while his bravery and endurance found their first exercises in conflicts with Eastern pirates.

In the year 1833 might have been seen, on board a small Mediterranean brig, two men in eager conversation. The one was spare and tall and of capacious brow. In his dark eye a deep purpose was evidently settled; a man of pertinacity, zest, intensity and enthusiasm; of penetrative, eloquent and persuasive speech; but as ready to do and to dare great deeds as to talk of them. The other was the master of the little craft, a receptive and impressible man. He had a large, warm, open heart; he was broad in build, but agile, keen in sight, laconic in speech, with a visage far removed from the true Italian type. The one was a reader, a thinker, a man of ideas; the other a man of action, capable of great exertion and of great endurance. The former was the chief speaker: he had an idea which possessed him, and he strove to inspire others with the same. The open-hearted captain was a ready listener; deeds of daring had an attraction for him. He was a stranger to fear. The one had a basket of seed, the other a field. The one was the apostle of a nation's freedom, the other was destined to be a nation's liberator.

In that conversation the steps of that sailor were first turned to the path in which he was to render such signal service to his country and gain such honour to himself. Little did Giuseppe Mazzini, with all his dreaming, imagine that Giuseppe Garibaldi, his attentive listener, one of the many whom he sought to win to his way of viewing things, would ever take the place he did as the chief actor in the great strife they were both henceforth to promote. The one idea which ruled over Mazzini—he was its willing slave—was *the freedom of a united Italy*. He was the first to proclaim the hope of Italian unity. He never wavered from it. On his lips sat the simple word *Italy*. With undying tenacity he held to this, when as yet hope had taken no root in other minds, or from them had been plucked up. Garibaldi knew enough of his country's wrongs and sufferings to be a ready convert to schemes for her freedom. Mazzini's words were inflammatory. The iron of his country's wrongs had entered his soul; he wept over them. He shared the prevalent belief that great national changes could be wrought only by secret societies and secret deeds. In his view the kingdom centred in the king: it was his. His removal was the first needful step in the nation's progress. To this enthusiast it appeared that were the ruling power removed, all would fall to the ground to be reconstructed.

This must be said, not to justify, but to explain Mazzini's steps. In more constitutional governments a revolution does not so hang upon the life of an individual. Mazzini had recently founded the society called the *Giovane Italia*—Young Italy. It represented the fiery indignation of its author and the hopes of his party. To the aims of that society he succeeded in engaging the alliance of Garibaldi and his promise of help. But deeds of blood were contemplated, and Garibaldi, it is said unwillingly, was entangled in an intrigue to assassinate the new king, Charles Albert, before whom Mazzini had placed the fearful alternative—to be Italy's first liberator or her last tyrant. Garibaldi had nearly paid the utmost penalty for his identifica-

tion with this abortive conspiracy, being condemned by the king to be shot. Flight only saved his life.

Escaping to Nice in the dead of night, he found a trusty friend, exchanged his dress for that of a peasant, bade a hasty farewell to his parents, then turned his quick steps to Marseilles, where he was permitted to reside, and where he earned a living by teaching. Tired of the restraints of his present lot, and one day hearing that the Bey of Tunis contemplated introducing reforms into his little navy and to place it under the care of men tutored in European schools, he on the morrow embarked, and soon obtained command of a ship. The manners of life, the jealousy of officials, and the insubordination of the men, speedily determined him to seek other employ.

The old Spanish colonies of South America, with a religion, a language, and general characteristics akin to his own, presented attractions to him, and in Rio Janeiro he entered upon his old employment in the mercantile marine. In less than a year after this Rio Grande do Sol proclaimed a republic, under the dictatorship of Gonzalvo da Silva. One day Garibaldi saw some of his compatriots who had been engaged in the insurrection passing loaded with chains. The sight of fellow-countrymen whose hearts had been stirred by the same sentiments as those for which he had exposed his own life, and who had fought for a cause dear to his own heart, was sufficient to arouse the slumbering fires within his breast; so he speedily armed his vessel, and unfurled the flag of the little republic. He was wounded, captured, loaded with chains, and cast into prison in Gualquey, on the Parana. He recovered, and escaped to the woods, where he wandered alone, hungry [1] weary, until his steps unconsciously led him into the arms of the soldiery who had been sent to recapture him. Now, in the severest revenge, they tie his thumbs together high in the air, almost suspending him by them, and, in presence of the crowd, flog him. After a time he is liberated, when he soon places himself again under the flag for which he had suffered so much. Returning to Rio Grande he was received with great enthusiasm, and the command of the little republican fleet was committed to him.

It was amidst these States of South America that the qualities were tested and developed which afterwards shone with so dazzling a lustre when he was called to take part in the struggles of his own country; his great prowess, his iron endurance, his sympathy with the struggling, his bravery, which partook of the character of wild daring unchecked by any considerations of fear, or of the calculations of prudence from which he was equally estranged.

Standing one day on board his boat, disappointed, weary, dispirited and sad at heart, he caught sight of a woman who had come to the shore for water. He was attracted—entranced. The vision of Anita awoke a passion within him which, like his daring, was too strong for his prudence. He hastened ashore, followed her to her home, demanded and secured her as his own, snatching her from her husband, who had generously invited him to enter. The world has little to do with Garibaldi's private life, but this incident cannot be forgotten. It is a sadness to those who, having a passionate admiration of his valour and patriotism, see his brilliant public life overshadowed by any private deed of darkness. That cruel amour cannot be hidden behind feats of bravery. Of a piece with it is his

ater divorce from his second wife hat he might marry the mother of wo of his children. Deeds of laring will not blot out the stains of crime. We cannot forget the man in the hero. Pity indeed that the brilliancy of such a career should be dimmed by a stain which neither his own pitiful words, 'I acknowledged my sin,' nor the 'tears of despair' which afterwards he says he wept, could wholly erase.

If the general looseness of national morals accounts for such deeds, it cannot excuse them. But what shall be said of the responsibilities of those who, having entire control over the religious teaching of the country, who had access to every home and to every heart, could leave a nation in such a condition? No stretch of charity can cover the faultiness of a system which tended in such a direction, or the guiltiness of its representatives who for generations had aggravated its influence. Had religious teaching been pure, and illustrated by becoming examples, that rugged Nizzard sailor might have been taught a morality which would have made such deeds impossible.

With the year 1848 commences a new period in the life of Garibaldi. All before it was preparatory training. The more violent throes of the long-continued and agonizing struggle of Italy against usurpation and tyranny had begun. Sardinia had struck the first blow in that conflict which, after many varying phases of progress and retardation, was ultimately to be successful. Garibaldi returned to Italy to find a struggle going forward, not to overthrow the Sardinian monarchy, but to exalt the Sardo king to the throne of a united Italy. This high purpose changed conspirators into patriots. He was coldly received when he proffered his help in the strife. But he could not brook delay, so he offered himself to a provisional government that had been formed at Milan. He was soon at the head of a legion of volunteers. The capitulation of Milan speedily followed, but he refused to yield. It was a vain attempt, and his volunteers were gradually diminished. Illness followed; then months of waiting and restraint, till he could endure it no longer. The report of the state of affairs in Rome called him in hot haste to the city to enact deeds of bravery during that memorable struggle. In the Triumvirate, to which he was raised, he gained a name wholly eclipsing those of his comrades, Mazzini and Saffi. The city was held through Herculean labours, sacrifices, and sufferings.

But the greater numbers and better discipline of the French army compelled capitulation. Garibaldi refused to yield, and escaped with a band of two hundred, who followed him through various by-ways and mountain tracks to the shores of the Adriatic, where they embarked in small boats, only to be seized or dispersed by the Austrians. Garibaldi fled with his devoted Anita, who had shared all his dangers, and who, succumbing to suffering and exposure, died in his arms. By weary ways he came at length to Genoa, thence to Tunis and Gibraltar, and not being permitted to land at either place, went to Tangiers, and thence, in 1851, to America, where, it is said, he worked in a candle factory for two years, going during that time on a tour of inspection to Cuba in the interests of the revolutionists. Being offered the command of a ship bound for China and Italy, he set sail, returning in 1856. It was about this time that he purchased a portion of the Island of Caprera, which ever after became his home.

In 1859 the revolutionary spirit,

which had been awed for a time, broke out again with new energy. The Emperor of the French, wishful to weaken the power of Austria, gave encouragement to Sardinia to declare war. Garibaldi was called from his retirement to take part in the strife. There was no resentment in his nature, and he instantly obeyed, placing himself at the head of a brave band called the Alpine hunters, who distinguished themselves by their rapid marches, their irregular warfare, and their sudden surprises. The story is fresh in the minds of all of the successful struggle for freedom in Lombardy, Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the Romagna, the foundation of the kingdom of Italy; and of the hastily-made peace demanded by the jealous ally of Sardinia, a peace which to Garibaldi and his party was ever 'the vile peace of Villafranca.' In the compact the Sardinian king sacrificed 'the cradle of his monarchy' and Garibaldi's Nizzard home.

Nothing could have stayed Garibaldi's impetuous spirit but the command of the king, to whom he was ever submissive when sufficiently near to hear his voice, though at times when beyond the reach of that voice and under the influence of intriguers, his too open heart admitted other counsel.

His next feat of daring was the famous embarcation at Quarto, a few miles from Genoa, with a thousand men, and the setting sail to Sicily. Here his presence was hailed as that of a liberator, and he was proclaimed Dictator. The island was speedily freed from the government of the Bourbon, under which the inhabitants had so bitterly groaned.

It was but a step from Sicily to Naples, where a hated government was tottering to its fall; and the conqueror entered the city to find the guns of the great fortress turned inwards. The subsequent conquest of the royal troops was completed at the battle on the *Volturno*, and the two Sicilies were simply handed over to the King of Sardinia, who was saluted as King of Italy.

Garibaldi retired to his island home to watch for the first chance of promoting the complete unification of the kingdom by the addition of Venice and Rome, crossing occasionally to the mainland to raise his voice in the Parliament to which he had been elected; but that voice had more power on the field of battle than in the deliberations of a Senate. The old spirit was strong within him, and he yielded to an inconquerable impulse to seek to seize Rome and complete the work of Italy's unification. It was a vain attempt, and brought upon him the sad disaster of Aspromonte.

Four years afterwards he was called to take part in the war with Austria which added Venice to Italy. The following year he made another attempt to tear Rome from the hands of the stranger. But he was arrested, and imprisoned for two days. Returning to Caprera, he watched his opportunity, and escaping, was found again battering at the walls of Rome. This time the greater numbers of the French troops and the deadly *chassepôt* rifle were too strong for him. The great work was ultimately more easily completed, and in a way neither he nor Italy had dreamed of—the fearful Franco-Prussian war withdrawing the French soldiers from Rome. Nothing but the arms of a strong foreign power could have prevented the completion of the national wish long before.

Garibaldi's name will go down to following ages covered with a peculiar glory; his life was so entirely diverse from the lives of ordinary men. It was so simple, so separate, so disinterested. It was no part of

is aim or of his pleasure to cover imself with glory. He declined he honours which a grateful nation would heap upon him. He did not by his most brilliant achievements ift himself one foot above the level of his ordinary life. Having fought for the relief of nations, he handed them over to wise rulers, and retired to his island and his home to feed his pigs and watch the goats browse, and the potatoes grow, and to live on coarse bread, onions and tomatoes, and to laugh at the play and guide the studies of his little son. He was the nation's hero. No other man so completely reflected the thought, the passionate eagerness, the resolve, the hope of the people.

Mazzini to the end held fast to his original idea; but he was too idealistic for the multitude, and too revolutionary for the moderate; nor had he those incidents in his history which commended Garibaldi to the people; nor had he achieved great deeds with small means. This was Garibaldi's peculiar honour in their eyes. Cavour was calm and calculating; but for his steady hand the vessel would have been wrecked again and again on rocks unseen by the impetuous. He was a statesman. By the passionate multitude he could not be comprehended, and the party of action were passionate. Their impatience was generated by long and great suffering, by hopes blasted again and again, by distrust of all ruling powers.

But they could see and understand Garibaldi. With him everything was on the surface, and his simple programme was theirs. The widespread resolve, to do or to die, the faith of the people in themselves, in their cause and in their methods; their readiness to make the utmost sacrifice in order to attain it were all represented in him. He did not originate the revolution, nor did he foment it. It needed no fomenting; or what it did, other hands supplied. The nation tossed and heaved from end to end. It was oppressed and needed freedom; it was suffering and cried for relief. It hated its rulers, not from hatred to being ruled, but because its rulers had made themselves hateful. But Garibaldi embodied the revolution, if not in its wisest and most prudent, certainly in its most unselfish aim. The nation needed but the spark of fire to declare its explosive power. Garibaldi supplied that spark. His dash, his prowess, his direct simplicity of aim, the very halo of romance that floated over his earlier life; but above all, the fact that his view was the view of the people, his passion their passion, his carelessness of minor considerations as their carelessness, his faith in them as their faith in themselves. He and they had one idea. It must succeed. It should, or they, as he, were ready to die in the attempt to realize it. Hence, when he went to Sicily the people sprang towards him as iron dust to a magnet.

It is no detraction from the greatness of other men of the hour to say that not one of them or all of them together could precisely represent what Garibaldi did—the prevalent sentiment of the mass of the people.

But it is not our business merely to record deeds of heroism, or even great national changes. The hero whose course has been hastily sketched was a truly representative character. His name is connected with the destruction of one of the most direful despotisms of modern times; as is all too plainly set forth in the historic letter of Mazzini to Sir James Graham.

Garibaldi stood in opposition to three forces: the tyranny of kings, such as the one who for his skill in shooting down his own people gained the epithet of Bomba; the tyranny

of usurping foreign potentates—Austria and France; and to the subtlest tyranny of all, that of the Church. Garibaldi was not opposed to Constitutional Government, for though he frequently came under the influence of Republican partisans, he would not otherwise have espoused Republican principles. Nor was he antagonistic to the clergy; he honoured good priests, and generally had one with him; but to the priesthood as it was represented in his country—an engine of tyranny, and, in so many instances, presenting examples of loose morals, of crass ignorance, of wily intrigue, of anti-national sentiment. They were, to use his own words, 'the scourge of Italy.' The Church roused antagonism by her wicked abuses. She was the one power that placed itself in opposition to national freedom, to national aspirations, and national prosperity. The Church did not present the example of a faithful obedience to the high and holy laws it was her duty and calling to teach and enforce. The head of the Church was a king whose regard for the temporal interests seemed to exceed his care for the spiritual interests of his domain.

We must see Garibaldi as the sword of an avenging Providence, chastising the evil, liberating the oppressed, freeing the conscience from imposition, opening the avenues of truth, bringing conduct to the light for judgment, and welding together a number of petty rival States into a great nation. Garibaldi has been called a madman. Is it any wonder that he was the hero of a people concerning whom our leading journal of the hour, describing the passionate excitement of the people against their oppressive rulers, could find no more suitable epithet for it than that of mad-dog rage! No one so embodied that mad rage as did Garibaldi. But who drove the Italians mad?

Our rejoicing is not merely or chiefly in Italy's unity, though that is a worthy cause of congratulation, for it opens the way to reform and progress. We chiefly rejoice in the liberty gained for religious thought and instruction; for the consequent free circulation of the Holy Scriptures, for the disenthralment of the conscience, the diffusion of pure truth and the hope of more righteous living; though we may exult in the changed condition of a people whose every institution presents the appearance of new life, of a higher tone and brighter hopes.

With this *risorgimento* the name of Giuseppe Garibaldi will ever be allied.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE:

SIMON JASPER.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER XI.—UPS AND DOWNS.

'I WAS thinking the other day, maister, that I would tell 'e about the squire coming to hear me preach—but there, I am 'fraid you wull think me fine and conceited,' Simon began, as I dropt in to see him.

'No, no, Simon, I won't think that,' I said,—'do let us hear it.'

'Perhaps maister do think that already,' said the old dear looking up playfully; for as the shyness passed away I came to find a good deal of quiet humour under that somewhat sad face.

Simon laughed.

'Well, I shouldn't wonder; so I

can't make it much worse.' Then he settled down quietly for the story.

'Well, you see, the squire was always coming round where I was to work, and would keep going on about my preaching; very good-natured and all that, and not minding it a bit, only liking to have it out with me. So one day up he comes and begins again—"Well, Jasper, you are preaching still, I find."

'"Iss, your honour, I be—and the Lord is blessing the word, tew."

'"But really you know it is a great presumption. You are not able to study what learned men have agreed as to the meaning of the Scriptures, and how can you set up to teach others if you have never been taught yourself?"

'I knew it was no good arguing with him, for he could throw me in a minute, so I put up so bold a front as I could. "Why, your honour, you mustn't say that. I have got the best Teacher that ever lived. I do go to Him early in the morning, and spend hours 'long with Him during the day, and He do give me to see wondrous things out of the law."

'The squire looked puzzled, but didn't say anything, so I went on.

'"I know that I be so poor a scholar as ever He had in His school, but He is a blessed Teacher, so meek and lowly, and taking so much trouble with anybody that they can't help learning. Ah! your honour, He do come along and make all the day's work and all I can look upon, full of glorious teaching."

'"Well, well, Jasper," and the squire waved his hand like as if he didn't want me to preach to him—"you know before a man preaches he ought to have proper authority. He ought to be ordained by the bishop, and all that."

'I looked up from my work again, for I was putting in 'taties. "Ordained by the Bishop! Of course he ought, your honour. Why I wouldn't let anybody go a step without that, if I could have my way. I should be afeared to open my mouth in the Lord's name if the Bishop had not ordained me. Why, your honour, *that* is why I do go forth preaching, and can't help going, neither."

'His honour started. "Ordained, Jasper! Whatever do you mean?"

'"Iss, your honour—ordained by the Bishop and Shepherd of souls. If I weren't sure that the Lord have sent me forth, I would never go again."

'"O!" said the squire, "I see what you mean. But think how easily one may be mistaken."

'"So he may, your honour—about hundreds of things. But if anybody do want to know the Lord's will about their preaching, seeming to me 'tis no hard matter to find that out. When 'tis laid upon anybody's heart so that they can't help it, and when the Lord do bless their own souls in speaking, making them full of peace and joy; and when there is signs and wonders following—folks setting out in earnest to serve the Lord—a man can't make much mistake then, your honour."

'"But that may be all excitement, Jasper."

'"Blessed excitement, tew, your honour, I do count. But there—I been thinking lately that your honour don't give me fair play."

'"Fair play, Jasper? How so?"

'"Well, your honour, how can you tell whether I can preach or not, if your honour never com'th to hear me?"

'The squire looked quite frightened. "Come to chapel, Jasper! You surely don't mean it!"

"Why not then, your honour. If the King of Glory do come down and fill the place, your honour might

do worse than come and worship Him."

'"Why, what would the Parson say —and the whole parish, Jasper?"

'"Don't know, your honour," I said, going on with my work, for what the parish would say was no business of mine, but putting in the 'taties was. So the squire went his way without another word; and I thought that perhaps after that he wouldn't come troubling me any more about my preaching.

'Well, while I was working I kept turning over what the squire had said, and somehow all that I was doing seemed to come in to make it plainer. Hard work out under God's sky and in God's fields is a fine thing, maister, for making a man see the rights of things. When the Blessed Lord Jesus began to teach the people, He made them sit down 'pon the mountain where they could see the grass and the lilies of the field, and where they could hear the birds singing. But when He got into the temple it was all full of hubbub and confusion, and He had to take a whip and drive them all out. Them folks that do go puzzling and muddling theirselves up about things, ought to be sent out in the fields to prune a hedge, maister, or ought to go forth with a seed-basket. I have heard some learned folks sometimes go talking up such ould trash as never would have come nigh mun, if they had thought about it at the plough tail. The Lord Jesus told folks to consider the lilies how they grow, and to behold the fowls of the air, and I can't help thinking that He meant folks to do that a-purpose to clear up their doubts and for to cure their unbelief.

'Well, I put my thoughts together and got a sermon out of it for the next Sunday morning, when I had to preach in the little chapel. And there was I sitting in the pulpit just going to give out the hymn, when there was a kind of whispering amongst the people, and before I could tell what was the matter, there was the squire his own self coming down the aisle, and he sat down 'pon a form on the men's side. It quite frightened me for a minute. I never thought that he would take me to my word like that. However, I just lifted up my heart to the Lord that I might not think about him any more than anybody else. But for all that I could hardly help wishing that I could find something else to talk about, for it looked like as if I was aiming at his honour the whole time; only I thought the Lord had given me the word and so I couldn't be wrong there. It was about the sower, and it did seem a-purpose to answer what the squire had said.

'*A sower went forth to sow*—a sower. Why, friends, he was nothing but a poor labour-man. He hadn't got any barns filled with plenty, and any granary piled up with corn. Anybody might say to him, What are you doing with a seed-basket, a poor man like you? Ah, my friends, when his master told him to sow the fields, he gave him the key of the granary. I be quite sure of that. "John, you take and go up and sow the ten acres with wheat;" when the master said that John knew very well that he should have so much seed as he wanted to do it with. So it don't matter who the sower is so long as the Master have sent him. "What are you doing, preaching like this?" folks say to me sometimes. You are nothing but a labour-man. You are no scholar, and you are not ordained and all that. Bless the Lord, that doesn't trouble me. If the Lord have sent me for to work for Him, He'll give me the key of His storehouse and I shall have all I want. If He have sent me

forth to sow, bless His name, He will fill my seed-basket; and if He haven't, then all the learning in the world and all the ordaining won't give a man a grain of good seed. Mind you, learning is one of God's good gifts—we are told to get wisdom. Ignorance is no help to religion; 'tis the Devil's stronghold. But I do want us to remember this, that when the Lord do send forth anybody 'pon His errands, He will give them what they are to carry.

'Well, then, *there is the seed.* Now a man can't be too careful about that. There—what ould nonsense I have a-heard folks talk up about that, to be sure. Why, the other day I heard a man say that it didn't matter what anybody believed or preached so long as he *meant* it, —it was all in the "*intention*"; that is what he called it. Umph! I should like to see the sower going sowing his seed on that gentleman's land, and up he comes in a great hurry—"What are you doing, there?" says he.

'"Sowing, Sir," says the other.

'"But what are you a-sowing?" he cries out quite frightened. "Why, this is nettle-seed and thistledown and dock-seed!"

'"O! I mean all right, Sir—it doesn't matter about the seed so long as anybody do mean right—'tis all in the *intention!*"

'No; meaning right won't turn dock-seed to barley or thistledown to wheat and oats. We can't be too particular about the seed. But how is a man to know the good seed, friends? Well, I believe there is only one way. Some folks do hold that a man ought to be learned in all the kinds of seeds, and that he ought to know all the different sorts and where they come from, and everything else, so that he could a'most write a book about it. But there's one kind of knowing that I count to be better than all that.

'Ah, friends; I see the sower coming forth with his basket, and you can tell in a minute that he knows what he is about—the foot goes down so firm and he takes his long stride over the furrows, and he takes up a big handful of the seed. Ah! I love to see it streaming out like a shower of gold as he casts it forth. And now here comes somebody across the field and calls out to the sower to stop. And up comes this here somebody and begins to cross-question him—"Well, my good man, are you duly qualified to sow?"

'"Iss, Sir, I believe I be," saith the sower, wondering.

'"Are you quite sure that you know all about the nature of the seed? and have you read what learned men tell us about the seed going into the ground and what it does, and how it grows up into the corn?"

'"No, Sir," saith the sower.

'"But you really ought to, you know. How do you know that this is good seed at all?"

'Ah! friends, I like to see the sower then. There is no mistake about that. "Know it, Sir! why how should I know it but one way? Why, *I been feeding upon it these years, and I had my breakfast off it this very morning*, and I have a-got the strength of it in me now, and I do know that it is so fine a bit of wheaten bread as ever a man could wish to eat."

'That's it, bless the Lord! When a man have got Christ in his own heart, the hope of glory, he will know what doctrine to preach to other people, and he will know the way to preach it: Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

'Well, there was a good deal more of that sort, and I kept wondering what the squire would think of it all. When the service was done, as

I come to the door, there was the squire standing waiting outside, and so soon as he caught sight of me he came up and shook hands.

'"Thank you, Jasper," he saith; "you have done me good—thank you. If anybody says that you have no business preaching, you send them to me."

'And after that the ould squire always had a kind word for me whenever I saw him.'

'And I say thank you, too, Simon,' I said; 'only I wish you had given us a bit more of the sermon.'

For a few minutes the old man remained silent, until his wife said in a voice that trembled with emotion—'Tell maister about the little angel;' and as she spoke the tears gathered in her eyes, and she rose up and went quietly away. But Simon only looked on the dull gray ashes of the fire without a word; then suddenly his face was lit up, full of radiance, and his voice rang out with its happiest tones:

'But there, maister, the Lord put me to another school beside that in the fields and the daily work; and if a man do want to know what the Blessed Jesus Himself is like, seeming to me he can only learn it to that school. When the stormy winds begun to howl and the great seas was breaking over them, then they that never thought anything of the miracle of the loaves, saw what manner of man He was. It was when Peter began to sink that he knew the grip and power of the Lord's hand. Ah! it is when troubles knock to the door and you can hear their dreadful voices threatening up all kind of terrible things—then to have the Lord of Heaven living with anybody—ah! that is a Refuge and Strength, sure 'nough. I do very often think of how I have seen my little ones run away frightened when a strange man have come to the place, and there's the baby left behind beginning to scream, and 'tis all a terrible scare. But then in com'th mother and taketh the little one up in her arms, and the rest is all hanging on to her skirts, and they are so bold as lions then, and all out to the door to see what it is when mother is there. Ah, very often I have said, "Lord, I be thickey little one. And when sorrow and trouble and sickness have knocked to the door I can only run away frightened to Thee." Ah! He do come in then, bless His name, and do take His little one by the hand. "Fear not," He saith; and He do open the door. And there, alongside of Him, fears do all fly away, and somehow 'tis all so quiet, and everything is right then.

'And then, troubles do always bring the Lord Jesus along with mun. Pleasure and joy do very often bring Him, but trouble always do. I was reading that story of the storm the other day: *And He saw them toiling in rowing; for the wind was contrary unto them.* Ah! when the stormy winds blow He is up 'pon the battlements keeping a sharp look-out. *He saw them.* "And about the fourth watch of the night He cometh unto them." The contrary wind for us is the Lord's fair wind always. The gale that do beat us back from the heavenly shore bringeth Him alongside of us all the quicker. *I will be with Him in trouble.* Ah! that *is* a blessed word. *He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.* We have got the Lord's holy angels for to wait 'pon us to the best of times. But when trouble cometh the Lord Himself must sit by His child then, like the old dear used to when one of the little ones was poorly. I was meaning that school the other day, maister, when I said that if I haven't been able to

think about religion so much as some people, the Lord have given me plenty of opportunities of enjoying it.

'You see the little ones began to come thick and fast, and it was busy all to make the eight shillings a week cover all that they wanted to the best of times, and so when there come a pinch for a bit more, we had to go short somewhere. The eldest was a poor sickly little chield, tew—but there, he was the dearest little fellow that ever could be. He was lame, and everybody said that he would never live for to grow up; but that seemed somehow to make him all the dearer. His looks and his ways and the things he would tell about—it was all like as if we could see the mark of God upon him, and that the Lord had put him by for His own self, and was going to send for him before long. And somehow he used to fill the little kitchen with a kind of light and blessedness. You couldn't speak out harsh to anybody when he was about, and if any of the neighbours come in no matter how they began, they would stop and turn all gentle-like if they set eyes 'pon him. The old dear used to call him her little angel, for he would sit out to the door, in the sunshine, or in here by the fire all day long, and would sing from morning to night. He managed somehow to pick up his letters without any teaching much from anybody, and if he heard a tune once he never forgot it. And so whilst the old dear was working about the place he would be reading to her or singing away so lovely as a lark. Ah, many a time I've a-heard him when I been coming over the fields, and he would always set my heart praising the Lord. No matter how things was going with me, rough or smooth, sad or glad, let me hear his voice and see his face and my heart would begin to sing in a minute then. It was like when Peter was in prison and the doors was locked and the chains was all about him and the soldiers was all around, and there didn't look to be a chance of his getting out; but so soon as ever the angel opened his mouth off went the chains, and the prison doors was open, and Peter was out praising the Lord. Let me catch sight of the little lad and I was out of the dungeon directly then.

'In them times I was working in close to Dunheved, and 'pon the Saturday I used to take a basket with me so that when I took up my wages I could get whatever the old dear wanted in to market. Well, one Saturday I went up to the house, and the maister he come out and said that he was very sorry, but some money that he had expected hadn't come, and that he could not give us anything then; we was to come again Monday. The two other men muttered something and went away, but I seemed like as if I couldn't move for ever so long. There I stood outside the door like anybody 'mazed—with my empty basket 'pon my arm, and not a penny piece in the world; and three little hungry mouths at home looking to me to fill them, beside our own!

'Somehow, whenever things do happen like that, maister, I can always mind the look of the things about me. It do all seem to come to be part of it. When I had been standing there a bravish bit, like anybody stunned, all of a sudden I looked up. The sun was setting and there was the loveliest golden glory filling all the sky, stretching up from the sun hisself right away overhead, like as if it was a world of gold. Then I come away and I saith to myself, "My Father is very rich—He wull help me." And I began to be ashamed of myself for doubting Him. But there—the minute after my eye fell 'pon the

empty basket again, and I forgot all about the world of gold. In a minute the old enemy was alongside of me. "*Your* Father? nonsense. He don't leave His children to starve, like He have left you." And he began for to tell up the dreadfulest things that ever anybody heard about. My faith was all shrunk up to nothing. And when I lifted my eyes again all the golden sky was gone; the dull clouds was hiding it all over and the sun was out of sight. The wind was got back to the westward, and was coming up with a kind of a dismal howl and a-rushing through the branches of the trees. It did seem like as if God had forsook me, and everything seemed to be telling up the same ghastly old stories, look where I would.

'Well, I come on down the hill. You know, maister, there's a little lane turning in there alongside of the quarry—there where the water-wheel is to. When I got there I couldn't stand it no longer. The ould coward was tew much for me, so I turned in there and put down my empty basket and was just going to pray. But all of a sudden a thrush perched hisself over my head and began for to sing. And somehow it come into my heart, and before I knew it the tears was streaming down my cheeks. "There, Simon," I says to myself, "hear that. He don't know where to-morrow's dinner will come from, and he can sing like that; and you go a-fearing and fretting like as if your Father had forgotten you." The thrush went singing on—there wasn't another sound except the creaking of the wheel whenever the buckets filled, for the valley was down out of the wind. And then, in upon me, filling me with peace and joy, there come the words—"Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing!" My heart flowed over with thanksgiving. "*Desire*, Lord!" I cried, adoring Him, "not want only, but *desire*." And I did bless and praise Him. I don't know how long I should have knelt there, but the rain-drops began to patter down, so I got up and hurried away home. And the rain seemed to come telling me all kind of good things, tew, maister. There had been a long drieth—and it seemed like as if God had melted the golden glory of the sky that He might pour it out in all these here blessed drops. The wind was gone down, and I can mind how there come the sweet smell of the earth. "My Lord!" I said, "shall the clods breathe their praise up to Thee, and I go doubting and fearing!" And I longed for a thousand tongues to praise His dear name with.

'Well, just as I got in sight of home I saw the old dear light the candle. My heart did sink again for a minute as I thought of what her would say when her saw the empty basket, and I was a'most afeard to lift the latch and go in; so I crept up to the window and looked. There was the little angel sitting up to the table with the Bible before him, and I heard his sweet little voice reading. Ah! I wanted nothing more after that.'

As the old man told of it his face shone with a radiant beauty, whilst his voice grew somewhat choked.

'I can hear the little angel reading it still, and I have heard it scores of times since then. It was there in St. Matthew, about the temptation—*And when the tempter came to Him, he said, If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread. But He answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth*

of God. He went on with it till he come to the last verse—*Then the devil leaveth Him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him.*

'Then he looked up in a minute and his face was all over smiles—"Why, there's father." It was easy enough to go in with the empty basket and tell the old dear all about it then.

'Of course the poor dear was fairly knocked down when she heard it all. There was just half a loaf of bread in the house and nothing more, but the little angel kept singing away until he had driven all her fears clean off, like he had driven mine.

'Early next morning I had to start, for I was going to preach more than ten miles the other side of Dunheved. I hadn't the heart to take any of the bread that there was for the little ones, so I come away without a taste of anything—but I couldn't fret. Again and again it come to my mind—*satisfiest the desire of every living thing*—and I kept hearing the little lad's voice—*the angels came and ministered unto Him.* "Bless the Lord," I said; "He have got so many angels now as He had then, and a good many more tew."

'About half way to where I was going there was a farmer who belonged to our people, so I turned in there and got a good morsel of bread and butter and a drink of milk, and went 'pon my way again, praising the Lord. After the morning sermon I went home to dinner with some of our well-to-do folks; but when I sat down to the table and saw the joint of beef and all the good things, it was tew much for me. I thought about my old dear and the little angel and the others home there with nothing but a crust of bread, and I couldn't so much as touch anything. Of course I couldn't tell the folks about it, but I just eat a bit of bread and said that I had lost my appetite. Well, I had a happy time in the evening, and I managed a good deal better to supper, and then come home praising the Lord all the way, with my heart overflowing with joy. If I began to wonder what us should do for the next day I heard the little angel's voice again in a minute, and that set it right directly.

'Monday morning I was up early and was off to work before anybody was stirring, for I knew that there was very little if there was anything at all in the house. It was all right. There the birds were singing again, and everything about seemed to keep saying, *Thou satisfiest the desire of every living thing.* Well, I had been to work for an hour or so when one of the men came up and said that the house was shut up and he believed that maister was run away; anyhow there was nobody in; he had been knocking for ever so long. We soon found it was so. He was in debt over head and ears to everybody a'most, and so he had gone. My faith did begin to tremble for a minute or two to think of it—out of work, and not a crust in the cupboard! But there come again the sweet voice of the little lad; I could hear it quite plain—*Behold, angels came and ministered unto Him.* There was nothing for it but to start home again. Hungry, I know I was, and I'm 'fraid I was a little bit down, tew—it was a good deal heavier walking back, but I did keep up my trust in the Lord. There was no need to hurry, so I sat down 'pon the stile and began to talk to the Lord about it. All of a sudden a neighbour called out from the other side of the hedge—

'"Hulloa, Simon—what have 'e left work a'ready, then?"

'I told en all about my maister running away and doing us out of

our wages. He said he wanted another hand to help with the corn, and I might come if I had a mind to. I *did* find it easy to praise the Lord then, whatever it was before, and I was in the field in a minute. I s'pose he had heard from the neighbours about the empty basket—anyhow he took me in and gave me a good breakfast before I began to work. And all day long as I heard the swish of the scythe and as the corn fell, God's golden corn, it would keep ringing in my ears: *Thou satisfiest the desire of every living thing.*

'Well, when I come home in the evening there was the little angel sitting in the doorway a-singing like a cherub.

'"Bless the Lord," I said, "they ben't all starved yet, then."

So soon as he caught sight of me he came limping towards me so fast as he could. I stooped and kissed en, and then I set him up on my shoulder, and all the time he was trying to tell me something very wonderful, but I couldn't make anything of it. Then the old dear heard my voice, and she com'th hurrying out, her face beaming all over. I sat down 'pon the doorstep and put the little lad on my knee, and took the old dear's hand as she stood there by my side. The sun was just setting, I could see the red glory of it between the trunks of the trees, and the sky was all gold again, and I couldn't help thinking about the empty cupboard, and wondering whether the Lord would send down a little of His pure gold for to help us.

'Then the old dear began her story, and I soon found it was what the little lad was trying to tell me—how that she was a-going down to the vicarage well for some water and there was a miller's boy with a donkey and cart. He com'th up to her and saith he—

'"Where do Simon Jasper live to, please?"

'The poor dear, her couldn't think of anything good at all, and begun to wonder if us owed the miller any money.

'"What do 'e want en for?" her saith.

'"He hath got a lame boy, haven't he?"

'"Yes," saith the old dear, "but what of that?"

'"Well, I must see the boy my own self, maister saith."

'So the old dear cometh along wondering whatever he could want 'long with the little angel.

'"'Tis a lame boy that do sing oncommon?"

'"Iss,—'tis Simon Jasper's boy—I do know en well enough," saith the old dear.

'"There he is, sitting there 'pon the doorstep," her saith, when they was in sight of the house; and the old dear stayed behind for to see what he was goin' to do. On went the boy with the donkey and cart and he stopped right afore the door.

'"You Simon Jasper's boy, are 'e—the lame boy that do sing so pretty?"

'The little angel only nodded his head.

'"Then maister sent you thickey," and the boy pulls out a great sack of flour," and he saith 'tis for singin' so."

'Then we turned in together to see it. There it was—and there was a row of loaves that had already been baked 'long with it. "*Thou openest Thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing,*" I said, as the tears filled my eyes and ran down my cheeks. I kissed the old dear, and I kissed the little lad.'

'But what was the man's name? I said, when we began to quiet down a bit.

'They didn't know—it was a strange boy to them, and they never thought of asking till he was gone.

We never knew to this day, maister, who it come from. Only as the little lad climbed up on my knee again, he saith—

'"Father, 'tis like I was reading in the Bible, *Angels came and ministered unto Him.*"'

THE FIFTY-SECOND SESSION OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

BY THE REV W. H. DALLINGER, F.R.S., F.L.S., ETC.

THE fifty-second session of the British Association, held at Southampton, was characterized by no very special feature. In its President, Dr. Siemens, the science and application of electricity received suitable and efficient prominence. He is in all probability the most practical electrician and electrical engineer in the world. As might have been anticipated, his address was eminently practical in its aim. He desired to point out that in science there should be a harmony between theory and practice, and showed that the advancement of the last fifty years has made it manifest that there was an entire interdependence between them; and this will be a necessity in all future progress. In illustration, the art of dyeing was instanced, where we find that the discovery of new colouring matters derived from waste products, such as coal-tar, completely changed its practice, and rendered an intimate knowledge of the science of chemistry a matter indispensable to the practitioner. In the establishment of the Telegraph, and in the new arts of applying electricity to illumination, to the transmission of energy, and the still more recent application of it to operations in metallurgy, difficulties present themselves, and problems arise in every direction, requiring for their removal or solution not only a complete knowledge of the present science of electricity, but a distinct advance upon this knowledge, which can only be secured by theoretical research and experiment. Our increased knowledge of the nature of the mutual relations between the different forms of energy makes us see clearly what are the theoretical limits of effect, which, although we may never reach them absolutely, we should for ever approach. The men who study nature and pursue science for its own sake, and with no utilitarian aim, are commendable in the highest degree; they are 'the high priests of science'; but it is not to them that we can look for our current progress in practical science. Much less can we hope for it through the unscientific practitioner. 'It is to the man of science who also gives attention to practical questions, and to the practitioner who devotes part of his time to the prosecution of strictly scientific investigations, that we owe the rapid progress of the present day.'

Electricity in all its known or possible modes of application was more or less considered. Dr. Siemens has during the past two years made some striking experiments on the influence of electric light on vegetable life and growth; but in his address he was able further to add that in experimenting upon wheat, barley, oats and other cereals sown in the open air, there was a marked difference between the growth of the plants influenced, and those uninfluenced by the electric light. This was not very apparent till towards the end of February, when with the first appearance of mild weather the plants under the

influence of an electric lamp of 4,000 candle-power, placed about five mètres above the surface, developed with extreme rapidity, so that by the end of May they stood above four feet high with the ears in full bloom, when those (in the same ground and circumstances) not under its influence were under two feet in height, and showed no signs of the ear.

Electric currents used for communication by telegraph or telephone received a due measure of keen practical consideration, but not much that was new could be presented. The subject of electric railways was, however, an important one. These possess considerable advantages over horse and steam power for towns or in tunnels. It was, however, fully admitted that they could not at present, and perhaps for a very long time, compete with the steam propulsion used for ordinary railways.

The employment of electric energy as a mode of producing heat was also considered in that broad, far-seeing way which can characterize only a mind that has fully grasped the whole subject. Dr. Siemens pointed out that it was obviously impossible for electricity to compete in point of economy with the direct combustion of fuel for the attainment of ordinary heat; but Bunsen and others had taught us that combustion becomes exceedingly sluggish when a temperature of eighteen hundred degrees Centigrade has to be reached, and for temperatures exceeding that limit the electric furnace will find advantageous application. It is unlimited in the degree of heat attainable; and thus opens a new field of investigation to both chemist and metallurgist. As an instance of its facility of action, it was stated that eight pounds of platinum had been recently reduced to a fluid condition in twenty minutes.

In reference to the use of electricity as an illuminant in the place of coal gas, Dr. Siemens remarked, as the result of technical and practical investigation, that the principal argument in favour of electric lighting is furnished by its immunity from products of combustion, which not only heat the lighted apartments, but substitute carbonic acid and deleterious sulphur compounds for the oxygen upon which respiration depends. The electric light is white instead of yellow; it supports growing plants instead of poisoning them; by its means we can carry on photography and other industries as by daylight. The objection urged against it is that it depends upon the continuous motion of steam or gas engines, which are liable to accidental stoppage. This, however, has been removed by the introduction of secondary batteries—that is to say, holders or storages of electricity, that serve to the electric light the purpose of the gasometer to the gas illuminant. Its use therefore may be expected in all places where its special advantages are of greater importance than the enhanced outlay its use may involve: 'but,' said the President, 'I venture to think that gas-lighting will hold its own as the poor man's friend': which manifestly meant very much more than the words convey.

The capital invested in gas-works in England, other than those of local authorities, amounts to thirty millions sterling. In these nearly five million tons of coal are converted annually, producing forty-three million cubic feet of gas and nearly three million tons of coke. But the *total* amount of coal annually converted in the United Kingdom is estimated at nine million tons. The by-products—originally waste products—from this are five hundred thousand tons of tar, one million tons of ammonia liquor, and four

million tons of coke. The total annual value of the by-products of our gas-works is in fact roundly estimated as follows: Colouring matter, three million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling; sulphate of ammonia, nearly two millions; pitch, nearly four hundred thousand; creosote, over two hundred thousand; carbolic acid, one hundred thousand; gas coke nearly two millions and a half. So that estimating the value of coals at twelve shillings a ton, and estimating the amount used at nine million tons, the by-products exceed in value the coal used by three millions sterling. In using raw coal for heating purposes, these valuable products are not only absolutely lost to us, but they are sent as deleterious agents into the air we breathe. The soot that hangs as a pall over London on a winter's day amounts to fifty tons; and the deadly carbonic oxide will be at least five times that amount; while the fog itself is mainly produced by the dust resulting from the imperfect combustion of coal. All these and many other evils, it was pointed out, would be averted by using coal gas for heating purposes—which is another reason why gas, as now produced, will not be supplanted by the use of electricity.

The use of the gas-engine was also advocated as a most valuable improvement for our merchant shipping; conserving economy and involving but half the weight of the steam-engines at present employed.

There was of course much else of special value in this most practical and important address; but it was at once recondite and technical, and could not readily be condensed, nor made at all serviceable to our readers.

The work of the session was of the average value. No papers of remarkable scientific worth were presented, and none that need excite either the anxiety or the displeasure of theologians. The papers in the Anthropological Department were suggestive and extremely interesting as attempts at generalization, but they represent by no means what is inevitable.

The death of Charles Darwin was of course a subject of deep regret throughout the Association; and the tragic death of Prof. Balfour, who fell, with his guide, a victim to too adventurous Alpine climbing, was sincerely felt. He was a young man who had rapidly risen to deserved fame, and whose deep love of biological study had incited him to such research, and comprehension of the researches of others, that he had become the leader in an almost new department of biological science—embryology and morphology.

The death of Prof. Jevons by drowning was also deeply felt.

There have been much more brilliant sessions, and there have been sessions attended by nearly double the numbers, but this was a useful and practical session, and was lightened by delightful excursions, in all of which a measure of enlightenment was sought along with the pleasure. The next session will be held at Southport, and Canada will be the scene of the session of the *Parliament of Science* in 1884.

Whoever carefully follows the generalizations of scientific men, when these do not rest upon a sufficiently broad basis, will occasionally be instructively impressed with the unwisdom of such generalization. We have constantly kept before our readers the futility of attempting to 'reconcile' the cosmogony of Moses with the generalizations of present geology. New facts are constantly occurring. This is true in other departments. The botanist has proved that all the known species of a certain genus are

harmless, or useful for food; the danger is that it should become a generalization that all known or unknown species of that genus must be the same. A curious instance in zoology is before us. We have long ridiculed as fabulous the belief, held in some sense all over the world, but specially in certain countries, that lizards can possess poison-glands and fangs. But such a lizard has been brought to the Zoological Gardens in London. It is known as *Heloderma horridum*, and it is possessed of a row of grooved teeth, all of which are connected with poison-glands; and so deadly is its bite that a frog bitten by it died in one minute, and a guinea-pig so bitten died in three minutes.

No doubt this will open the question as to how—by what law—this lizard has developed a more formidable set of poison-fangs than even its ophidian relatives. But it distinctly teaches the unwisdom of the generalization—that because no deadly, or other than harmless, lizard had been found, therefore all lizards were harmless.

FIRDAUSI, THE EPIC POET OF PERSIA.

BY GUSTAVE MASSON, B.A.

It is our purpose, in the following paper, to give a short abstract of the *Book of Heroes*, an epic of Persia.

A few words, by way of preface, as to the author himself, one of the masters of Oriental poetry. Abul Kasim Firdausi was born at Tees, a city of Khorassan, about A.D. 940. Very little indeed is known respecting his life. His proper name is said to have been Hassen. His father worked as a gardener on the domain of the governor of Tees. The throne of Persia was occupied at that time by the Sultan Mahmud, a distinguished conqueror, and also an enlightened patron of literature. With the view of increasing the glory of his reign, he conceived the plan of a kind of national chronicle which would commemorate all the kings his predecessors, and thus set before the whole nation glorious patterns. The most illustrious literary characters of the Court had been commanded to join together in compiling this record of ancient fame, when Sultan Mahmud, by some accident, met with a copy of a work called the *Bastan-Nameh*, which had been prepared under the reign of Yezdjird, the last king of the Sassanian dynasty, and which was also a collection of chronicles, histories and traditions connected with Persia and the sovereigns of that country from the earliest times. This circumstance fired the Sultan with fresh zeal; and, having selected seven of the chief episodes recorded in the *Bastan-Nameh*, he gave them over to seven bards, who were to clothe them in a poetical form, the most successful amongst them being the one to be held subsequently responsible for the whole work. The fortunate competitor was a man named Unsari; he had had as his share the story of Rustem.

At that time, Firdausi was living in his native town, following his occupation as a gardener, but simultaneously cultivating poetry, for which he had always had a great taste. Hearing of the Sultan's liberal disposition, and of his project of preparing a history of the kings of Persia, he resolved to enter the lists with the other competitors, and having procured a copy of the *Bastan-Nameh*, he soon produced that part of the poem in which the battles of Zohak and Ferdun are described.

The attempt was so remarkable in every way that even Unsari acknowledged, with equal modesty and dignity, that he had found his superior, and Firdausi was accordingly appointed to compile the *Book of the Heroes*, Mahmud promising to reward him with a thousand pieces of gold for every thousand couplets. The task which Firdausi had undertaken was no light one: he spent upwards of thirty years in bringing his work to a satisfactory completion; but the disappointment he experienced then can easily be imagined, when we tell our readers that instead of the sum he expected, and which was his due, he received only sixty thousand silver pieces. It appears that he had offended some of the favourite courtiers, and they, in their turn, prejudiced the mind of Mahmud against him, and accused him of having insulted the religion of the Prophet by the praises which he had bestowed upon Zoroaster in his great poem.

Firdausi, justly irritated by these calumnies, and by the breach of faith on the part of the Sultan, gave way to feelings of resentment. Condemned to death, and having with the utmost difficulty obtained a cancelling of the sentence, he left the metropolis of Persia, and fled to various localities in succession, seeking in vain a shelter from the wrath of the Sultan. He had quitted Bagdad, when his friends managed at last to procure his pardon; he then returned to his native town, where he died, A.D. 1020, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. Such, briefly, is the story of Firdausi's life, at least the authentic part of it; for the narrative handed down to us is interwoven with legends and episodes of an apocryphal character, which although curious, and even sometimes very characteristic, would have taken up too much time to relate.

We shall now give a short sketch of the *Book of Heroes;* and in doing so we shall avail ourselves of the excellent preface written by Mr. Atkinson for the translation contributed by him to the Oriental Translation Fund (London, 1832). The poem we are introducing to our readers, then, is in point of fact nothing more than a history in rhyme. It comprises the annals and achievements of the ancient kings of Persia, from Kaiumers down to the invasion and conquest of that empire by the Saracens. As Kaiumers is understood to be the Adam of the fire-worshippers, and the grandson of Nu or Noah of the Mohammedans; and as the Saracenic conquest, on the other hand, occurred in 636, the period covered by the poem extends over more than three thousand six hundred years!

Every epic is bound to have a hero, and the great hero of the *Book of Heroes* is a paragon of excellence, yclept Rustem. He was born in the reign of Minuchihr, and it was not till some centuries afterwards that he perished by treachery, whilst Gushtasp was sovereign of Persia. The career of this prodigy of strength, piety and valour, must thus have been of more than antediluvian duration, unless, indeed, it could be imagined that Rustem was adopted by the champions of every successive reign as a name or title of distinction; but that is impossible, for his brother Zuara dies with him; he is always the son of Zel, who, indeed, survives him, and the grandson of Sam, and there can be no doubt of his being the same individual throughout, the same everlasting conqueror. So well has Firdausi preserved the indomitable spirit of this heroic character, that, even in his last moments, he slays the wretch who had betrayed him.

From the remarks we have thus

made, it will appear that, notwithstanding its pretensions, the *Book of Heroes* cannot possibly claim the authority which should belong to historical compositions; it contains about the same amount of truth as the *Nibelungen*, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey;* whilst the chronology is so fantastic that, according to Firdausi, King Jemshid had reigned seven hundred years before he was inspired with the impious ambition which occasioned his downfall, and the despotism of the usurper Zohak is said to have lasted one thousand years.

Had we time, it would be both interesting and profitable to study the *Book of Heroes*, comparing it with the other celebrated epics we have already alluded to, and to see how far the legends and myths it relates can be traced back to the same sources which Hesiod and Homer consulted. One parallelism, at all events, is striking; to wit, the similarity between Rustem's exploits and those of Hercules; in fact, as Sir William Ouseley has very ingeniously pointed out, the Persian hero seems to have been painted by an author who was acquainted with the supposed life and deeds of high emprise of the son of Jupiter and Alkmênê. He, too, performed *his* labours, seven in number, however, instead of the twelve generally assigned to Hercules; and, moreover, we find in the *Book of Heroes*, a second hero, named Isfendiya, who also accomplished an equal number of wonderful tasks, consisting of the overthrow of devouring monsters, and the destruction of talismans and works of enchantment. Between the exploits of Isfendiya and those of Rustem there is this important difference, that whereas the former is always accompanied and assisted by a numerous party of mounted warriors, the latter goes forth single-handed, riding his faithful and most intelligent horse Rakust.

It remains for us now to select two or three passages with the view of giving an idea of the style of the *Book of Heroes*, and of the kind of interest belonging to it. The opening lines of the invocation may appropriately be quoted first; they seem to us full of dignity and grandeur:

'Thee I invoke, the Lord of Life and Light!
Beyond imagination pure and bright!
To Thee sufficing praise no tongue can give;
We are Thy creatures, and in Thee we live!
Thou art the summit, depth, the all in all,
Creator, Guardian of this earthly ball;
Whoever is, Thou art—Protector, King,
From thee all goodness, truth and mercy spring.
O pardon the misdeeds of him who now
Bends in Thy presence with a suppliant brow,
Teach him to tread the path Thy Prophet trod;
To wash his heart from sin, to know his God;
And gently lead him to that home of rest,
Where, filled with holiest rapture, dwell the blest.'

The labours of Rustem were accomplished in the course of an expedition undertaken by the hero for the purpose of delivering Kai-Kaus, sovereign of Persia, who, together with his army, had been captured by the demons. The first episode is a battle with a lion which attacks Rakust, Rustem's horse; but Rakust, with his heels and teeth, speedily puts an end to his furious assailant. The sufferings of the hero from hunger and thirst form the subject of the second stage; the third is taken up by Rustem's desperate fight with a dragon; in the next we witness the destruction of a sorceress; in the fifth episode, the Persian Hercules kills Arzang, the demon chief; in the sixth, he enters the city of Mazia-deran, and releases Kai-Kaus, though still blind by the sorcery of the

demons; finally, he overthrows and kills the white demons. The following passage concludes the narrative of the third episode.

'Then swift he drew his sword, and closed in strife
With that huge monster.—Dreadful was the shock,
And perilous to Rustem; but when Rakust
Perceived the contest doubtful, furiously,
With his keen teeth, he bit and tore away
The dragon's scaly hide; whilst quick as thought
The champion severed off the ghastly head,
And deluged all the plain with horrid blood.
Amazed to see a form so hideous
Breathless stretched out before him, he returned
Thanks to the Omnipotent for his success,
Saying, "Upheld by Thy protecting arm,
What is a lion's strength, a demon's rage,
Or all the horrors of the burning desert,
With not one drop to quench devouring thirst?
Nothing; since power and might proceed from thee!"'

The religious, dignified tone which reigns throughout the work is one of its most pleasing characteristics. 'The Persian poets,' says Mr. Atkinson, 'and particularly Firdausi, are eminently distinguished for their apposite and striking reflections on fate, and on the instability of worldly grandeur. The portion of the Shah-Nameh which contains the history of Jemshid abounds in beautiful and philosophical observations, conveyed in all the enchanting sweetness of harmonious versification. The advice given by King Minuchihr, on his dying bed, to his son, Naudet, is really exquisite:

"O, my son!
Fix not thy heart upon a regal crown,
For this vain world is fleeting as the wind;
. . . . . .
. . . . . Naudet, I charge thee,
Place not thy trust upon a world like this,
Where nothing fixed remains. The caravan
Goes to another city, one to-day,
'The next to-morrow; each observes its turn,
And time appointed—mine has come at last,
And I must travel on the destined road."'

Sadi, Homer, Horace, Young, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and many other poets, ancient and modern, could easily supply us with similar quotations; but we doubt whether any extracts from them would surpass in beauty and pathos the parting counsel of the aged Minuchihr.

REVELATION XXII. 14.

BY E. T. FOWLER.

'Blessed are they that do His commandments.'—AUTHORISED VERSION.
'Blessed are they that wash their robes.'—REVISED VERSION.

THE Old Book teacheth us that they are blest,
And enter that fair city filled with light
Like to a jasper stone most clear and bright,
Who faithfully fulfil their Lord's behest.

The New Book saith to spirits sore distrest,
That they who wash their robes, (though black as night,)
Shall make them pure in God's most holy sight,
And pass through pearly gates to perfect rest.

The Old is just;—but yet, alas! how few
Have done their Lord's commandments here below,
And never faltered, spite of toil and pain:
The Old is just,—how merciful the New
For all may wash their robes as white as snow
By faith in Him Who died and rose again.

SELECT LITERARY NOTICES.

A System of Christian Doctrine. By Dr I. A. Dorner. Vols. III. and IV. Translated by Rev. Alfred Cave, B.A., and Professor Banks. T. & T. Clark.—These two volumes complete the translation of the greatest work of the great theological thinker, Dr. Dorner, of Berlin. The third volume starts with the *Origin of Empirical Evil*. This section is, on the whole, finely reasoned, and is nobly defensive of Arminianism, against Calvin on the one hand, and Schleiermacher on the other. Dorner's Arminianism is, indeed, positive and pronounced. But, on p. 66, he makes an undiscriminating use of the term *Arminian*, as if Limborch were the typical Arminian. The anti-Calvinism of Melanchthon is well brought out.

Dorner's treatment of Müller's pre-existence theory as to the universality of evil is masterly. His section on the *Reconciliation of the Generic Nature and the Personal life* is very fine as far as it goes, but it fails to untie the knot of the problem. It merely *asserts* the co-existence of the Generic nature and the Personal life: it does not reconcile their claims. In reading the section on the *Necessity for the Recognition of distinct Stages in Personality*, we are conscious of an *overlooked* prior necessity—that of a clear definition of Personality. Dorner's argument, in effect, makes *personality* a synonym for *responsibility*, and one naturally asks: Does personality begin with responsibility, or *vice versâ?* Are 'years of discretion' the only years of personality? Up to what age is juvenility *im*personality? And what of 'second childhood'? Does imbecile senectitude involve an extinction of personality? Is *individ*uality a *stage* of *person*ality? On this point, Dorner gets quite out of his depth. He makes *individual* equivalent to *embryo*, *subject* the same as *intellectually self-conscious*, and *person* indentical with *moral agent*. Individuality, pure and simple, is *physical*; subjectivity is *intellectual*; personality is *moral*. He casts very little light on this obscure subject. His reasoning is worthless unless, before birth, a child is simply a part of its mother. Dorner on this point as on some others, mystifies instead of illuminating his subject by the adoption of philosophic phraseology. He tells us, for example, that 'the mother is the higher logical subject.'

Dorner makes *actual*, and not *potential self-cognition* and *self-willing* essential to personality. The question is inevitable: Did I, then, first *become I*, when first I realized myself to be I; and by the mere act of so realizing myself? In like manner, in studying his section on *The Stage of Moral Subjectivity*, one is constrained to enquire: But are not intellect and freedom of will essential parts of both the generic and individual life? Subjectivity and personality are both *in* the individual, or they could never come out of him; they are not later gifts, nor are they grafts, but growths from a germ. Deny personality to a child, you must still admit that *he* (not *it*) has a person *in* him. Very likely Dorner would reply, That is what I mean. But it is not what he says. Yet some of his unusual modes of expression have an effect like that of the substitution of the electric light for gas.

If the iron could be disengaged from the clay, and omissions supplied from Scripture, the chapters on *The Doctrine of Evil* would be of great value. They make some very fine points, which are powerfully put. They are firmly constructive as well as energetically destructive. The great defect is the leaving out of sight the work of the Spirit during childhood; an omission rendered necessary by the denial of personality to a child; and yet sadly enfeebling to the sounder part of his argument, and leaving a wide gap in the 'reconciliation of the opposing theories.' He seems not to see that Divine help—*Grace*—must go before,—be prevenient to—actual trial, and be coincident and contemporaneous with the first stirrings of the inherited tendency to evil.

Dorner's explanation of *why* and *how* unbelief damns is invaluable. The section on *the Doctrine of the Devil* has some very pregnant passages, and is striking and suggestive, though not thoroughly consistent. He makes a very unwarranted concession, namely, 'that this doctrine, not being derivable from the Christian consciousness as necessary, does not claim the full rank of a dogmatic article' (p. 99)—thus subjecting Revelation to the vague authority of 'Christian consciousness.' He stigmatises Milton's grand description of Satan as 'grandiose!' The chapters on *The Biblical and the Dogmatic Doctrine of Death* show the hand of a master. His hypothetical distinction between individuality and personality is rendered necessary by his worse than useless attempt to solve the mystery of the Incarnation. This part of the work, though containing some valu-

able sentences, is highly unsatisfactory. He speaks of 'the principle of the origin of Christ,' without telling us what those words mean—and of 'the embryo *implanted* in Mary'; as if the Bruiser of the serpent's head were not the '*Seed of the woman*.' When will leading intellects know where to stop in their hazardous explorations? His favourite hypothesis embarrasses him pitifully. He makes the strangely inconsequential inference, that because Christ certainly knew Himself to be the Son of God when He was twelve years old—*therefore* He was not aware of that fact before He had reached that age. Nevertheless, Dorner does try very hard, not only to adjust Scripture to his own theories, but also to adjust his theories to Scripture. Such of his points as are drawn directly from Scripture, and not manufactured to meet the exigencies of an extra-Biblical and extra-theological hypothesis, are well worth pondering. His reasoning against the theory of the impersonality of the human nature of Christ seems to us conclusive. His glance at 'the great Christological thoughts of Luther,' and at 'the third epoch' in 'the Ecclesiastical Doctrine of Christ,' his vindication of the *threefold* office of Christ: the Kingly and Priestly, as well as the Teaching office, is not only intellectually noble, but also most elevating and edifying. The confusion introduced into Lutheran Christology by the dogma of Consubstantiation is deplorable; yet it is to be noted that, with Dorner, 'the Church' generally means the *Lutheran* Church.

Some of Dorner's expressions are so unguarded as to be repulsive, *e.g.*, where he speaks of our Lord's having 'plunged Himself into our wretchedness and *sinful* fellowship' (p. 393).

In Vol. IV., the sections on *The History of the Doctrine of the Atonement; The Evangelical Doctrine;* and *Subjective Theories* are of great importance; as are his remarks on *Fellowship* (p. 157), which lay down an estimable Church principle. The section on *Divine Grace and Human Activity* contains some sound Fletcherian axioms as to precursive and preparatory grace; but here, too, he does not distinguish between the later and deteriorating Arminianism and that of Arminius himself.

The section on Repentance contains some remarks on Methodism and Infant Baptism peculiarly interesting just now. Dorner mis-conceives the *Wesleyan* Methodist doctrine of repentance, deriving his notion of that doctrine from some other source than our Standards, or the writings of Wesleyan-Methodist theologians, or the Wesleyan-Methodist Hymn-Book. Of these he is evidently totally ignorant. He grossly misconceives John Fletcher's teaching. He rebukes by anticipation a doctrine lately propounded in one of our newspapers, in opposition to the doctrine of the Conference Catechism, when he says: 'Birth and regeneration *never* (the italics are his) combine into one element.'

Dorner shows that 'the oldest evangelical theology, that of Melanchthon, etc,' attributed to Baptism, *Vocation* only; not *Regeneration*, nor even *Illumination;* and that the notion of Baptismal Regeneration was not introduced till 'the seventeenth century.' He adds most significantly: 'Attempts were certainly made to mitigate or conceal the monstrousness of these thoughts. *Regeneration* was interpreted of the mere restoration of the *capacity* for faith; and *liberum arbitrium liberatum* was regarded as its effect. But *such a dilution of the idea of regeneration is unscriptural, and calculated to efface the distinction between nature and grace.*' And again: 'the result was a regeneration apart from personal self-consciousness, apart from all knowledge of sin or of Christ...and the reproach of the *opus operatum*, lay again only too close at hand.' The word *Regeneration* as used by Quenstedt on the one hand and Wesley on the other, signify two widely different things. Quenstedt's *regeneration* is Wesley's *conviction of* sin, and the 'renewal' of the former is the 'regeneration' of the latter. Dorner recognises the fact that baptized children 'are committed to the Church as the objects of its culture.'

On the Lord's Supper we have much confused reasoning, through the attempt to make something like sense of the Lutheran doctrine of consubstantiation; but we have to acknowledge with gratitude some capital remarks on the *Evangelical doctrine of Absolution; on Church Authority and Church Organization;* on *The Visible and Invisible Church;* on the Relation of Home and Foreign Missions to Eschatology, and of the Conversion of the Gentiles to that of the Jews, and on the Second Advent. The last-named subject, however, is not very clearly elucidated; yet Dorner rightly says: 'To come to a proximate decision of these questions ought not to be deemed impossible.' Under this head some searching animadversions on Irvingism, as well as the investigation of the Gnostic or Docetic Eschatology, are marked by strong sense and rare judicial wisdom. The

section on *The Final Consummation* is very beautiful, though perhaps a little extravagant on the subject of art.

We cannot refrain from congratulating Mr. Banks on his admirable translation, which evinces a mastery of the language *into* which he translates.

The Student's Commentary of the Holy Bible. Founded on the Speaker's Commentary. Abridged and Edited by J. M. Fuller, M.A. Vol. IV.—John Murray.—This volume, which comprises the Old Testament books from Isaiah to Malachi, is, in our judgment, decidedly the best of the four. The process of condensing two large octavo volumes into one small octavo is very skilfully accomplished. 'The student,' as distinguished from the more advanced scholar, will find the book of great service. Dr. Kay's Commentary on Isaiah is, on the whole, admirably judicious, though we question the accuracy of the interpretation of chapter xviii. The Dean of Canterbury's Commentary on Jeremiah and the Lamentations is the best with which we are acquainted. The Commentaries on Ezekiel and Daniel will be found very helpful. The defence of the contemporaneousness of Daniel's prophecy is of great force. The annotations on Jonah are comparatively poor, and those on Hosea are not equal to those on the greater prophets. In the note on Joel ii. 13, we find the unguarded and unwarranted deduction that 'the power of human repentance is unbounded.' The condensing is sometimes overdone, as where we are told, in the note on Daniel vii. 27, '*Then*, as Christians believe, the Father and the Son *will be one*.'

The Pulpit Commentary: Exodus. Exposition and Homiletics. By Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A. Homilies by various Authors. London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.—This is the bulkiest volume yet issued in the series. It contains nearly eight hundred closely-printed pages. A happier choice of an expositor upon *Exodus* than Canon Rawlinson could not have been made. His researches into ancient history, and especially his attainments as an Egyptologist, give him eminent qualifications for commenting upon a book which describes the deliverance of Israel from Egypt, and for comparing the Mosaic legislation with other systems and customs extant at its promulgation. The comment throughout reveals not merely learning, but also conscientious care and genuine reverence for Holy Writ. It does not waste words, but is quite full enough for its purpose. Canon Rawlinson's skill as an expositor is not limited to matters upon which ancient history throws light. Here and there he writes a note of high theological merit and exegetical acuteness, as, for example, that upon the true meaning of God's revelation of Himself by His name Jehovah. The Introduction, too, is ably written, though it deals only with the more general aspects of the questions of which it treats. One of its most valuable sections traces the march of the Israelites from Goshen to Sinai. It exposes the *bizarre*, but taking theory of Dr. Brugsch, and indicates the probable route with unusual clearness. Some little curiosity attaches to the homiletic work of an author who has won his reputation upon quite other fields. On the whole, his homilies are excellently done and evidently with real relish. A little less stiffness and a little more warmth might be desired, and perhaps a little more compression; but the homilies are thoughtful, not unspiritual, and generally sound.

The Homilies *by various authors* strike us as among the best that have yet been published in this *Commentary*, particularly some by Mr. Orr, though his colleagues are his worthy rivals. The editors leave the writers quite free to follow their own bent and exhibit their own views, and the different writers seem to have been unacquainted with each other's contributions. Some repetition of thought results, but more individuality. Canon Rawlinson's moderate High-Churchmanship has its counterpart in the very different views of at least two of the other writers. Altogether this volume is a welcome addition to English expository literature.

The Preacher's Analyst and Help in Preparation for the Pulpit. Edited by the Rev. J. J. S. Bird, B.A. Volume V. London: Elliot Stock.—Some overworked Preachers might pick up a hint or two from this volume, and it contains a passable sermon or two; but we cannot conceive that it can be of much use to anybody. We have no great regard for books of this kind, and this weakly, commonplace specimen falls below the level of most of its congeners.

Sacred Songs and Solos, Nos. 1 and 2 combined. Compiled and Sung by Ira D. Sankey. London: Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.—This volume contains all the original two hundred and seventy-one sacred songs and solos (No. 1), together with the new hymns and tunes, psalms and para-

hrases in No. 2; making in all 441 ieces. Separately these volumes are oo well-known to need comment, and he combination will be a great conve- ience to the lovers of Mr. Sankey's usic. We would, however, call atten- ion to one hymn—*My Ain Countrie*—a cotch song marked by true poetic feel- ng as well as spiritual truth. In further levelopments of his songs and solos, we ope to see Mr. Sankey produce many imilar and equally brilliant gems.

The Great Prophecies concerning the Gentiles, the Jews, and the Church of God. By G. H. Pember, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton.—This volume proceeds from the Futurist and Literalist school of interpretation, but it is an extremely favourable specimen of its class. We have none of the violence of language, extravagance of representation, and grossness of colouring that too frequently disfigure the books which set forth similar views of unfulfilled pro- phecy. Mr. Pember has the faculty of expressing thought in clear language, and is evidently by no means destitute of scholarship. The three divisions of the subject-matter of prophecy enumerated on the title-page, are not altogether arbitrary; indeed, they are as just as they are serviceable, provided they are understood to relate only to the contents of the revelation. But this is quite another thing than the classification of revelations under three heads, so that a prophecy that speaks of one can have no connection with the rest. The inference drawn is that the Jews must for ever remain without the Church, that therefore the removal of the Church from earth must precede their conversion.

The key to Mr. Pember's system is his treatment of Daniel's seventy weeks. According to him, the sixty-ninth week terminated with our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The next day began the indefinite 'times of the Gen- tiles,' which are a mere intercalary period left out of the computation because the word to Daniel referred only to the Jews. The events of the seventieth week are yet future. Nebuchadnezzar's dream describes the progress of the times of the Gentiles which are not yet ended. The ten toes have yet to grow out of the feet. Of course the ten horns of the fourth wild beast have yet to spring up, and the little horn is anti- Christ. He is to be a prince who shall govern the whole known world, *i.e.*, the Eastern hemisphere. He must be a re-incarnated spirit, one of five Cæsars, probably Nero. Before he arises, watch- ing believers are to be suddenly caught up to meet the Lord in the air. Then follows the great tribulation, resulting from the tyranny of the Lawless One.

It is impossible within our space to discuss this theory. Three objections seem fatal to it: the interval between the sixty-ninth and the seventieth week is a pure invention; chronological cal- culations account for the whole four hundred and ninety years; and the existence of the American Continent prevents *such* a reign of anti-Christ *as Mr. Pember pictures*. That Lawless One, according to the supposition, can rule over only an enlarged Roman empire. His government directly inflicts the tribula- tion which is to come upon all the world. The contradiction is glaring and irrecon- cilable.

About one-third of the volume consists of an exposition of the 'seven parables' and the epistles to the seven churches. Mr. Pember attempts to show that each series is a prophetic view of the progress of the Church on earth. He writes a great deal that is highly ingenious, and not unfrequently something that is exegetically and spiritually suggestive. But the whole scheme lacks solid ground to rest upon. Take a single example; the parable of the mustard-seed must foretell an illegitimate and impious ex- tension of the Kingdom of God, because the fowls of the air lodge in the branches of the tree, and in the parable of the sower the birds represent the wicked one!

Mr. Pember strongly insists that the end of the age is approaching. This faith may be held without accepting all the reasons given for it in this volume. Assuredly the signs of the times afford abundant stimulus to Christians to take heed that they be found watching.

Fac-simile Reprint Collection of Psalms and Hymns. Charles-Town, 1737. *With Preface by the Rev. G. Osborn, D.D.—A Collection of Tunes set to Music, as they are commonly sung at the Foundery*, 1742. *T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.* — These fac-simile reprints are most interesting relics of early Method- ism; valuable not only as archæological curiosities, but still more as showing the prominence given by Mr. Wesley, even at the beginning of his ministerial career, to devotional singing. We have here, as we are told in the preface, what was in all probability the first congregational hymn-book published in our language. This collection, compiled when John Wesley had only the faith of a servant,

and not that of a son, is vastly inferior to the collection so dear to every true Methodist, which he was afterwards for so many years 'importuned to publish.' The substitution of Charles Wesley's hymns for some of the superabundance of Dr. Watts's was a great gain. But there are some grand old hymns in the little book before us, and early versions of others that have become familiar to us in a different form. The Tune-book was originally printed with the melody only; so that all might sing, and at the low price of sixpence, so that all might buy.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the gentlemen who have brought these books to light, and suffered them to be thus given to the general public.

Cædmon's Vision, and Other Poems. By Sarson C. J. Ingham, Author of 'The White Cross and Dove of Pearls.' Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.—Miss Ingham has already won her laurels in the fields of poetry and imaginative prose. This volume consists of a collection of poems, many of which have already appeared in various high-class magazines, with a few that have never before been published. In a modest preface, the authoress claims for her poems the quality of spontaneity, and no one can doubt that the claim is well founded. These are evidently the productions of a born, and not a made, poet. The gift of naturalness, one of the most necessary properties of true poetry, cannot be denied to Miss Ingham.

Perhaps a strict critic might desire that a little more labour had been bestowed on some of the poems. Occasionally the metre limps, when a very small amount of trouble might have furnished it with the proper number of perfectly-formed feet. But this defect is more than atoned for by lines and verses brimful of music. One of the finest of the secular poems is *The Last Days of St. Columba*, which has caught the placid, hopeful tone that befits a good man's end. There is a striking boldness of conception about *The Dual Nature*, the sentiment of which is well wedded to suitable verse. Nor must we overlook the pathetic beauty of *Neglect*, with its strong, yet comfortable teaching. The lines *Written on the Wreck of the Princess Alice* will be highly valued for their beautifully suggestive teaching on the mystery of sudden calamity.

The religious poems abound in true Christian aspiration and experience, and utter words of wise counsel. To our mind, the gems of the collection are the two sonnets on *Morning Prayer*, the exquisite Psalm, *Why art thou cast down*, and the lines on the *Ascension*, with their truthful interpretation of the Christian feeling and their striking spiritual lesson.

Appended to the volume is an early poem, entitled, *Claude; or, The Pastor's Request*. Juvenile it obviously is, but it shows descriptive and analytic powers of which an experienced writer might be proud. We would recommend all our readers who appreciate true poetry to purchase the volume. They will find that many of the poems will well repay frequent perusal.

The Preacher's Commentary on the Book of Ruth, with Critical and Exegetical Notes. By the Rev. W. Baxendale. R. D. Dickinson.—This book is made rather than *written*: it consists chiefly of quotations. Many of these, however, are apt and useful, and will serve 'the preacher.' Mr. Baxendale has shown considerable judgment in his selections, and his own comments are not to be despised; but it is a pity that he has mistaken himself for a poet. We are perplexed as to whether the following verse is a 'critical' or an 'exegetical' note:

> 'Longing for knowledge,
> Thirsting for truth,
> Loving fair virtue,
> Saying like Ruth,
> "I will go with thee
> Thine shall be mine;"
> Friendship it may chance
> Leaving behind.'

The Preacher's Complete Homiletical Commentary on the Old Testament: The Book of Proverbs. With copious Illustrations by the Rev. W. Harris. R. D. Dickinson.—Mr. Harris's own style is terse and proverb-like; but his observations are usually, though not always, commonplace. The extracts, from a wide range of writers, greatly enrich the work. The manly genius of Arnot brings the largest contribution; but he is well sustained by Plumptre, Trapp, Maclaren, Taylor, Wordsworth, Fausset, Adams, Delitzsch, Adam Clarke, and others. The *Homiletics* are good, and the *Critical Notes* will be found very useful.

The Book of Daniel. With copious Notes and Indices. By T. Robinson, D.D.—Dr. Robinson does not cite so freely as does Mr. Harris, but he culls extensively, and gives the extract in his own words. The Introduction deals briefly with the moot points relating to the Book of Daniel, and decides them wisely and rightly. The book is divided into sections consisting of 'Homiletics' and 'Exegetical Notes.' It is very far from

ing the ablest or the richest commentary on *Daniel*, but it is sufficiently itical for its purpose—that of helping eachers whose libraries are small, and hose homiletic faculty may be smaller ill; and it is not without a certain ther commonplace suggestiveness.

Hours with the Bible. Vol IV.: From choboam to Hezekiah. By Cunningham eikie, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.—nother solid instalment of Dr. Geikie's ell-projected and well-executed work, ie object of which is—as we have shown our notices of his former volumes—to esent Bible history in present modes speech, and to concentrate on that story the many-coloured rays of secur story, archæology, ethnology, travel, id physical science. He writes popurly and forcibly; he knows how to arshal his facts, and to base and conruct his reasonings. We are glad that, his Preface, he seizes the opportunity f making an honest protest against the ude conceits and the supercilious self-nceitedness of Dr. Robertson Smith. the body of the book also he incientally yet effectively exposes the ntenableness of Dr. Smith's positions. e are therefore all the more astonished find Dr. Geikie himself actually sugesting that the Zechariah who wrote the ophetic book which bears his name, ay have been Zechariah 'the companion and counsellor of Uzziah,' who ied about B.C. 750, although the prophet imself declares that his first revelation ame to him 'in the second year of arius' (Hystaspes) about B.C. 520! This a strange aberration. Dr. Geikie's odernising of prophetical language is ot always in the best taste, *e.g.*, where, stead of the passionate outburst, 'Mine eart is turned within Me, My repentings re kindled together. I will not execute he fierceness of Mine anger, I will ot return to destroy Ephraim' (Hosea i. 8, 9), we have this tame talk: 'My eart within Me is turned towards thee, ly pity is awakened. I will not arry out the heat of My wrath, I will ot utterly destroy Ephraim.' Notwithtanding these very occasional blemishes, he volume will be found very instructive to every student of the Bible.

Christian Baptism: Its Moral and Religious Significance, Educed from the Appeals to it in the New Testament. By Stephen P. Harvard. Manchester: Tubbs, Brook and Chrystal. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.—This is a very remarkable production, admirably reasoned and admirably worded. Mr. Harvard tells us that the pamphlet embodies 'the thoughts of many years on the subject.' This statement is fully borne out by the ripeness of the result now placed before us. Mr. Harvard has deserved well of Methodism by presenting us just at this juncture with a tractate at once so thorough and so temperate, on a doctrine of so great importance. He also informs us, 'I have employed a friend to condense and edit my material.' The vigorous condensation to which the copious material has been subjected, as if by some process of hydraulic pressure, accounts, to a great extent, for the charm of the scholarly style in which the work is written. The reader will be struck with the genuine eloquence of some passages, and with the pathetic beauty of others—especially those relating to the burial of our Lord. But he will find no force-pump rhetoric.

The 'Advertisement,' which does duty for a Preface, also states, 'Room has been gained by omitting almost entirely all reference by name to other men's views.' This exemplary exercise of Christian prudence has secured a vast saving of type and time and temper. The importance of ballooning to strategy is, just now, being earnestly advocated. Assuredly, argumentative aeronautics are invaluable in theological polemics. Of this we have here a fine proof. Our author soars steadily far above the smoke and dust of controversy—the dogmatic 'warcloud rolling dim'—into 'regions mild of pure and serene air.' There is a tinge of wholesome sarcasm in the notice: 'These chapters, besides, have been written to the level of purely English intelligence.' The strong Saxon sense which pervades this treatise adds greatly to its force.

In our judgment, Mr. Harvard has rendered impregnable his leading position: 'The most prominent idea of Baptism found in the New Testament is that of binding to some duty.' There are some points, however, which our author does not sufficiently bring out; for example, the fact that St. Paul, as well as St. John (in his Gospel), distinctly regards preaching—the direct Ministry of the *Word*—as a higher and more *vital* function than baptizing. Yet Paul most certainly attaches to Baptism very great importance. In his argument with regard to Baptism unto Moses, also our author loses sight of the 'little ones' born in the wilderness; and he does not explain why Baptism unto Moses was not needed by every Israelite in succeeding generations. A link in his chain of reasoning here wants closing. We cannot

agree with his interpretation of 'baptized for the dead.' Luke ix. 60 is not a parallel passage.

We also think that Mr. Harvard exaggerates the antithesis between Romans vi. 1 etc., and Colossians ii. 12; and the chapter on 'Born of water and the Spirit,' strikes us as inferior to the other chapters, both in argument and exegesis. Some parts of it are not 'written to the level of purely English intelligence,' and are not in close harmony with the rest of the treatise.

On the whole, this is a triumphant vindication of the evangelical doctrine of Baptism, as against the ecclesiastical doctrine in any one of its multiform presentations.

Hand-Books for Bible-Classes. Scottish Church History. By Rev. N. L. Walker. T. and T. Clark.—This very interesting and useful series, several successive volumes of which we have already called attention to, is an outbirth of the wisdom and fidelity of some leading minds in the Free Church of Scotland. They are awake to the duty of indoctrinating the young people under their charge in sound Scriptural knowledge; in what they themselves regard as pure Biblical theology; and in the Church principles of their own denomination, and the religious history of their own country and community. It is high time that Methodism should follow this good example. We have done, and are doing, a great deal for our Sunday-schools; but our week-day Bible-classes are comparatively unprovided for. Moreover, our own Church history and Church polity have a more living connection with the spirituality of our people than is generally supposed.

The volume on the 'Confession of Faith,' reviewed by us some months ago, and this on Scottish Church History, give to this series a denominational and provincial stamp, but each has its own independent interest and instructiveness. The volume now before us is, however, very far from faultlessness. It is not a model of good English, to be put into the hands of young readers. It would have been much the better for a little mellowing. The author, whilst justly exposing the intolerance of Erastianism, is himself infected with the harsh and cramping spirit of the olden time. He betrays an asperity which, in the year of grace 1882, ought to be out of date in Protestant and Presbyterian teaching. He gives not only a pitiably narrow, but an ungenerous and even unjust view of the noble Archbishop Leighton. He breathes a harsh, biting, Easterly spirit altogeth out of harmony with the rest of the serie He introduces, often unnecessarily, pol tical matters; and in writing on *T Revolution Establishment* assumes th tone of a political pamphleteer. This the more to be regretted as that Estal lishment is remarkably well described.

The author, is, moreover, generall right in his estimate of character: fo example, in the cases of Claverhouse an Carstairs. He puts forth a most repre hensible palliation of wrong-doing an even outrage when perpetrated on th right side: such as the murder of Arch bishop Sharp, and the inhuman 'Rabblin of the Curates:' crimes more worthy o Popish Ireland, or half-heathen Russi than of Presbyterian Scotland. Tru he does not justify, but he apologizes fo and extenuates these enormities to th very verge of justification.

Nevertheless, not a few of the chapter are of a great interest and value, espe cially those on *The Revolution Establish ment, the Era of Moderatism*, and *Th Evangelical Revival*. His account o 'the Praying Societies,' and of the effect of the Union on the Church of Scotland are also solid contributions to Church History.

The Secret of Power, and other Sermons By Alexander Maclaren, D.D. London Macmillan and Co.—This volume fully sustains its author's wide and well-wor reputation as one of the greatest, and bet ter still, one of the most useful preachers of the age. The eager welcome which any book from the pen of Dr. Maclaren is sure to receive is one of the most reassuring signs of the times. Alexander Maclaren is *first of all* a *Preacher of the Gospel* His tacit and yet all-controlling principle as a Preacher is *Christ first, Christ last, Christ midst, and without end.* Abreast of, where not in advance of, the thinkings of the times, in full and vital sympathy with 'his own generation,' he yet 'with the heart...believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth' maketh 'confession unto salvation'—his own and that of them that hear him.

Firmness of conviction is the first impression one receives on listening to or reading Dr. Maclaren; conviction seen in the calm, simple, easy, manly bearing; in the energetic articulation, in the fervid tenderness of tone, and in the strong tidal upflow of blended thought and feeling, like the palpitating, breaking, yet resistless rollers of a phosphorescent sea. Add to these high qualities an unostentatious wealth of illustration, a vocabulary at once vernacu

r and classic, a penetrative, expository tuition, the judicial insight of 'him at is spiritual,' and not seldom the own-sweeping *afflatus*—'the vision and e faculty divine.'

Two of the sermons in this volume, *Measureless Power and Endless Glory* (Ephesians iii. 20, 21) and *Love's Triumph* (Romans viii. 38, 39), were first published in this Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. HINDSON,

LATE OF ALFORD.

IRS. GRACE HINDSON was born in 807, being the daughter of Mr. ohn Smith, a tradesman of Montose, who was for many years a illar in the little Wesleyan Society n that ancient burgh, and the Gaius ost of all Methodist Preachers jourieying in the east of Scotland. His amily was noted for strict piety and ttachment to Methodism, which was n Scotland in those days a 'sect verywhere spoken against.' 'John Smith and his sachs dachters' were a roverb in the town for attendance t the early prayer-meetings and reachings then so frequent.

Mrs. Hindson's mother was the laughter of William Sanderson, one f the early Methodist Preachers, a ative of Birstal, who travelled in Scotland, and finally 'sat down' there. She was remarkable for force of character, shrewdness, and very decided nd independent views both of men nd things. Her daughter Grace nherited these qualities, though in a nore refined and gentle form. According to her own recollections, she was a somewhat giddy, irrepressible girl—a fact which made her in after ife particularly patient and apt in lealing with troublesome children, nd especially with volatile girls. No loubt the natural buoyancy and high spirit which carried her through so many trials in after life fretted at times against the strict discipline then prevailing in Christian households, especially in the severer North; from which now-a-days, it may be feared, we are too far departing. The loss of three sisters in rapid succession, one of them, nearest to herself in age, especially beloved and a most devoted Christian, resulted in her thorough conversion to God at the age of nineteen. From that time she never 'looked back.' To her natural quickness of intelligence and charm of manner was added 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,' and from the beginning to the end of her Christian course, she '*adorned* the doctrine of God her Saviour,' and also made religion 'lovely and pleasant' in her household.

She was married to the Rev. J. C. Hindson in 1830, from whom she was parted by death in 1863. Her married life was one of perhaps unusual hardship and trial, even for a Methodist Preacher's wife in the more necessitous and troublous times of our fathers. Of the common sorrows she had a large share. One of her first wifely duties was to nurse her husband through a most dangerous attack of small-pox, which she did single-handed. Her own health was feeble for many years; and five children were taken from her in infancy, and another gifted daughter when just budding into womanhood, whose death was followed by that of her husband, stricken down in a single day. 'In all this she sinned not.' Her Christian fortitude and composure never failed her, though there were few to whom such bereavements could bring keener pangs. She 'behaved and quieted herself' as a weaned child.

In other respects her path was sometimes by no means easy. In one Circuit the house was so tiny as to afford but one bed-room, and that small. Two children were packed into a truckle-bed, while the youngest was

suspended in a sort of hammock by its side. In another very wide country Circuit, the scanty allowance of the Preacher was supplemented by a large garden, which, fortunately, Mr. Hindson knew how to turn to the utmost account, or his family must surely have starved. During his long and frequent absences from home the family were strict vegetarians; and he, good man, little suspected how often the delight with which they greeted him was heightened by the prospect of once more enjoying the taste of animal food. But she never complained, either abroad or at home. She strove to the utmost to relieve her husband of all household cares, that his care might be only for the Church of God. Lighter trials of a social kind she would sometimes refer to in later years with great pleasantry; for instance, how it troubled her, as a young Preacher's wife, that the pious Methodist dames in a certain country town set her down as *worldly*, because, let her try ever so hard to be plain, she could not help dressing with a little more taste and speaking with greater refinement than themselves. The Rev. John H. Lord, who was Mr. Hindson's colleague in 1842, describes her at this period in the following terms:

'She was a Christian lady whom once to know was never to forget. In her bearing there was a remarkable combination of grace and dignity, which as a youth greatly impressed me. Her intellectual superiority was marked and striking, and her intuitive appreciation of character, and the good-natured, playful satire with which she sought to correct the foibles of her youthful friends, and which left no sting, I well remember. "She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness;" and though the house was small and the stipend low, the order and comfort of her home, the manifest happiness of her husband, the neatness and pleasant manners of her children, all bore testimony to her thoughtful care, and tended to sustain her husband's ministry.'

Her seventeen years of widowhood she spent in living for her children, and as their demands on her care diminished, more and more for the Church of God. For the greater part of that time she was the active head of a large household, having taken the oversight of the boarding-school for young ladies established by her daughters at Alford. Here she appeared to great advantage. Her quiet energy and tact, united with penetration, and knowledge of character, and her watchful, motherly and Christian solicitude for every one about her, the humblest servant in the house not excepted, secured her the respect and confidence of those under her charge. As one of her pupils said, 'Hardly any of the girls left without being sensibly better for her influence.' She was one of those to whom young people instinctively turn for counsel and sympathy, and she was half-amused and half-embarrassed by the frequency with which her advice was sought, even by comparative strangers and in the most delicate matters.

She carried on a private Dorcas-meeting amongst the boarders of the school, seeking to train the girls in habits of care for the poor, and subsequently established a Mothers' Meeting in connection with the Mission Chapel at Alford, where she gathered a number of younger ladies who have continued the work with unabated interest. Engaged in this service, and in earlier years in district-visiting amongst the neglected poor, in which she was exceedingly diligent and fearless, she exercised, so far as her domestic cares allowed, the office of a Christian deaconess, never feeling herself called to the more active spiritual duties for which some women are so specially gifted.

In 1873 she retired from the school, and with her one remaining daughter lived in happy privacy. Her powers seemed but little impaired, and she was as self-forgetful

as ever; her hands and thoughts were constantly busy for her children and grandchildren, whose homes she visited in turn. But her sympathies were not confined to her own family. She had many friends, and their pursuits and plans, and the welfare of the Church and the good of society around her, lay very close to her heart; while her sweetness of temper and 'meekness of wisdom' made her presence a healing and elevating influence wherever she moved. She had learnt the secret of happiness in living for the good of others, 'losing her life' in theirs, 'for Christ's sake,' to 'keep it unto life eternal.'

But one trial remained, 'a sorrow turned into joy,' and that brought her the answer to the prayers of many anxious years. In 1879 her only son came home, after long wanderings, to his mother and to his mother's God—only to die. For eight months of lingering helplessness she watched over him, herself never leaving his side except for short intervals of need'd rest, though she had passed her threescore years and ten, nursing him both day and night, in mind as in body, her own hope and strength never flagging for an instant. She believed that, in answer to prayer, she was specially sustained throughout that long trial, as on some previous occasions, in physical as well as in spiritual strength. And indeed the wonderful courage, endurance and resource that she exhibited in emergencies of this kind fully justified her belief. So marvellous was the change in her dying son, that it was as if once more 'through faith,...women received their dead raised to life again.' He fell asleep in June, 1880, with a 'good hope through grace,' granted to her prayers and saved by her wise and loving ministry, though at 'the eleventh hour.'

After this she felt her work to be done, and was ready to say, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.' And so it proved. For a month or two she seemed little the worse for the strain she had passed through, and recovered much of her old vigour and animation. But a sudden and fatal reaction ensued. While on a visit to her eldest daughter, she was stricken down with heart-disease, and only with extreme difficulty could be brought home. Her physician at once pronounced her case hopeless, and expected an immediately fatal issue. But her life was still prolonged for four months, through her own perfect composure and self-possession and the assiduous care which she received from those on whom she had so long bestowed it. In her, 'patience' seemed already to have had 'its perfect work.' But those who waited on her and visited her will never cease to bless God that she was detained so long, her life hanging by a thread every day, without the slightest hope of recovery, but herself a perfect pattern of contentedness, of radiant cheerfulness and hope, of self-forgetfulness and watchful care for others, of joy in God, not exultant, but abounding and constant.

Her sick-room was as a heaven on earth, a sacred yet cheerful spot, where no sad complaints, no 'murmuring thought or vain' could be heard or entertained. She lived evidently in those last days as she had done secretly for many a year, on the Word of God. And next to that, Wesley's Hymns were oftenest called for and repeated. She also found great delight in Mrs. Fletcher's Memoir, which she had re-read to her in her illness; and in the Memoirs of Miss Havergal, as well as in the hymns and spiritual songs of the latter sainted lady. But there was no book more blessed to

her at this time than Adolphe Monod's *Farewell*, a volume of short addresses delivered by that gifted French Minister on his death-bed to his friends and visitors, which is calculated to be of peculiar value to intelligent Christians in hours of mortal sickness.

At last the brave, struggling heart ceased to beat. Early on New Year's Sunday morning, January 2nd, 1881, painlessly and almost insensibly, she passed away, leaving behind her the memory of a life singularly consistent and beautiful, and complete in the combinations of quality and experiences of trial that go to make up a perfect Christian womanhood.

G. G. F.

OBITUARY.

MRS. STOTT, of Greetland, was born there in 1800. In early life she gave evidence that the privileges of Christian example at home and of a religious training were not lost upon her. She became a Methodist when about fifteen years of age, and met in a Class held at her father's house and led by her sainted mother. At home, then as afterwards, she was seen to great advantage. She opened 'her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue was the law of kindness.' She was of strict integrity in all her dealings. Her piety was unostentatious, but earnest and cheerful; the fruit of the Spirit was clearly manifested in her character. She possessed a happy 'meek and quiet spirit.'

In her mental conflicts, and in the many outward trials of which during her long life, and especially during thirty-four years of widowhood, she had her share, she sought at all times to cast her care on her Almighty and loving Father. She was very fond of the conversation of good people, and derived much pleasure and profit from reading. Next to her Bible, she enjoyed the Wesleyan-Methodist Magazines, and the works which issued from the Book-Room and similar sources; but records of the triumphs of the Cross were especially dear to her. The words of the poet were exemplified in her:

'Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there.
All worldly joys were less
Than this one joy of doing kindnesses.'

She early became a Christian worker. Sunday-school work engaged her attention prior to her marriage, and for years after it: a pleasing contrast to the custom prevailing now-a-days, when classes often suffer from want of a teacher who is reported 'married, and therefore cannot come.' Her attendance upon the public and social means of grace was most exemplary. In everything relating to the Cause and the house of God she took a very deep interest. In all the trials and conflicts and loss which the Society sustained, she cheerfully bore her share. Her hospitality was abounding. Her house was the home of the Preachers, local and itinerant. Her last public act was the laying of a memorial stone of a new suite of rooms erected for the use of the young people connected with the Society. It was performed in feebleness. Her wish was that her life might be spared to see the building completed and out of debt. Her prayer was heard.

Her rather long affliction was borne with exemplary patience: her physical sufferings were as nothing to bear when compared to the trial of her not being able to join in the services of the sanctuary. Left sometimes alone during the last few months of her life, she nevertheless felt not the weariness of solitude. Cheerful and active, with her no moment lingered unemployed. She was kept in perfect peace, and in her Saviour's love. She testified to that love by an act of benevolence which clearly showed that the interests of her Master's kingdom were dear to her. Resting on the Atonement, she fell on sleep. For sixty-three years she was a member of the Methodist Society, and 'adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things.'

G. B.

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NOVEMBER, 1882.

TWO TYNESIDE METHODISTS.

MRS. WATERS, OF HEXHAM.

BY THE REV. R. W. G. HUNTER.

MARGARET WATERS was born at Hexham, September 2nd, 1779, and died at the same place, on July 18th, 1879. Had she lived six weeks longer she would have been a hundred years old.* A special interest attaches to her life in the fact that it ran on so far beyond the ordinary range of mortal existence. She entered the world nearly twelve years before Mr. Wesley left it; in the very year in which he preached his last sermon at the Foundery. Methodism was then the youngest, and in point of numbers, the smallest of the leading Evangelical denominations. She lived to see it the largest Protestant Church in the world. More than this, she was herself a most interesting and consistent representative of old Methodism. She prayed, and sang, and walked, and worked, and lived, and died—*an early Methodist.* We have never known a life, the chronicle of which, by reason of its Wesleyan association, its old-world interest, could be more appropriate to the pages of the Magazine, which first saw the light only the year before Mrs. Waters was born, than that which is now submitted to its readers.

We have before us a pile of letters written to a friend by Mrs. Waters' own hand, during the last twelve years of her life, besides portions of diary, notes of her life taken down from her own lips, and other miscellaneous matters. Let us from such inviting material make a very small and self-denying selection, that we may within the space assigned to us present the story of her life.

John and Margaret Cooke, Mrs. Waters' parents, being members of the Established Church, and tolerant of the world and its ways, had little sympathy with the new style the Methodists were introducing. So they took their little girl with them on Sundays to the Abbey Church, and encouraged in her a taste for cards, dancing, and other orthodox amusements of the church-people and clergy of the times. It was not quite possible, however, to keep her from seeing and hearing much that ultimately gave that direction to her life from which she never afterwards swerved. Mr.

* Mrs. Waters belonged to a long-lived family. The aggregate ages of her father, mother, brother, sister, and herself amounted to 435 years, being an average of 87 for each.

Wesley paid several visits to Hexham—a place rich in historic memories. Mrs. Waters, in her later life, often quoted those characteristic references to these visits which appear in his Journals. On the last of these occasions she heard him preach; and it was this most interesting and noteworthy incident in her life, added to her extreme longevity, which made her sweet little villa the scene of pilgrimage to so many good Methodist antiquarians, and even of ladies of high degree.* I do not know that there was, in 1879, another person living in England who had heard Mr. Wesley preach; at any rate, who could remember him, and that she did most distinctly. The occasion on which little Margaret Cooke actually listened to the founder of Methodism would be probably his last visit to Hexham (as recorded in his Journals), June 3rd, 1790. She was then eleven years of age. The sermon was preached in the Abbey Church. There was a great crowd. She could not hear much. She had, however, a most clear recollection of the person of the great preacher and of the excitement his visit produced in the town. Some time after this she heard Dr. Coke. He was entertained by one of her relatives, Mr. Robert Whitfield, brother of George Whitfield, the Book-Steward. Another incident which she was accustomed to mention will possess interest for some. A question had been raised in Parliament whether the remains of the last Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1716, were interred at Dilston. A commission was sent down, the vault was opened, and the body was found in a lead coffin. Margaret Cooke, then a little girl, was present. The head was placed in her hands and a tooth was given her, which remained for a long time in the possession of the family, and was religiously regarded all round the country-side as a potent charm for the toothache. The Aurora lights appearing about the same time had in the superstitious minds of the natives, some of whom still sigh for the old glories of 'bonnie Dilston Hall,' some connection with the wrongs of the House of Radcliffe, and were called, 'The Derwentwater Lights.'

Margaret was sent to a school at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and this step had quite unintentionally on the part of her parents some influence on her subsequent religious history. She revisited Newcastle in 1800, and lodged with some friends in a house immediately opposite Mr. Wesley's Orphan House. On Christmas Day, at five o'clock in the morning, being astir, her attention was arrested by the lively singing of the congregation over the way. The Methodists were holding their early prayer-meeting. She listened, and as she listened was greatly moved. The Holy Spirit wrought powerfully upon her. That hymn, sung by those pious men and women on that dark, winter morning, though she could not hear the words, was a message from God unto her. She resolved to give up cards, dancing, and other vanities of the world.

On the morning of September 2nd, 1802, the twenty-third anniversary

* Amongst others, Lady Petre had a most interesting interview with her three years before her death.

of her birth, she woke in great terror. She had dreamed the world would be destroyed in two days, and that she had to be the first to be destroyed. Relieved to find it was only a dream, she went to sleep again. Once more she woke from the same dream, and in a greater fright than before. Again she fell asleep, and for the third time dreamed her dream. She saw the pit—her 'portion,' as she thought. She started from her sleep in the greatest agitation. Her parents, alarmed by her cries, fearing that she was ill, hastened to her. They found her praying. In an agony of dread she implored them to pray for her, but that they could not do. She herself hardly knew what to pray for; but she vowed that she would not play at cards, nor do any other sinful or doubtful thing. It was bruited abroad that she had lost her reason. That report, however, was not a matter for regret, for the story reached the ears of the excellent wife of the Rev. G. Holder, the Superintendent of the Hexham Circuit, who attributed her distress to the directly opposite cause. She at once sought out Miss Cooke, and showed her that 'the Spirit was working in her.' Mr. Stobart, whose name will always be associated with the early days of Hexham Methodism, was also of great assistance to her. By the advice of these good people Miss Cooke began to seek salvation in earnest. She attended the chapel, and began to meet in Class. This was a bold step in those days, and it met with no small opposition from her parents. She continued for some time in great distress about her spiritual state.

In 1814, Miss Cooke was married to Mr. William Waters, a Methodist Class Leader. One evening when present at a revival service at the chapel she was powerfully wrought upon. She remained to the prayer-meeting, and was enabled to trust in her Saviour. She could not sleep, but gave praise to God all the night long. After this she became the teacher of a large adult class in the Sunday-school, a visitor of the sick, and in other ways threw herself heartily into the life and work of the Church of her adoption. One form of service brought with it a great blessing, which she often referred to in after years. It was a time of great poverty in the Hexham Circuit, and the stewards were not able to maintain the ministers; so four families lodged and boarded them in turn, three months at a time. Mrs. Waters was one of this hospitable quaternion, and greatly did she and her husband enjoy and benefit from the society of the holy men whom they entertained.

It is often the lot of those who live long to be left almost alone. They see their companions and their children, and even their children's children, carried to the tomb. Mrs. Waters lost her husband in 1856, then her brother, her sister, her daughter, her granddaughter. Some were left, but many more were taken.

The writer of this memoir met with Mrs. Waters for the first time in 1867. She was then eighty-eight years of age. From the time of her decision she had never faltered in her allegiance to Christ. An intimate friendship of twelve years could not but reveal her true character. Mrs. Waters was scrupulously truthful. She was a woman of business, and was

not likely to be imposed upon, but was strictly just in all her dealings. Nor was she without the opportunity of doing good and gladdening others with the slender means secured by a severe personal economy. Moreover, she was sociable and hospitable, and was never happier than when entertaining her friends. In her person and home she was the very picture of order and neatness. She was vexed at heart to hear frivolous talk, and often condemned herself in that she had not the moral courage to follow the example of a certain elect lady well-known on Tyneside, who when she wanted to stop the visits of some persistent and unprofitable caller, would propose to read to her a chapter in the Bible, with the never-failing result either of curing her of her frivolousness or of cutting off the intercourse. Still, Mrs. Waters could be faithful when duty demanded, and could speak 'a word in season.' She was not without a vein of humour, and would indulge now and then in a quaint, good-natured sally, which never missed the mark. She was good company. It was interesting to hear her speak of people she had known. She had noted the early promise of Joseph Parker and of Nevison Loraine, both Local Preachers at the same time in the Hexham Circuit. She would talk of the great Northumbrian families, and how they fought the county elections in 'the good old days' when George the Third was King. She was well versed in the folk-lore of 'the North Countree.'

She possessed a large stock of old-fashioned wisdom and knowledge, was shrewd and penetrating in her observation, and was rarely deceived in her estimate of character. With all this she had a woman's large and tender sympathies, and was swift in help. She possessed in an eminent degree the grace of humility, and, being anxious to learn, she was not ashamed to ask a question. She was athirst for Divine knowledge, and was a great reader. Her Bible was nearly always open. One who visited her often, used to say that he 'never knew any one who had such a knowledge of Scripture.' She had read Mr. Wesley's works,—journals, sermons, treatises, pamphlets, letters. She was familiar with the other great Methodist classics, and with all the standard biographies. A succession of young Ministers lodged at her house during some of the last years of her life; and we are safe in the presumption that they would not greatly exceed her either in the amount or the quality of their reading. Moreover, she reflected upon and remembered what she read. She understood Methodist doctrine, and knew perfectly well when she heard or read a sermon that was not sound. In reference to her attainments as a Christian, she was fearful, and often reproached herself severely. Her great anxiety to possess at all times the clearest evidence of the Divine favour, acting along with an extreme conscientiousness, amounted almost to a temptation, hindering her joy.

Her activity, physical and mental, was extraordinary for her age. Rising betimes she would, with the exception of an hour in the afternoon which she allowed herself for rest, be continuously occupied until about ten

at night in reading, knitting, and domestic matters, almost to the end of her life. We have received the following communication from the amiable and accomplished Vicar of Grove Park West, the Rev. Nevison Loraine:

'Mrs. Waters was one of my early recollections. In my boyhood even she was among the elders. Her memory reached back to the days of Wesley, and that great religious revival of which he was the most honoured instrument; and the vivid impress of those early days of the Methodist movement was indelibly stamped upon her character, her habits, and even her dress. She was truly a *primitive* Methodist. I was too young, when I had frequent opportunities of meeting Mrs. Waters, to form any discriminating estimate of her character; and for very many years I have only paid her brief calls at long intervals; but these visits deepened and enlarged my views of her devout and consistent piety, and were refreshing glimpses of an aged Christian ripening for the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Even though verging on a hundred years of age, Mrs. Waters retained considerable bodily activity and remarkable mental vigour. I generally found her, on my visits, busy with her Bible, or some early Wesleyan literature. Her reading, however, took a wider range, and she seemed ever anxious to know more of Him whom she trusted so fully and loved so well. Mellow in character, she has passed within the veil, and left another vacancy in the school of good old-fashioned Methodists.'

A few extracts from her correspondence will illustrate some features of her character. The first is from a letter written when she was ninety-one years of age:

'*Sept.* 23*rd*, 1870.

'My soul is athirst for more of the love of God. Hymn 201 suits me, especially the fourth verse.'

'*Jan.* 18*th*, 1871.

'I had all my daughter's family at dinner on Christmas-day. It was a solemn time *to me*. I warned them all to meet me in heaven. It is not likely that I shall be here next Christmas.'

'*July* 4*th*, 1871.

'I do not write much now, my granddaughter writes for me; but to you I must try to write myself..... I have been reading Mr. Wesley's Letters. He is often at ——. He had to expel careless members there. I fear the Rules are not attended to now-a-days as they ought to be..... I am thankful for my sight. The Bible and other good books I often read without my glasses.'

'*August* 13*th*, 1872.

'I have been to Newcastle for nearly three weeks.'

Mrs. Waters kept a diary during her visit to Newcastle. She was now ninety-three years of age. She attended the services at Brunswick Place Chapel both on Sundays and week-nights, besides visiting the principal places of interest. On July 20th we have this entry:

'Drove to Walker to see the ship launched—the *Durham Castle*.'

'*May* 30*th*, 1873.

'I find myself weaker in body, but I can manage my affairs yet.'

She visited Newcastle for the last time in October, 1876, at the age of ninety-seven, accomplishing nearly as much as on her previous visit.

One or two extracts from the last letter *written by her own hand* to the same friend:

'*May* 10*th*, 1878.

'I began to knit you a cover for a table. Have not been able to finish it. E—— helped me one half. I have knitted it in my ninety-ninth year. I feel thankful for a Saviour that can present me perfect through the Atonement.'

Up to within a very few years of her death, Mrs. Waters was able to attend the services at the Hexham Chapel, sometimes walking, though the distance was considerable. In the winter a cottage-service was held in her kitchen, the Nonconformist Ministers of the town preaching in turn. These services she greatly prized. When she became too infirm to go out, she would hold a little service with her maid on Sunday evenings, giving out the hymn, verse by verse, and raising the tune herself. Then would follow prayer and the reading of the Word.

It was her custom, when there was no one else in the house to do it, to conduct family worship herself twice every day. She would first read the portion for the day from Spurgeon's *Morning by Morning*, or *Evening by Evening*, and would then offer prayer. This she continued up to the day before her last illness. It was her habit to retire twice every day for private prayer.

About six weeks before her death she had a presentiment that the end was approaching. One day, a fortnight after this, she said, 'I am not so *clear* as I ought to be.' Then came temptations, which were conquered and followed by increased confidence. Her faith in the Atonement was confirmed, and she was not afraid to die.

Her last illness was very short. She caught cold, and a severe attack of bronchitis followed. She knew that she was dying. Psalm xxiii., 1 Cor xv. and Rev. xxii. were read to her by her request. She then sang feebly, 'Jesu, Lover of my soul.' When one remarked to her, 'You are in the valley,' she replied with her usual quickness, 'Yes, but it is only the shadow.' Looking at those around her, she asked, 'What should I have done if I had had to seek Christ now?' and urged them to be ready. A friend enquired, 'Are you happy?' 'Yes.' 'Is Jesus precious?' 'Yes.' 'Are you going to heaven?' 'Yes; I have got *the invitation*.' Shortly after this she became unconscious, and entered peacefully into rest.

Several of her relatives and friends were present at the close. One who would have been there if it had been possible now reverently lays this tribute of affection on her grave.

Would not Bunyan's words describe the passing away of Margaret Waters? '*So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the River were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the City gate. So she came forth, and entered the River, with a beckon of farewell to those who followed her.*'

MR. SAMUEL SOUTHERN, OF GATESHEAD.

BY THE REV. ROBERT COOKE.

'BEHOLD an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile'—the testimony given by the Lord Jesus to an amiable disciple—has often had an appropriate application and confirmation in the holy and consistent lives of Christian people; and conspicuously in him who is the subject of the following memoir. His Christian simplicity, genuine humility, transparent integrity, and uniform goodness were clear and unmistakable evidences that he was a sincere disciple—'not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.'

SAMUEL SOUTHERN was born at Usworth, Durham, in 1810. His parents were godly. It was their prayerful and constant endeavour to bring up their children 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;' and great was their joy to see them as they grew up give themselves to Christ and His Church. Samuel was constrained in early life to consecrate himself to God. His subsequent life gave satisfactory evidence of the reality of his conversion.

Having experienced the great spiritual change, Mr. Southern felt the love of Christ constraining him to a life of usefulness in the Church. His first efforts were in connection with the Sabbath-school, first as a teacher and subsequently as superintendent in the school at Usworth; and when he removed to Gateshead he was appointed as superintendent of the Wesleyan Methodist Sabbath-school there. His intelligent piety, punctuality and fidelity invariably gained the esteem and hearty co-operation of the workers in the school. He was an ardent lover of children, always ready to promote their temporal and spiritual welfare. He watched over the teachers and children with parental affection. His aim was not merely the instruction, but also the conversion of the scholars. In the earlier period of his religious life he was accustomed to keep a diary, the interesting records in which indicate his constant recognition of the Divine providence and his spiritual progress. He found this practice profitable, as leading to self-examination and stimulating to watchfulness and prayer. A very important document has been found among his papers in the form of a covenant with God, dated and signed. This covenant clearly proves that his motto was: 'For to me to live is Christ.' Two years after writing it he signed it a second time, as a testimony of his gratitude to God for restoration to health from a severe affliction through which he had passed. This solemn engagement he endeavoured to fulfil with untiring diligence and fidelity.

When a young man, Mr. Southern was appointed to the office of Class Leader, the duties of which he fulfilled with singular devotion and success. His method of conducting his Class never failed to promote the edification of the members. The selection of suitable hymns, the lively singing, the reading of the Holy Scriptures, with brief exposition, the faithful counsel, and the fervent prayer, often made the Class-meeting the gate of

heaven. Such is the testimony of many who have been associated with him in Christian fellowship. For some time he conducted a large Class of young men with marked efficiency. He devoted a considerable portion of his time to devising means for their mental, moral, and spiritual improvement. He had the satisfaction of seeing many of those young men established in the faith, and consecrating themselves to the service of God. Several of them have declared that they owe their conversion to God to the wise counsels, judicious advice, and earnest prayers of Mr. Southern. Some of them are now occupying important positions in the Church. Mr. W. C. Thomlinson, Circuit Steward, says: 'The morning when Mr. Southern took me to the Sunday-school was the first link of a chain of influences and associations which he wove around my young life and habits, and which, I thank God, have been mighty safeguards of my Christian life.'

The Rev. T. Rippon says: 'Mr. Southern was my father in Christ, and my first and only Class Leader. I was converted in his Class-meeting; and I owe an indebtedness under God to his example and counsel before any one else and any other thing in the world. I am not alone in bearing this testimony. Very many remember him as the dearest friend and counsellor they ever had. Now that he is gone, earth seems poorer, but heaven is richer. He has gone hence; but, thank God, he has gone home!'

A young friend writes: 'We who have experienced seventeen years of his fatherly care and goodness, and have witnessed his great kindness towards us in many a trying instance, realize in Mr. Southern's death the loss of our truest and best friend.'

As an office-bearer in the Church he was faithful. His associates in Church-work bear uniform testimony to the punctuality, accuracy and diligence with which he fulfilled the duties of Society Steward, Circuit Steward, and Chapel Trustee. His attachment to the House of God was unwavering. It is impossible, in connection with the building of High West Street Chapel, to describe the mental and physical labour which he undertook, the incessant attention to the multifarious requirements during the progress of the building, and the liberality of himself and family. He said the chapel was 'like his own child.'

Next to his conversion to God, the most important event in Mr. Southern's history was his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Brown, of Gateshead. They 'married in the Lord,' and their union was sanctified and blessed by the Head of the Church. 'They were truly one in affection, purpose and work. Henceforth their house was like Bethany, where the Master and His servants always found a hearty welcome. A very large number of Christian Ministers and friends retain a pleasant recollection of their kindness and large-hearted hospitality. Their married life was one of uninterrupted happiness. Their daughter and only child was married in 1873, to Mr. T. F. Moorhouse, son of the Rev. Joseph Moorhouse, Wesleyan Minister. After a happy union of nearly four years, Mr. Moorhouse suddenly and mysteriously lost his life, on December 8th,

1876, by an escape of gas in the Atlas Chemical Works, Widnes, of which he was manager, leaving a widow and two children. He was an intelligent and consistent member of the Society, respected and loved by all who knew him. His position, general knowledge and genuine piety gave hopeful indications of a life of usefulness in the Church and in the world. Under this mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence, Mr. and Mrs. Southern bowed with Christian submission.

Mr. Southern's piety shone as brightly in the family as it did in the Church. Both he and his wife for many years encouraged by their testimony and example the good work of temperance.

In all his business transactions his godly principles were clearly exemplified, in his uprightness, punctuality, straightforwardness and disinterestedness. He was regular and constant in attendance at all the means of grace—especially the Class and Prayer meetings and week-day preaching. He had a high admiration for the Ministers of the Gospel. He habitually read and meditated on the Word of God. Prayer was his delight. In his family devotions there was often such a hallowed influence and deep sense of the Divine presence as clearly indicated that he lived in constant communion with God. He could say with the Honourable Robert Boyle: 'I use the Scriptures not only for arms and weapons to defend this or that party, or to defeat its enemies, but as a matchless temple where I delight to be; to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure, and to increase my awe, and excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adored.'

Mr. Southern had a strong faith in the *particular* Providence of God, and often said, 'We must not go *before*, but *follow* the Pillar and the Cloud.' In early life he was studying, and fully intended qualifying himself, for the medical profession, but owing to his father's almost losing his sight, he at once gave up his own cherished purpose, and went home to take charge of the business. It was his privilege to inherit the promise, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,.....that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.'

For about three years previous to his decease, the delicate state of his health compelled him to retire from the more active and public service of the Church. This was a great trial to him, and a great loss to the Church, especially in relation to his Class and the Prayer-meetings. But he did not murmur, for his will was brought into harmony with the Divine will.

Yet, in this comparative retirement he was not idle. His watchful anxiety and constant prayer for spiritual power and success occupied a considerable portion of his time in the quietude of his home. And when told of the conversion of sinners, immediately his eye would sparkle with joy, and his face beam with a heaven-lit complacency. If he occasionally spoke strongly, it was because of his innate and holy indignation against affectation, inconsistency and hypocrisy.

During his last illness the Chapel Anniversary was held, and on the

Saturday before he died he signed a cheque for a considerable amount for the collection; and on the following Monday he signed one for the Circuit Quarterly Meeting. It was one of his last acts; soon afterwards his hand forgot its cunning.

Looking at the whole round of his character, we see a blending of the Christian graces. His life may be described in the language of the Apostle: 'He that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness. Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.....Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.' During his affliction he was calm, resigned, and trusting in Jesus. When informed that special prayer was offered for him, he sweetly said, 'I believe in prayer.' His sufferings for a short time before his death were severe, till he sank into unconsciousness.

He fell asleep in Jesus on March 30th, 1881, aged seventy-one years. When the funeral took place, the great respect for his character was manifested by the vast concourse lining the streets as the *cortège* moved along.

He was one of the directors of the Gateshead Park Ironworks; and, at the first meeting of the Board after his death, they passed a resolution expressing their high appreciation of the 'strictly upright and honourable principles which guided him in all business affairs.' A Minister writes: 'Mr. Southern will be missed in the Gateshead Circuits, and in the North of England more than any man I know.' The Rev. J. Moorhouse says: 'Few men have lived, and thought, and cared, prayed and laboured more, both day and night, for the good of the Church than he.' A resolution was passed unanimously at the May District Meeting, of which he was a member, expressing the high opinion they entertained of Mr. Southern.

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES:

HUMAN RIGHTEOUSNESS ONLY ATTAINABLE BY SUBMITTING TO 'THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD.'

BY THE REV. F. W. BOURNE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE KING'S SON; OR, A MEMOIR OF BILLY BRAY,' ETC.

'For they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' —ROMANS x. 3, 4.

'THE righteousness which is of the law,' or that which is 'of faith,' is only a 'beam of that eternal Beam,' an emanation from the Fountain of all goodness and purity, a reflection of the one Divine, immortal splendour. 'The righteousness of God:' His truth, His justice, His holiness, His wisdom, and His love, blended in ineffable beauty and eternal perfection; the righteousness of God, which embraces and unites (O wonder of wonders, O glory of glories!) infinite hatred to sin with infinite love to the sinner; the righteousness of God, which can tolerate no defect, extenuate no fault, overlook no shortcoming, connive at no wrong, pass by no transgression; inflexible, inviolate;

and yet, ever ready and even resolute to pity the fallen, to enrich the poor, to comfort the miserable, to correct the erring, to restore the wanderer, to pardon the guilty, to save the lost; awful in purity, like a pillar of flame, terrible as 'a consuming fire;' yet tender, gentle, compassionate, merciful even to the vilest offender. The righteousness of God, at once the terror of every awakened sinner, and the joy of every humble believer, the fear and dread of every guilty conscience, and the hope and joy of every true penitent.

Until Martin Luther learned that 'the righteousness of God' in this Epistle simply meant God's own way of saving men by Jesus Christ without staining His glory; the whole book was to him an inexplicable enigma, a mystery and a terror. But no sooner was he taught by the Spirit of God the one truth essential to salvation, that 'the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe,' than the letter, 'in which are some things hard to be understood,' was instantly bathed in golden light; the mystery remains, but it is now a mystery of life, not of death, of grace, not of law, of present and eternal salvation, not of present and eternal ruin.

The world before and since the days of Luther has been making the same mistake as he at first made. It has so felt the need of righteousness as to make desperate efforts to attain unto it: now soaring to inaccessible heights, and then delving to unknown depths; while the blessing itself has been ever near to them, within reach, within sight, within hearing, touching them at every point; if they had just opened their eyes they would have beheld the glory; if they had listened only for a moment the glad sound, like a strain of sweet music, would have ravished their ear; if they had only stretched out the hand of faith the prize would have been gained. Is not this what the apostle has taught us here? He says:

'The Gentiles, which followed not after righteousness, have attained to righteousness, even the righteousness which is of faith. But Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law. For they stumbled at that stumbling-stone; as it is written, Behold, I lay in Sion a stumbling-stone and rock of offence; and whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed. Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved. For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. For they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.'

The text naturally divides itself into two parts: I. That men, until they come to the knowledge of Christ, are everywhere, and always, and in innumerable ways, vainly endeavouring to establish their own righteousness; and, II. That men everywhere ought at once to submit unto the righteousness of God. Not less naturally does each of these divisions again divide itself. Men are vainly endeavouring to establish their own righteousness because they are 'ignorant of God's righteousness;' ignorant alike of what it requires and what it provides, what it commands and what it promises, what it demands and what it dispenses. And the chief reason, probably, why they refuse to submit to the righteousness of God, is the glorious fact that 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' What a medley of ignorance, prejudice, presumption,

and unbelief! Ignorance that is fatal, prejudice as foolish as it is sinful, presumption so daring that it cries aloud for vengeance, and unbelief which is God-dishonouring in its nature and condemning in its results.

I. *Men, until they come to the knowledge of Christ, are everywhere and always, and in innumerable ways, vainly endeavouring to establish their own righteousness.* Paul, before his conversion, is a notable example of this. And if it had been possible for any man to succeed, surely it had been he. If the prize could have been secured by human effort, he would not have run and wrestled in vain. He neither loitered in the race, nor turned coward in the fight. If any arm had been strong enough to prevail in this battle, he had gained the victory. If firmness, courage, fidelity, resolution, and self-denial had been sufficient, he had not failed. If any ship could have crossed this sea in safety, despite all contrary winds and dangerous storms, his had not become a total wreck. If skill and perseverance combined could have wrought the perfect robe, his soul had not remained naked. Constancy of purpose, strict conscientiousness, rigid self-denial, painstaking efforts, lofty motives, a blameless life, how conspicuous; and yet, when viewed in relation to the object sought, how utterly vain! Solomon's grand experiment ought to have been sufficient to satisfy all voluptuaries until the end of time, of the vanity of all earthly things; and Paul's failure ought to convince all self-righteous moralists that righteousness is not attainable by 'the deeds of the law.' He has recorded his experience, his partial, temporary success, his complete, final failure:

'If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more; circumcised the eighth v, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the Church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless. But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.'

But the truth can only be known, or wisdom taught, by experience. And so Paul's experiment in all its essential features, with infinite variety as to circumstances, has been made again and again. Luther in his way, and according to the light he had, repeated the experiment, and the result was as conspicuous a failure. These men remind one of the old alchemists who after many disappointments continued to combine the same ingredients in different proportions, or to use different ingredients; but howsoever they varied the experiment, the product in no single instance was pure gold. The colour was sometimes successfully imitated, but when the test was applied, it was at once proved to be base metal after all.

Luther made no account of weary pilgrimages, long fastings, painful mortifications, penances or prayers, if he could only obtain peace of soul. But the tumult ceased not, the tempest still raged wildly, until a ray of light from God's own throne filled his mind, and he spelt out the meaning of the grand word, 'The just shall live by faith.'

And Mr. Wesley's High-Church notions, ritual observances, ascetic habits, abundant labours and fervent

prayers brought no comfort to his soul. He says:

'I went to America to convert the Indians; but O! who shall convert me? Who, what is he that will deliver me from this evil heart of unbelief? I have a fair summer religion: I can talk well; nay, and believe myself, while no danger is near; but let death look me in the face, and my spirit is troubled. Nor can I say "to die is gain."……This, then, have I learned in the ends of the earth, that I "am fallen short of the glory of God"; that my whole heart is "altogether corrupt and abominable;" and, consequently, my whole life—seeing it cannot be that an "evil tree" should "bring forth good fruit"; that, "alienated" as I am from "the life of God," I am "a child of wrath," an heir of hell; that my own works, my own sufferings, my own righteousness, are so far from reconciling me to an offended God, so far from making any atonement for the least of those sins which are "more in number than the hairs of my head," that the most specious of them need an atonement themselves, or they cannot abide His righteous judgment; that "having the sentence of death" in my heart, and having nothing in or of myself to plead, I have no hope, but that of being justified freely, "through the redemption that is in Jesus": I have no hope, but that if I seek, I shall find Christ, and "be found in Him, not having my own righteousness, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."'

In the evening of May 24th, 1738, Mr. Wesley 'went very unwillingly to a Society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans;' and while listening to Luther's description of the change which the Spirit works in the heart through faith in Christ—'I felt,' writes Wesley, 'my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death.'

And Mr. Haslam, too, commenced 'building from the top.' For years after, he thought he was truly religious, his life was a perpetual struggle, a perpetual weariness, a perpetual sorrow, and a perpetual disappointment. In conscientiously fulfilling his 'round of duties,' he had moments of comfort and peace. But destitute of the 'well of water' within, it was but momentary satisfaction he derived from drinking of the tiny streams. Mr. Aitken advised him not to preach again till he was converted. A season of darkness, bordering on despair, followed. Sharp were his struggles of soul, and terrible his agony. But while saying a few words on the text, 'What think ye of Christ?' something was telling him all the time, 'You are no better than the Pharisees yourself: you do not believe that He is the Son of God, and that He is come to save you, any more than they did'; and then 'a wonderful light and joy' came into his soul, and he began to see what the Pharisees did not; and some one in the congregation, possessed of the true instinct, divined the secret in a moment, shouting out in Cornish manner, 'The Parson is converted! The Parson is converted! Hallelujah!' 'So clear and vivid was the conviction,' Mr. Haslam adds, 'through which I had passed, and so distinct was the light into which the Lord had brought me, that I knew, and was sure, that He had "brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a Rock,…… and put a new song into my mouth."'

And yet notwithstanding so many such instances as these, multitudes continue to 'go about to establish their own righteousness.' It is impossible to avoid a feeling of mingled respect and pity for them, a feeling sincere and profound. This feeling filled Paul's heart, was seen in his face, and trembled in his words. His emotion was so thrilling and powerful that it could hardly be restrained. His very efforts to restrain it revealed its

depth and intensity. It was his 'heart's desire and prayer, that they might be saved.' He 'travailed in birth' for them. Their perilous condition produced 'great heaviness' and 'continual sorrow' in his heart. He had a passionate longing for them. If his chief sorrow was the dread that they might be lost, his chief joy was in their being saved, and Christ exalted. For this object he preached, and prayed, and journeyed, and laboured and suffered; and, O, what preaching! 'In season, out of season,' 'night and day with tears.' And what praying! His prayers are one of the chief characteristics of his Epistles! And what journeyings! He was one of the great travellers of his age, 'in journeys oft,' not for business or pleasure, but for souls. And what labours! He 'laboured more abundantly' than any of the Apostles. And what sufferings! He suffered all things lest he should hinder the Gospel of Christ. He felt himself to be a debtor to both Jew and Greek, but more especially to his own countrymen. His love for them was unquenchable; he had been caught in the same snare as they had, and had only escaped by a miracle of grace. He had stumbled over the same difficulties which they were stumbling over, and had been badly bruised by the fall! He had been perplexed almost to madness, by the same mysteries as were having the same effect on them. They were as sincere and conscientious and high-minded as himself. They had 'a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge. For being ignorant of God's righteousness,' they were 'going about to establish their own righteousness.'

'*To establish* their own righteousness,' and '*going about*' for that purpose. 'Going about to' is just the old English phrase for *trying at* a thing. They were eager, restless, painstaking, having a single purpose, but ready to employ any and every means in order to secure it. But to think of men dreaming that in any way they can '*establish* their own righteousness!' An April day might sooner establish its character for constancy; the wide ocean, with all its storms and perils, establish its character as the only secure refuge: the raven with its croak, and the owl with its hooting, establish theirs for melody; the farthing rushlight establish its right divine to rule the day; every little pool establish its claim to be considered a fountain; the bramble establish its pretensions to be king over all the trees of the forest; than these misguided souls succeed in establishing their own righteousness. And yet they rashly attempt the impossible. They are endeavouring to forge a key to unlock the grave, to build a life-boat to swim in a sea of fire, to construct a ladder to scale the skies. They are seeking to hush the loud thunders of Sinai by filling their ears with wool, to stop the lightning of God's wrath by gossamer threads of human goodness, to arrest the sure and steady course of divine justice by piling up little heaps of stones in their own path, to shut out the light of truth, conviction and certainty by putting the flimsiest veil over their face. 'God pronounces "our righteousnesses"—observe, not our wickedness, but our devotions, our charities, our costliest sacrifices, our most applauded services — to be "filthy rags!"'*

No man ever established his 'own righteousness' to his own satisfaction, untroubled by a single doubt. *This* sky was never without a cloud, *this* sun without a spot, *this* life without a defect. It was the con-

* Illustrations taken from Guthrie's *Gospel in Ezekiel*.

sciousness of this that quickened the steps of Saul of Tarsus in his persecution of the early disciples, and prompted him to a deadlier revenge. 'Jesus alone of those who have lived on earth knew the inner essence and final issues of sin. The holier a man is, the more perfectly does he understand sin; the more wicked he is, the less. . . . And in proportion to a soul's consciousness of what sin is, will be its misery at the sight of it.'* God has set our sins 'in the light of His countenance;' and when we remember that there may be impurity in a look, and murder in a desire, the very thought of 'establishing our own righteousness' is the wildest of fancies, the absurdest of dreams, the wickedest of delusions!

And men thus court failure, because they are 'ignorant of God's righteousness,' both of what it is and what it requires. The whiteness of the snow, the morning light, the blue heavens, are figures that inadequately represent the righteousness of God. 'The heavens are not clean in His sight.' God is so 'glorious in holiness' that the angels cover their faces and their feet with their wings. Being thus essentially and absolutely righteous, what mere outward propriety or thin crust of goodness could satisfy Him? Motives as pure as the light, and sympathies as gentle as the dew, and ways as straight as a mathematical line, do but indicate what God requires of men if He enter into judgment with them. This they do not understand nor realize; nor that if God's love is holy, His righteousness is tender, merciful, long-suffering to the vilest offender. If men knew that they had only to ask of Him, and He would give them the living water and cover them with the robe of His righteousness, they would desist from all their vain efforts to 'establish their own righteousness.'

> 'O that the world might taste and see
> The *riches of His grace!*'

Charles Wesley must have thought that the 'riches of His grace' and 'His righteousness' were synonymous, for he immediately adds,

> 'His *only righteousness* I show.'

His righteousness is unknown by men, and hence,

II. *Their insane refusal to submit unto the righteousness of God*, for the very reason, in most instances, that 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' And yet this glorious fact is the very soul and essence of saving truth, the burden and glory of all revelation. Salvation through Jesus Christ, by faith in the one name that is above every name, is taught in type, prophecy, history, promise and doctrine. The same God 'Who lights one world by another, and sustains one life by another,' purposes to save all who truly repent and believe by Jesus Christ, by His perfect obedience, His expiatory sufferings, His atoning death, His resurrection's power, and His perpetual intercession at God's right hand. And yet infidels stigmatise the doctrine of salvation by Jesus Christ as absurd, cruel, immoral: and many professedly Christian teachers and formal professors speak of justification by the righteousness of another in disparaging terms, such as 'legal,' 'forensic,' 'arbitrary,' and the like. And if it were true that men might be saved by faith in Christ without experiencing a change of heart, or manifesting a change of life; if, in a word, the miserable caricature of the Bible doctrine of justification by faith which its

* Fairbairn's *Studies in the Life of Christ.*

enemies set forth were really correct, then nothing more monstrous or God-dishonouring could be conceived.

Let, however, the term which the Apostle employs here rebuke their ignorant presumption. Men have to '*submit* themselves to the righteousness of God.' The alternative is, submission or destruction. Is God or man to be supreme? It is the old conflict renewed, or rather continued. When man submits to God the cause of difference is removed, the root of bitterness is plucked up, the struggle is over, the moral distance between man and God is annihilated. A revolution has taken place. Man, in all the complexity of his nature, has undergone a radical change. Repentance, justification, regeneration, conversion, reconciliation, adoption, sanctification, are words which represent *things* (or the various aspects of one great reality; and so numerous and distinct are they that no one word could describe or include them all), and in all their depth and fulness of meaning do not exaggerate the greatness of the change that is experienced. Light has come, and the understanding is enlightened, acknowledges that the 'foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men'; the conscience aroused rejoices in God's righteousness in condemning sin and sinners; the will subdued returns to its true allegiance; and the heart melted casts away its idols, loathes its sin, and clings to the Cross; the man, in the wholeness of his nature, joyfully exclaims:

'Nay, but I *yield*, I *yield*!
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.'

It should not be lost sight of for a moment that it is to the *righteousness* of God that men have to submit. Not to His *caprice*, nor to His *will*, divorced from purity and goodness, as others blasphemously contend, but to His righteousness. And so it comes to pass that in the very *act* of submission man acquires a nobleness, and achieves a distinction, and attains to a state of grandeur and glory which in his condition of wilful independence had been impossible. It never can be degrading or injurious to submit to righteousness. To submit to wrongness, that is, to falsehood, to impurity, to injustice, must degrade and defile the whole man. But submission to God is the first step in the upward career, a long stride in the right direction. If truth is great, and wisdom is power, righteousness must be joy and love and heaven. As righteousness is the glory of God, when man submits to it it becomes his also. He cannot be a partaker of it, clothed in it, enriched and glorified by it till he submits to it.

The chief reason why he should thus submit is found in the fact that 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' But as Christ was all the more hated by Scribes and Pharisees on account of His goodness and purity, and as the Jews who searched the Scriptures for eternal life had no sooner discovered that the blessing they were in search of centred in Christ than they refused to come to Him that they might have life, so submission to the righteousness of God seems more difficult because it involves an acknowledgment of and delight in the fact that 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' 'The end of the law is that full and final result which the fulfilled law would accomplish in the perfectly fulfilling man—namely, perfect justification, founded on his perfect righteousness. But let man commit the slightest transgression and, alas! he is done for. Law can never justify him, but

must eternally condemn. But, says the Apostle, Christ now can step in and accomplish the law's *perfect end*'*; *and this exactly* meets man's case as a sinner. He needs mercy and grace. Mercy to blot out all his past offences, and grace to enable him to lead the new life. But the new life is impossible till he is freed from the past, till 'bygones are bygones,' till he can make a fresh start, till his hands are untied, his pressing obligations discharged. This is what the Gospel does; it provides for all the wants of the sinner; salvation is almost thrust on him as a 'free gift'; but, alas! his pride cannot bear such a humiliation, and he 'judges himself unworthy of everlasting life.'

'The end of the law'—Christ has obeyed every command, satisfied every requirement. He has honoured the law that is, 'holy, just and good.' God's righteousness is established. His vindication is complete, and in the act of showing mercy 'His truth and justice receive their brightest manifestation.'

While the Bible knows nothing of the doctrine so assiduously taught by some that Christ's righteousness is literally transferred to the sinner, in a real and blessed sense, Jesus becomes 'the Lord our Righteousness.' Mr. Wesley asks, In what sense is Christ's righteousness imputed to believers? He answers:

> 'In this: all believers are forgiven and accepted, not for the sake of anything in them, or of anything that ever was, that is, or ever can be done by them, but wholly and solely for the sake of what Christ hath done and suffered for them. I say again, not for the sake of anything in them, or done by them, of their own righteousness or works.' †

Thus, according to Mr. Wesley, as well as Calvin, 'a believer is invested or clothed with the righteousness of Christ.' And so he teaches him to sing—

> 'Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness
> My beauty are, my glorious dress.'

'To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' 'He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made (revised version, has, more accurately, 'become') the righteousness of God in Him.'

The blessing which is received, is also *retained* by faith. Faith first joins us to Christ, and by faith the union is perpetuated. We set no limits to God's power, but the eternal inheritance is reserved for those who are kept by it *through faith*. 'The just shall live by faith.'

The righteousness of Christ is not only appropriated and retained by faith, but it must also be attested, shown, illustrated. With Mr. Wesley we say:

> 'What we are afraid of is this:—lest any should use the phrase "The righteousness of Christ," or "The righteousness of Christ is imputed to me," as a cover for his unrighteousness. We have known this done a thousand times. A man has been reproved, suppose for drunkenness. "O," says he, "I pretend to no righteousness of *my own*; Christ is *my righteousness*." Another has been told that "the extortioner, the unjust, shall not inherit the kingdom of God." He replies, with all assurance, "I am unjust in myself, but I have a spotless righteousness in Christ." And thus, though a man be as far from the practice as from the tempers of a Christian; though he neither has the mind which was in Christ, nor in any respect walks as He walked; yet he has armour of proof against all conviction in what he calls "the righteousness of Christ."'

And thus, while sinners become

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* Whedon's *Commentary* on this verse.

† The whole discourse (Sermon xx.) forms a masterly exposition of this subject.

righteous through the righteousness of another, yet, as the Apostle John says, 'He that doeth righteousness is righteous.' This, by His indwelling Spirit, he enables believers to do. They are grafted into Christ, branches of the Living Vine, from Him 'strength derive,' and by Him 'live;' so that it is not they that live, but Christ 'who liveth' in them. The desire of the soul, to which everything else is subordinated, is,

'Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
By Thee to full perfection brought.'

Thus are they enabled to overcome the world, to keep their vows, to mortify the flesh, to perfect their repentance, to hate what Christ hates and love what He loves, and to grow up into Him, their living Head, in all things: thus the doctrines of grace become the most powerful motive and stimulus to a holy life, and 'God in all things' is 'glorified, through Jesus Christ.'

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MISSION.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

Part II.

When the message of the Christian teachers first sounded in Hawaii, one of the earliest to embrace it was the High Chief Kalanimoku, who was left guardian of the young prince when his Royal brother started on his fatal journey to England. So great was the veneration in which he was held, that the people called him 'The Iron Cable of Hawaii'! Many a hardly-contested battle had he fought, first in opposition to the great Kamehameha, and afterwards by his side. He had witnessed the first coming of white men. He had aided in the overthrow of idolatry. Now when the new and holy faith was made known to him, he received and cherished it, and it grew up within his heart bearing fruit a thousand fold.

The old warrior saw in his advanced age only a reason for not losing a day in learning all he could. 'I am growing old,' he said; 'my eyes are dim, I may soon be blind. I must learn in haste, or never know the right way. Come, therefore, to my house and teach me, for soon my eyes will see no more.' Yet for two years was this aged and earnest disciple kept on probation ere he was admitted to the full communion of the Church.

The Iron Cable threw his whole influence and energy into establishing the Government on a Christian footing, bringing up the young king in the right way, and endeavouring to counteract the mischief done by foreigners. In 1827 he died: and though all heathen customs were vetoed at his funeral, his stone house, which was the last built in the isles, was dismantled in accordance with an old superstition. It was customary on the death of a high chief to destroy much of his property, lest any survivor should enjoy it. Hence loads of rich satins, velvets and broadcloth, purchased in exchange for cargoes of sandal-wood, were sometimes carried to the shore, cut into shreds and cast into the sea.

Here — as in Tahiti — cast-off clothes were sunk in the deep sea to prevent their falling into the hands of sorcerers, who, if they could gain possession of anything that had actually touched a person, were imagined to be able to 'pray him to death.' One of the last heathen sacrifices was offered on Hawaii by

the young princess Kinau, at the instigation of Wahinepio, the sister of *The Iron Cable.* For this reason a bundle of her cast-off clothes had been sunk in the sea, but it was suspected that one garment had been abstracted by a sorcerer, and there was no knowing what mischief might ensue, so to avert possible evil, these ladies determined to make the accustomed heathen offering. But as the village of Lahaina, in which they then were, was a strong centre of Christian work, they supposed the influence of the new faith might annul the efficacy of their sacrifice, so they went secretly to a quiet village eight miles off, where they supposed the old gods might still rule.

Among the most earnest of the converts was Kapiolani, a High Chiefess of Kaavaroa, a large district in southern Hawaii. Becoming thoroughly convinced of the truth of Christianity, she commenced by reforming her own life according to its tenets, and did her utmost to promote it among her people. First, she abjured somewhat intemperate habits; then she dismissed all her husbands except Naihé, who agreed to do all in his power to help her in suppressing all manner of crime, and to awaken the people to an interest in the new faith. But this task was one of peculiar difficulty. Since the days of Captain Cook, the district had rarely been visited by foreigners, so there had been nothing to shake the awe with which the people continued to worship the dread gods of the great volcano, whose priests and priestesses continued to offer daily sacrifices. Sometimes these prophets of the Volcano-gods went on pilgrimage to other isles, preaching to the people that they should repent of their apostasy, lest Pélé should overwhelm the isles in her wrath. Many heard these messages with trembling, but generally some one present was able to turn the tide of feeling. For instance, in 1824, the people of Maui were greatly moved by the arrival of a priestess of Pélé, a woman of great stature and haughty bearing, with long, black, dishevelled hair floating on her shoulders, and a fierce, forbidding countenance. She carried in her hand a spear and the feather symbols of her office. A great multitude followed her, expecting to behold some terrible display of power.

But when she reached the presence of the wife of Hoapili, sister to the great queen Kaahumanu, and heard her strong, convincing words, the poor priestess confessed that she had herself been deceiving and deceived. Then, when the Christians present joined in prayer to Jehovah, the priestess threw the symbols of her office into the fire. But on Hawaii, where the great active Volcano is an ever-present reality, nothing had as yet occurred to shake the deep-seated superstition of the people. True, in 1823, the Rev. W. Ellis and his companions had visited the crater, and had eaten the Ohelo berries sacred to Pélé, without first casting a cluster over the precipice, as an offering to the goddess, and had otherwise infringed *tabu*, and yet no judgment had overtaken them. But they were foreigners, and the impunity of their impious conduct had little weight.

So two years later, Kapiolani determined that she would in person brave whatever danger there might be in Fire-gods. Her husband, who as yet was only half converted, entreated her to abstain from this rash deed. All her friends and followers added their petition that she would give up an act of such impious folly. She replied that now all *tabus* were done away, that Hawaiians as well as foreigners were

all in the safe keeping of one great God, and that no power of earth or hell could harm His servants. So when they found that she would not be dissuaded, eight persons determined to bear her company. She resolved to visit Hilo, where a Mission-station had just been commenced; and knowing well how she would strengthen the hands of the teachers could she in any wise shake the belief of the people in the power of Fire-gods, she resolved to take a mountain-track right across the isle, a distance of upwards of a hundred miles, crossing rugged lava-beds and involving great fatigue. It was a toilsome pilgrimage, which could only be made on foot.

From far and near the people assembled in crowds to implore their beloved chiefess not to be so mad as to defy Pélé. But strong in her faith in the protecting power of the God Whom she now worshipped, she walked calmly on, encouraging her trembling followers by her brave, trustful words and example. To all who came entreating her to go back, she gave answer, 'If I am destroyed, you may all believe in Pélé.'

Kapiolani was better versed in the Scriptures than any other Hawaiian convert. It may be that she drew strength and confidence from the remembrance of that grand Hebrew prophet who, 'very jealous for the Lord his God,' did not fear to summon the eight hundred and fifty false prophets to meet him on Mount Carmel, that they might offer their sacrifice to Baal, while he alone called on the God of Israel. He, too, bade the people judge according to this test: 'If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him.' In all the history of the Church, no two scenes occur so thrilling and so picturesque as these two champions of the faith standing alone—the one on the green mountain of Palestine, the other on the pathway of volcanic fire—to convince the people that the gods whom they worshipped were no gods, and that only one 'Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.'

As Kapiolani drew near to the crater, a prophetess of Pélé came to warn her that she was going to certain destruction. Kapiolani replied, that if she were indeed a prophetess she must be wise, and could teach her. So she bade her sit down beside her. The woman held in her hand a piece of white bark cloth, which she said was a letter from Pélé. When desired to read it, she held up the cloth and poured forth a torrent of unintelligible sounds, which she declared to be the ancient sacred dialect. Then Kapiolani said, 'You have pretended to deliver a message from your god, which none of us can understand. I too have a *pala-pala*, and will read you a message from our God, which you can understand.' She read passages from the Scriptures, telling of the character and works of the true God, and of the Saviour. Then the prophetess hung her head and said her god had forsaken her, and she could answer nothing.

Elijah slew the prophets of Baal, but the prophets of Pélé were converted by the more loving apostles of the New Covenant, and some became zealous preachers of the Gospel.

On reaching the edge of the crater, Kapiolani led the way to the steep path leading down the side of the precipice to the black lava-bed. All round the crater and along the path the refreshing ohelo-berries grow thickly, but no Hawaiian dared taste one till, having gathered a laden branch, he broke it in two, and threw half towards the fiery lake, uttering the accustomed formula: 'Pélé, here are your ohelos. I offer some to you. Some I also eat.' A

form of saying grace which entitled him to eat to his heart's content. Kapiolani halted, and deliberately ate the berries without this acknowledgment, but her followers dared not do so. After this act of defiance she descended into the crater, and boldly walked across the great expanse of cooled lava till she reached the brink of the *Hale-mau-mau*, 'The house of everlasting burning;' and as the fiery waves tossed and writhed, she threw broken fragments of lava into the seething mass. A more complete act of desecration could not have been devised.

Then, turning to the followers, who watched her in fear and trembling—half believing that the insulted Fire-Spirits would take visible form to avenge this insult—she spoke; and her calm, grave words were clearly heard above the hissing and surging of the fiery waves, and remained for ever engraven on the memory of all present: 'My God is Jehovah. He it was Who kindled these fires. I do not fear Pélé. Should I periah by her anger, then you may fear her power. But if Jehovah save me while breaking her tabus, then you must fear and love Him. The gods of Hawaii are vain.'

Then she bade her followers kneel and join with her in a solemn act of adoration of the Almighty Creator; and after that they sang a hymn of praise, that so the very home of the Fire-gods might be consecrated as a temple of the Most High. Then they returned across the undulating sea of hollow lava-waves; and well we may believe that many among them started in terror every time the thin crust gave way beneath their tread, and that they often looked back to see if the dark cloud of sulphurous vapour which slew the foes of Kameha-meha was not arising from the lake to pursue and overwhelm them all. But the blue heaven remained unclouded, and when they had climbed the crater-wall in safety, and turned their faces towards Hilo, they breathed more freely, and felt that the dominion of Pélé was tottering to its fall.

It was a grand, brave deed, and it carried great weight and bore much fruit, though of course it could not be expected that such a very suggestive form of nature-worship should quickly be abandoned. In fact, traces of it still occasionally crop up, much as certain customs of the old Fire-worship of Britain linger among ourselves.*

Among the remarkable converts at this period was a man who had been employed to catch human victims for sacrifice, and had acquired such tiger-like skill in springing on his unguarded prey, that he could break the bones of his victim. This purveyor of the heathen altars now came forward to learn the New Commandment.

Schools were now erected in all the principal districts, and in several places churches were built, and large congregations assembled to hear about the new religion. The Church which was built at Kailua soon proved too small to contain all who wished to hear, so the chief sent his people to the mountains to cut timber sufficient for a very large church. Great was the work involved, and for some weeks several thousand natives worked like a swarm of bees to complete the new building: hewing and dragging timber, building, cutting grass, and thatching. By the end of the summer a church, one hundred and eighty feet by seventy-eight, was completed, with room for four thousand people, and not a vacant corner was to be seen on the day of dedication. Large congregations were a noteworthy feature of this

* For traces of Fire-worship in Britain, see *From the Hebrides to the Himalayas*, by C. F. Gordon-Cumming. Vol. I., page 220-225.

period. At a great meeting of chiefs at Kawaihae, Mr. Bishop twice preached to an assemblage of upwards of ten thousand people!

The great church at Kailua was often filled to overflowing on Sunday mornings. People came from distances of seven or eight miles, returning home at night. Those living on the sea-coast came by canoes, which were drawn up all along the beach during the hours of service.

So slow were these American teachers to admit converts to the rite of baptism, that out of this vast congregation only twenty-six persons had, in 1828, been received as members of the Church.

Thirty years later the picturesque wooden, thatched church had been replaced by one of stone. The congregation had dwindled to a thousand; but of these six hundred were communicants, and the original twenty-six had all gone to their rest. One curious change to be noted, was that the passion for riding had sprung up, and, while the canoes of old days had almost disappeared, fully five hundred horses, tied to the rough lava-blocks, waited near the church for their riders.

By 1828 the four Gospels had been translated into Hawaiian, and from fifteen to twenty thousand copies were in circulation. The translation of the complete Bible was of course an exceedingly laborious task, and was not completed till 1839; but various useful school-books and devotional works were published in the interval, and so eager were the people to acquire the art of reading, that schools were found fairly established in places rarely, if ever, visited by Missionaries. On the little isle of Molokai, for instance, where only one Missionary had casually landed, it was found that out of a population of five thousand, one thousand had enrolled themselves as scholars, and of these a large number could read.

Within ten years after the establishment of the Mission there were nine hundred schools in the group; but of course the teachers were so little in advance of the scholars that they could do little more than start them. Hence arose the necessity for a High School, in which the teachers should receive such a course of education as should fit them for their post.

Accordingly it was determined to start a Training Institute at Lahaina on Isle Maui, which should be built by the students themselves. A suitable site was selected on the mountain slope, watered by a stream where taro-beds could be prepared, and the food-supply be thus assured. Then the students repaired to the mountains, felled trees, and hewed them to the proper thickness, and then yoked themselves to the timbers and dragged them along the grounds: for there were neither saw-mills to cut up the trees, nor teams to drag them. Coral, to make lime, was carried up from the shore, while fuel, with which to burn the coral, and planks for all carpenter's work,—writing-tables, benches, etc., —had to be brought from the mountains.

In September, 1830, the institute was opened, the Rev. Lorrin Andrews being principal, and twenty-five young men were enrolled as students. Three months later their number had increased to sixty-seven. Their course of study was to embrace four years.

In various ways a good influence was working steadily. Here, as in our own land, one of the chief enemies was the giant drunkenness. When the Missionaries landed in Hawaii, they found the king and most of the high chiefs steeped in drink; and often, on their tours round the isles, they found whole

villages in which all the people were drunk. In 1831 a Temperance society was formed at Honolulu, when about a thousand persons bound themselves to endeavour to stem the evil. They promised not to distil ardent spirits, not to drink them for pleasure, not to give them to workmen, etc.

Polygamy and polyandry were alike declared illegal throughout the kingdom of Hawaii-nei. All connections within the prohibited degrees were likewise declared criminal. The king issued an edict that his people should assort themselves in pairs, and that henceforth all such should be considered as man and wife. Among the converts to Christianity upwards of two thousand religious marriages were celebrated, and altogether society began to be fairly organized.

One of the most remarkable eras in the story of Hawaii occurred between the years 1837 and 1843. It is known in the story of the Mission as 'the great awakening.' A very wonderful wave of religious influence swept over the whole land, so that from every corner of the group came accounts of what we should call great revival meetings. It was like an electric thrill affecting all the isles. On Hawaii the resident clergy had been absent, visiting the distant schools. Their canoe was wrecked, and they had just managed to swim ashore, when a message was brought to them from the Mission-house bidding them return at once, for strange things were happening: the natives were coming in companies, asking what they should do to be saved.

The Ministers returned to find that from morning till night, and almost from night till morning, the house was besieged by crowds, who patiently waited their turn to have a personal talk with the men who could teach them the right way. For weeks and months this continued —the Missionaries could scarcely secure time for needful sleep and food. Many who lived at distances of fifty or sixty miles came regularly to attend the Sunday services, devoting the whole of Saturday and Monday to travelling to and fro. At the Hawaii station the names of upwards of two thousand persons were noted as anxious enquirers after the truth, and there was good reason to believe that many were thoroughly in earnest. But all were kept in training-classes for at least a year, and then were only admitted to baptism after the most searching examination.

In 1838 news was received simultaneously from all parts of the isles that the religious interest awakened was such that the people seemed to think of nothing else. Those who had hitherto been the most dull and stupid, and had not a thought beyond the lowest pleasures, were now roused to self-examination and prayer. Their favourite sins were forsaken; and their friends and companions declared that the change was no outward show, but a great reality. On Sundays and week-days the churches —for the most part large, airy buildings—could not contain the multitudes, who had either to assemble in relays, or to hold great camp-meetings in the open air.

Honolulu was divided into two congregations: one of over two thousand, the other numbering nearly four thousand. At Lahaina, one of the chief shipping stations, the teachers marvelled to see hardened old heathens, on whom for fifteen years they had vainly striven to make any impression, now coming forward of their own accord—some leading others. Blind men who had never before entered the church now bade some child guide them thither. Poor cripples crawled painfully on hands and knees to every meeting, and sat

drinking in the good tidings, to them truly words of life. The women had prayer-meetings among themselves; but the most remarkable feature of the awakening in Lahaina was the spirit of devotion which seemed to have been outpoured on the poor neglected little ones, thoroughly versed in all the sins of their elders, both of native growth and foreign importation. It seemed as if the Saviour's welcome to 'the little children' had been whispered to them all, for the rudest and roughest became the most gentle and docile; and the noise of boisterous mirth on the beach was hushed, for the children seemed irresistibly drawn to the banana and sugar-cane groves, where many a time their wondering parents found them kneeling and praying in all the earnest, simple faith of childhood.

On the island of Molokai (which is now converted into that saddest of colonies—a leper-station) the resident Missionary noted the first indication of an awakening among his people, by remarking that a considerable number commenced to assemble in the school-house an hour before dawn, to plead that God would send His Holy Spirit among them. Nor was their prayer unanswered. Soon each village seemed pervaded with the same great longing, and to all came the same gracious influence, so that it seemed as though the blessedness of the first Whit-Sunday were once more vouchsafed to those disciples who waited for the gift of God.

The story of one island was more or less that of all. Everywhere there was a disposition to learn, such as had never before been manifested, and the Missionaries were not slow to take advantage of this happy state of feeling. Day after day, and night after night, they laboured, striving to reach all. They travelled to the remotest villages, climbing difficult ravines, facing wild storms, visiting, conversing, examining, preaching, 'in season' and 'out of season.' They preached from seven to twenty, sometimes even thirty, times a week, to hearers who seemed to hang upon their words, as though they could never be satisfied.

During these six years, out of a total population of about one hundred and thirty thousand, twenty-seven thousand persons were admitted to baptism—never without a long period of probation and free personal intercourse with every candidate, in order, as far as possible, to guard against the danger of mere fashion or of false notions. As a matter of course, out of so great a multitude who had hitherto been heathen savages, a certain number were afterwards reckoned backsliders, according to the exceedingly rigid tests and lines drawn by a Church framed on the straitest principles of the Puritan Fathers of New England. The marvel is, that so large a majority should have stood the test of constant supervision for the next thirty years without incurring blame from their Pastors.

In no district throughout the group was the awakening so remarkable as at Hilo or Hawaii. Then, as now, the Rev. Messrs. Coan and Lyman were in charge of the Mission. The former had arrived in the isles in 1835, and had just succeeded in thoroughly mastering the language, which apparently lends itself to the fervid eloquence with which heaven has endowed him as readily as does his mother tongue. Having a magnificent constitution, seemingly incapable of fatigue, and already inured to hardship in his attempt to establish a Mission in Patagonia, it was natural that in the division of work it should be his part to go forth into the wilderness, like a modern John the Baptist, preaching repentance, while his less robust coadjutor should

remain in charge of the training-school and the other work at Hilo.

His nominal flock dwelt in widely scattered villages in the deep glens which seam the rough mountains extending over an area of a hundred miles; and nowhere in the world, I suppose, is there more exhausting grounds to be got over than in climbing over the innumerable gulches, from twenty to a thousand feet in depth, which lie in the neighbourhood of Hilo: no fewer than sixty-five, at the lowest computation, must be crossed in travelling from Hilo to Lapa-hoe-hoe, a distance of thirty miles, and through each of these rushes a stream which, in stormy weather, becomes a raging torrent—rushing, foaming, and here and there leaping a precipice and forming cascades beautiful to the artist, but not altogether pleasant to the pedestrian.

Across these gulches, and through tangled forest, haunted by herds of fierce wild cattle, and often travelling for weary miles over the roughest lava-beds, beneath a blazing sun, this faithful Apostle toiled in search of his people, braving storms and floods such as might well have shaken nerves that were not made of iron.

He thus describes one of his journeys on foot round Hawaii, a distance of three hundred miles:

'In order to compass my plans and return to the station at the time appointed, I was obliged to labour incessantly from morning till night, and sometimes till midnight. This tour was rendered still more fatiguing by the great rains which fell at the time. At such times the steep and lofty banks of the ravines in this region become slippery, difficult, and dangerous. Many are well-nigh perpendicular, and can only be ascended by climbing with the utmost care, or descended only by letting oneself down from crag to crag by the hands; and in many places the traveller is obliged to wind his way along the sides of a giddy steep, where one step of four inches from the track, would plunge him to a fearful depth below. Over these precipices I had often to climb during downpours of rain, and having neither time nor place to change my saturated raiment, I had to stand and preach for one or two hours to a congregation who were already assembled and waiting for me. But what rendered this tour truly perilous was the swollen and furious state of the rivers. Their rush was rapid and fearful. Some of them I succeeded in fording, some I swam by the help of a rope made of tough hybiscus fibre, and slung across the stream to prevent me from being swept away by the raging current, and over some I was carried passively on the broad shoulders of a powerful native, who passed safely with me through a strong current up to his armpits, while a company of powerful men locked hands, and extended themselves across the stream just below, in order to save me from going over a near cataract, in case my bearer should fall. Many of the less hardy and daring of the natives, after several unsuccessful attempts to cross, and after the most hair-breadth escapes from being swept down the cataracts, gave up the struggle and consented to remain behind.'

'THOMAS A KEMPIS AND THE BROTHERS OF THE COMMON LIFE.'*

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

PERHAPS since the coming of our Lord there has never been a period when Christianity has seemed so like a failure as in the fourteenth century. The so-called Christian princes of Europe, engaged in constant warfare, tore and devoured, instead of protecting their unhappy subjects; and the Church which should have rebuked their sin was

* *Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of the Common Life.* By the Rev. S. Kettlewell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

itself deeply corrupt. Popes and anti-Popes fought for the headship of the Western Church, which itself disputed with the Eastern Church the palm of supremacy, and the religious passion which had flamed in the first Crusades was now so exhausted that it was possible for the hated Turk to instal himself in triumph at Constantinople; while the great religious Orders, once refuges of literature and devotion, were sinking into pious sloth and impious vice. Yet it was this century which saw the revival of learning and the invention of printing; and amid its confused noises first arose a voice, pure, noble, sweet, teaching the beauty and glory of humility, of self-forgetfulness, of Divine Love, in words so winning and so heart-felt as to exercise to this day a mighty influence on noble minds most diverse in their habits of thought. It is not untruly that to the *Imitation of Jesus Christ* has been ascribed a wide-reaching power for good; indeed, the book has been a sort of vicarious Bible to many unhappily restricted from the use of the very Word of Life.

To most of his readers Thomas à Kempis has been but a voice and a name. So subordinate is the quiet author to his work, that a lively controversy as to his identity has arisen among the curious in such matters, but most have been content to picture him vaguely as 'some brother who ages ago felt and suffered and renounced, in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much fasting and long chants, and with a fashion of speech different from ours.' There is something wonderfully pleasing in finding the veil of obscurity removed from the features of our unknown friend, and in seeing the saintly writer revealed as a living man, whose character in its beautiful simplicity and fervour answers to the ideal picture drawn in his immortal work, and is a triumphant proof how just is his claim to its authorship. Nor is there less interest in the outward circumstances which rendered such a life as his possible. He himself was the faithful historian of the 'Brethren of the Common Life,' among whom his days passed in peaceful industry, and whose devout activity was of extraordinary value in preparing the way for civil and religious Reformation.

This Brotherhood was composed of devout persons who chose to live in community, supporting themselves by manual labour and submitting to certain rules of life, but who abstained from binding themselves by vow. So far there was nothing original in their proceedings. The Netherlands, which witnessed their rise in the fourteenth century, had in the eleventh produced the female society of the Béguines, and in the thirteenth the male communities of the Beghards, followed shortly by the Lollards and 'Brethren of the Free Spirit.' All these were free spiritual associations, the offspring of true religious zeal, and at first setting an admirable example of pure, pious, laborious life, unfettered by perpetual vows; but they often degenerated, so that many of their members became social pests as slothful mendicants, neither moral nor orthodox, and no way superior to the Begging Friars.

A very different character, of enduring excellence, was stamped on the Brotherhood of Deventer by the organizing power of its founder, Gerard Groote, in whose story, as related by à Kempis, that of this peculiar Order is involved. Groote belonged to a noble and wealthy family of Deventer, a prosperous city, where he was born in the year 1340. Though the Netherlands were at this time torn by constant

internal quarrels, their great trading towns had secured a certain immunity from these miseries, and were becoming centres of civilization. The brilliant abilities of young Groote were fostered by the best education the times could afford, and were early rewarded by lucrative promotion in the Church; then the only sphere where intellectual gifts could lead to eminence. As Professor at Cologne University, as Canon of Utrecht and Aix-la-Chapelle, Gerard was more distinguished for his splendid dress, luxurious and worldly habits, and skill in the forbidden arts of astrology and magic, than for shining piety. Yet in secret he longed for better things, being much drawn to the 'sublime and pathetic doctrines of Mystic Christianity.'

An illness which endangered his life formed the turning-point of his career. On recovery he gave his magical books to the flames, renounced all his benefices, entered on a life of daily self-denial, and after three years spent in monastic seclusion, came forth in the new character of an itinerant Evangelist. Being licensed as a preacher of the Gospel by the Prince-Bishop of Utrecht, he traversed the whole of that diocese, calling sinners everywhere to repentance. With overwhelming eloquence he dwelt on the love of God, and the kingdom of heaven which is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. A very wonderful awakening resulted from his preaching, and a startling change for the better appeared in the lives of the many thousands who crowded to hear him. It is impossible to read the record of his proceedings without being vividly reminded of the early days of Methodism; nor was persecution wanting to complete the resemblance, for the corrupt clergy hated him and his 'new devotion,' and twice succeeded in silencing the too-successful Evangelist: the Bishop once, and afterwards the Pope, being induced to inhibit him.

But Groote, who never dreamed of resisting his superiors by preaching when he was bidden to be silent, was not long in finding a new outlet for his energy. Always an enthusiast for education, and being, as he said, 'more than avaricious of good books,' he had found a simple method of advancing both these darling objects. Many students who were attracted to the great school at Deventer were poor, and had much ado to live while they pursued their studies. Gerard offered to these poor *clerks* congenial work as copyists, employing them to multiply fairly-written copies of the Scriptures, of books of devotion, and of classic authors, paying them liberally in regular instalments, and acquiring an ever-increasing influence over their minds by the conversations into which he drew them, always seeking to win them to holiness of life. From these circumstances the idea of a Brotherhood arose simply and naturally, like the growing of a plant from a seed. As the number of the copyists increased, so did their expenses, but so did not the private means of Gerard. When these were nearly exhausted, Florentius Radewin, one of Gerard's converts who had become Vicar of Deventer, proposed a simple means of escape from the difficulty. It was that himself and the *clerics* engaged in writing 'should, with a good will, place the amount they earned in one common purse, to expend as needed, and live equally alike in common.'

Gerard was a little startled at the proposal of starting a community which should not be monastic, dreading the envious opposition, which actually arose, of the Mendicant Orders; but Florentius saying,

'it could do no harm to try,' the Master consented, pledging himself to give his aid and protection; and the clerics threw their earnings into a common fund, and joyously began their life in community. Florentius impressed on the infant order the sweet and reasonable piety of his own character, which his beloved pupil Thomas à Kempis has commemorated with affectionate enthusiasm. The Brethren were bound by no vows, but it was well understood that they must live by rule; they must earn their own living and abstain from mendicancy. In each 'Brother-house'—for the number of dwellings required soon multiplied—about twenty clerics lived; three additional lay-officers did the needful work of the household—the procurator or steward, the cook, and the tailor; but all the brethren in turn assisted in the kitchen and in other servile work, that they might profit in humility; and the Rector Florentius himself declined to be exempted from his week of service. That the religious offices of the community might be duly performed, three or four clerks were always ordained clergymen.

Such was the model on which were framed all the congregations of the new Order, which soon multiplied throughout the land, and which not only acted as a high moral power, but gave an extraordinary impulse to education, infusing into it a new life, and imparting to it a pure and noble aim. Its specialty continued to be the transcription of books; and let no one undervalue this work which has been so absolutely superseded by the swift processes of the press. A Kempis himself was an exact and beautiful copyist; on this point alone he felt a superiority to the beloved Rector, who in his humility was content with the lower offices of polishing and folding exactly the great parchments for the writers. Let us see in what light a devout and skilful copyist esteemed his calling: 'To transcribe works,' says à Kempis, 'which Jesus Christ loves, by which the knowledge of Him is diffused, His precepts taught and the knowledge of them inculcated, is a most useful employment. If he shall not lose his reward who gives a cup of cold water to his thirsty neighbour, what will not be the reward of those who by putting good works into the hands of these neighbours, open for them the fountains of Eternal Life? Blessed are the hands of such transcribers!'

Gerard assisted the Communities with his purse, and vigorously defended them from their monkish calumniators with tongue and pen; and when he himself was put to silence as a Preacher, he employed his enforced leisure in perfecting and extending their organization. Other voluntary associations had come to nothing, as he believed, for want of connection with the ordained ministry. Against this he hoped to provide by establishing a Religious Order of 'Canons Regular of St. Augustine,' to spring up from among the Brothers. These should lead a more strict and secluded life, and should afford protection to those who remained as before free from irrevocable vows. This species of higher society of Brothers was to afford a perfect model of reformed monastic life. Let us not blame Groote for being still a child of his own age, and imagining that the highest holiness was not quite compatible with living *in* the world.

The rich and busy life of Gerard Groote, so full of picturesque contrast, came to its end in characteristic fashion. He had chosen a site for his new monastery, but for lack of funds the building could not rise, Gerard's ample fortune having been nearly expended in his many philan-

thropic enterprises. While he was thus forced to wait, the Plague broke out in Deventer and found him full employment in ministering to the sick and dying. Among the stricken was a pious and wealthy friend of his, named Lambert Stuermann, who being attended on his death-bed by Gerard and knowing what was his heart's wish, bequeathed by will a large sum to be employed in founding the monastery he wished to institute. But Gerard bought this boon with his life; for as he left his dead friend he felt the plague-poison spreading in his veins, and knew himself to be a dying man. Therefore he hastened to summon about him Florentius and the rest of the clerks and Brethren of the Congregation at Deventer, to whom he gave the most careful instructions for carrying out his cherished plan, appointing Florentius as his successor, and consoled 'certain devout scholars smitten with the pestilence,' assuring them that 'all the lessons they had learnt should be reckoned to them as the Lord's Prayer, on account of their pious intention in studying.'

Having thus given his dying testimony to the religious value of good work, Gerard passed away, having not completed forty-five years of earthly life, of which only the last ten had been devoted to the service of God; but he had seemed to accomplish in this brief space the work of a lifetime. It is refreshing to meet with such an example of sane and valiant piety amid the darkness and distraction of the Middle Ages. Groote is worthily ranked with the Reformers before the Reformation. Like Wycliffe, his contemporary, he desired to give to the people the Word of God in their own language, and had set on foot a scheme for issuing a corrected translation of the Scriptures; this enterprise was completed after his death by his learned assistants.

Gerard was fortunate in the successor he had designated. Florentius outlived him sixteen years, and in that period he succeeded in completing the organization of the Brotherhood,—which continued to widen its operations,—and in establishing two foundations of Canons Regular. On so firm a footing were these institutions settled, that even the inrushing tide of the Reformation did not completely sweep them away, nor did the triumphs of the printing-press, in superseding their labours as copyists, entirely destroy their usefulness. The Brethren in places where they themselves possessed no schools, helped those already existing. They presented the scholars with books, conversed with them on religion and learning, and helped them to lodgings and living. Elsewhere they set up schools, taught reading, writing, singing, Latin and religion, especially Bible history. Wherever there was a Brother-house there was sure to be a large circle of scholars. Many great names are on the list of their pupils, among whom we may mention the Reforming Pope, Adrian VI., and Erasmus — a not too grateful scholar of the Brotherhood, then entering on its period of 'difference and decay.' But their chief glory still remains connected with the name of à Kempis, whose greatest work is pervaded by their peculiar spirit of devotion, and whose high intelligence received from them the training which must otherwise have been denied it, for the circumstances of his own family were very humble.

Four years before the death of Groote there was born to John and Gertrude Hemerken, dwellers in the town of Kempen, a child whom they named Thomas. An elder son of this pair was already a pupil in the Brother-house at Deventer. The parents were of the

artisan class; it is supposed that John Hemerken derived his name from his handicraft as a worker in gold and silver. They were simple, industrious, devout; the mother Gertrude being especially of a sweet and noble nature, and having much influence over her son. Kempen, whence Thomas Hemerken derived his famous name *à Kempis*, is a small clean German town surrounded by a flat, monotonous, well-tilled country; the place has no special charm but its bright, pure air. This level land, this homely little town, with no glory of scenery or architecture to withdraw the eye from the great overhanging deeps of unbroken sky, furnish an apt emblem of the uneventful outward life of Thomas à Kempis, and its wide and lofty aspirations after heavenly things, stretching away into infinite depths.

Kempen, being in the diocese of Cologne, had its share in the Evangelistic labours of Dr. John Tauler, another great itinerant preacher, who, like Groote, had been deeply wrought on by the character and teaching of the pure and high-minded mystic, John de Ruysbroek. Like Groote also, Tauler sought to gather his converts into small religious societies, though his work had less permanence; and to his influence is ascribed the special character of gentle, patient mysticism which marked the piety of the Hemerkens, and which is to a certain extent mirrored in the life and writings of their celebrated son.

At the age of thirteen Thomas left his home, apparently with the full consent of his parents, and bent his way to Deventer, hoping to obtain admission into its celebrated school; the school at Kempen had taught him all it could. No doubt he was prompted to this course by the example of his brother, who was already chosen as one of the six canons in Groote's reformed monastery at Windesheim. Furnished with a letter of introduction from him, the boy presented himself to Florentius, evidently with much simple awe, because of the learning and holiness of the patron he would fain secure; but he was received with great benignity; the Rector took him into his own house until he could secure for him suitable lodgings, provided him with books, and undertook to pay his school fees. A Kempis has left on record a most winning portraiture of this early benefactor; through all the long-drawn phrases and fanciful conceits of the enthusiastic biographer the lines of a sweet and lovable character are transparently visible. He appeared to his young disciple as a man in middle life, of delicate frame, of pale, thoughtful aspect, arrayed in a coarse gray tunic reaching to the ankles, and girt with a leather belt. This was the common garb of the Brothers, a gray cloak with a black hood being added when they went abroad. No pomp of dress therefore added dignity to the aspect of the Rector; yet so impressed was the new pupil with a certain attractive majesty in him, that when he stood singing in the choir with the other pupils, and Florentius, looking on at the same book, leaned on the boy's shoulder for support, Thomas hardly durst move for mingled awe and delight.

With all his excellent sense and real piety, Florentius was not free from the ascetic spirit, and his useful life was shortened by his austerities. It is very much to the credit of the Brethren of the Common Life that they soon awakened to the evils of such practices, and guarded against them by special rule.

It is not long before we find Thomas transferred to a Brother-house, where he dwelt for seven peaceful years, sharing in the devout

and regular life of its inmates: in their industry, their daily prayers and their excellent practice of *mutual* confession—a practice which has its modern parallel in the Class-meeting. The even tenor of life in the Community was broken during the last years of à Kempis's student-life by the ravages of a pestilence which swept off many of the Brethren, and a lingering illness befell himself, not improbably following on a sharp attack of the same plague. A series of short biographies from his pen, called *Lives of the Disciples of Florentius*, commemorates the Brethren who died by this epidemic. There is in them more of freshness and variety than in the later *Chronicles of Mount St. Agnes* which complete the story of à Kempis's life; something of conventual coldness and monotony pervades the later record. From the first we choose two widely-contrasted bits of portraiture. The character of John Ketel, a lay-brother who filled the office of cook, is drawn with a special kindly complacency. This man had been a wealthy merchant, and being ambitious of still higher distinction, had formed the plan of entering the Church and purchasing some high place therein. To this end he had provided himself with costly and splendid robes suited for a Lord Abbot. But meeting with Florentius and becoming acquainted with his brotherhood, Ketel became like another man; his projects appeared to him very sinful; he sold his gold-wrought garments, gave away the money in charity, and arraying himself in the ordinary garb of a cook, petitioned that he might serve the Brethren in their kitchen, in which lowly employment he resolutely remained till his life's end.

As this devout 'clerk of the kitchen' contrived to intersperse his cook's work with six religious services daily, it is no wonder that there were sometimes complaints as to the quality of his providings; but he bore the grumblings of the Brethren with great patience and contrition. As he lay on his death-bed he counselled the Brethren to keep for themselves only such books as were necessary, and to sell the rest for the benefit of the poor; evidently his turn of mind was strictly practical. There is something characteristic even in the story of a vision of Ketel seen after his decease. Lubert Burner, a Brother who did not long outlive him, affirmed that an 'ill-disposed, good-for-nothing spirit' had appeared to him in the very shape of Ketel, sharply reproving him for trusting in the prayers of Saints rather than in God, and promising him an entrance into heaven without passing through purgatory; since through fervent charity he had remained with the Brothers and Sisters, serving them in peril of death. To us the words of the apparition appear more reasonable than the horror they inspired in the good Lubert, accustomed to think human intercessors needful between himself and the Heavenly Father. Doubtless some unconscious memory of the words of the living man had helped to shape and colour this feverish vision of him after death.

Of very different mould was Gerard Zerbolt, the *Scripturarius*, or Librarian. This Brother had his being among books, so that much watchfulness on the part of the Rector was required to keep him properly alive to the duty of eating. Yet the absent-minded student was possessed of excellent practical sense, which he displayed not only in a vigorous defence of the Brotherhood against their monkish slanderers, but in two treatises still worthy of attention, in which he earnestly and eloquently pleaded that 'the Bible

might be read and the Prayers of the Church said in a language which the people understood.' Of such various character, yet bound together by one spirit of devotion, were the men among whom à Kempis passed those critical years of life in which character is fixed and a career chosen. It is very evident that the sudden removal of so many friends, and the lingering illness in which he himself seemed long to hover on the verge of the mighty Unseen, were strong influences in determining his choice of an entirely religious life.

To this period may be referred, at least in part, a kind of spiritual autobiography called the *Soliloquy of a Soul*, breathing a deep distaste for the things of earth and a longing not less deep for perfect holiness. Under the stress of such feelings, in his twentieth year, he determined to renounce for ever the worldly joys which he had never tasted, and departed from Deventer to enter on his five years' probation as a Canon Regular of St. Augustine, in the new and poor monastery of Mount St. Agnes. 'Blessed,' said à Kempis, 'is he who has lived long and well in the same place, and made a happy end.' It was a kind of blessedness he was to taste in its fulness; for during seventy-two years the little monastery was his home, and there his honoured life came to a most peaceful end. At the time of his admission John à Kempis, his elder brother, had during a year and a half ruled the little community as Prior, and like a true disciple of Gerard Groote had himself worked with hod and trowel, with spade and hoe, at the buildings as they rose, and in the fields as they were marked out at his bidding.

Mount St. Agnes, which stood on a very gentle elevation in the rich Rhine country, did not resemble at all the stately abbeys and priories familiar to our imagination, for it presented only the aspect of a rather large farmstead, to whose scattered buildings a little church had been added, and one of whose fields had been converted into a cemetery. Its inmates followed the mild rule of St. Augustine, adding thereto certain Praecripts of Gerard, among which we may notice the characteristic commands —'freely to protest against the abuses and corruptions of both the clergy and laity as occasion should offer, and to endeavour to win them to a better life;' and 'not to accept any ecclesiastical benefice or worldly gain, but to preach the Word of God freely.' Also no one was to be admitted who was not willing to labour with his hands for his living. Therefore the clerics continued their toils as copyists, and the lay brethren practised such handicrafts as weaving, shoe and basket making, and pottery, while all shared in the necessary farm and garden work. With these occupations Thomas combined the constant writing of the devotional works which have made his name famous, and in which we see mirrored that intense inner life so full of aspiration, that constant and successful struggle for conformity to the image of the Redeemer. Also from month to month and year to year he recorded the simple incidents of life in the community, by which, in spite of the writer's modest self-suppression, we can trace how flowed the quiet current of his outer existence.

Very few indeed are the noticeable events of that long life. It is evident that the novice was not free from natural longings for the life he had forsworn, and these he has embodied in pathetic words that vividly recall the language of the *Imitation:* lamenting how by 'inordinately following created things' he had lost the God Whom he was 'made

to love and enjoy'; how he had readily assented and yielded to vanity and forsaken Him Who is Truth. Thus the youth tormented himself for having yielded to longings for earthly bliss, only too natural in one who had never really known it. An anecdote related in the *Imitation* is supposed to enclose a fragment of autobiography relating to this period. 'A certain person' in anxiety of mind, wavering between hope and fear, prostrated himself before an altar in the church, saying, 'O, if I could but know that I should still persevere!' when an inward voice from God spoke to him thus: 'If thou didst know this, what wouldst thou do? Do now what thou wouldst then resolve to do, and thou shalt be secure enough.' And when, cheered by this Divine message, he betook himself to present and practical obedience, his anxiety for the future was removed, never to return.

In this spirit of cheerful trust the young man, when his probation was expired, offered himself to receive investment as a Canon Regular of his chosen Order, thus locking behind him the gate leading into the stormy outer world from which he wished to flee. There exists among his writings a singular Vow of Renunciation by which he 'freely bound himself in secret' on this occasion, and in which, enumerating with a certain lingering delight and quaint minuteness all the earthly loves and pleasures, dignities and estates possessed or attainable by him, he renounces them all and for ever, binding himself to find his sole delight in God. It is not for us, surrounded by a large Christianized society, in which religious fellowship is at once and easily accessible, and to whom the way of holiness has been made pleasant indeed, to criticise in a superior spirit the asceticism which colours the renunciation. The days in which à Kempis lived were dark indeed, and to be in the world and in the Church without partaking of their deep corruption seemed well-nigh impossible. To make such a vow may be easy, to keep it in spirit and letter is a task indeed; yet there is every evidence that he whose hand traced it in youth observed it faithfully until extreme old age.

John à Kempis was still ruling as Prior when his brother was invested; but when a few years after Thomas received ordination as priest, and was beginning his greatest work, another Prior had been elected. The elder brother, having a special gift for organization and government, was transferred from place to place to open new Houses, or to preside over those lately formed; and when he died he was holding the offices of Rector and Confessor to a House of Sisters of the Common Life who had also entered the order of St. Augustine. For Gerard Groote had not been unmindful of his female converts, on whom he had bestowed his paternal house in Deventer, as a home where devout maidens and widows might live in community and support themselves by womanly work; and a stricter Order had been also framed for certain chosen members of the Sisterhood. As apparently they did not interfere with education, their part in the movement is a very insignificant one.

One great storm appears to have broken the outward tranquillity of à Kempis's life, which seems otherwise to have lapsed in sunny silence, like a Midsummer day. The miseries and sins of Europe had reached a hideous height; the Council of Constance, assembled to heal the distractions of the Western Church, stained itself with the blackest guilt by the murders of John Huss and Jerome of Prague; and the long, relentless wars of religion which ensued, in which the

popular party in Bohemia fought at once for vengeance and for freedom of worship, were not yet ended in 1471, the year of à Kempis's death, though the Papacy and its supporters resorted to the most savage measures of repression. There befell also the earth-shaking calamity of the fall of Constantinople and the destruction of the Empire of the East, while Latin Christendom stood by with folded arms; but these portentous events leave hardly a trace in the writings of à Kempis. Of so little value as negative evidence is the silence of a contemporary chronicler as to vast historical events.

But there came a day when the Brotherhood at Mount St. Agnes was itself dragged into the whirlpool of strife; and the attitude assumed by it does much to explain why the Reformation when it came was necessarily fatal to the quiet, hard-working Brotherhoods that had done so much to pave its way. A disputed election to the see of Utrecht was the apple of discord on this occasion; the Chapter of Utrecht, exercising its undoubted rights, which were of a quite unique character, had elected one candidate; the reigning Pope upheld another. The Estates of Utrecht forbade any one to receive the Papal nominee as a temporal ruler; the Pope excommunicated the popular candidate with all his supporters, and laid the whole diocese under an interdict. With apparently no attempt to decide on the merits of the case, guided only by the principle of obedience to ecclesiastical authority which their vows had made binding on them, the Canons Regular of St. Augustine at once ceased from their singing in churches and other public ministrations, and no remonstrances from their exasperated fellow-citizens could change their attitude while the interdict lasted. At the end of a year they were offered the alternative of resuming their public duties or of going forth into exile; the country would tolerate their resistance no longer. It does not appear that they hesitated.

In 1429 the community of Mount St. Agnes, of which Thomas was now Sub-Prior, wended its way, a pathetic little procession, down the slopes of their beloved fields towards the sea-coast, where they took ship and passed into Friesland, to a House of their Order. They remained in exile three years; and during that period Thomas à Kempis had to endure the only personal bereavement which has a place in his chronicles: John à Kempis, his elder brother, passed away after a lengthened illness; the Brethren, more human-hearted than some later imitators of their associate life, deputed Thomas to visit him in his sickness, and the brothers were together upwards of a year. A new Pope removed the Interdict, and installed the rightfully-elected Bishop. So passed away the one cloud which shadowed the life of Thomas à Kempis; it is a significant occurrence, and shows a flaw in the wisdom of those arrangements by which Gerard Groote had hoped to secure the stability of his institutions.

In the vowed obedience of his canons to the Holy See lay the seeds of their future ruin; though Luther himself admired their spirit, vainly wishing that all monasteries could have been such as these. A Kempis, on his return to Mount St. Agnes, was first made Procurator or Steward ('the office of Martha,' he calls this new position). It seems that the gentle mystic had abundant good practical sense, and performed his duties well; but he was soon replaced in the office of Sub-Prior, which somehow had been forfeited during his exile, and his elevation to this post is the last noteworthy incident in his life,

though it was yet prolonged for twenty-three years. In the quiet, holy autumn of that life he exercised a strong influence on many young enquiring minds, attracted by the singular charm of the *De Imitatione Christi*, which he had now completed, and which was widely circulated. Among these admiring disciples was none more strongly attracted or more deeply impressed by à Kempis's writings and conversation, than the celebrated John Wessel. In Wessel's writings, Luther, a century later, found to his great satisfaction his own views anticipated and enforced. There was a good deal of the iconoclast in this young admirer of à Kempis, and he did not always receive that gentle saint's admonitions in unquestioning submission; so the daring and candid youth did something to clear away certain superstitious growths which, like creeping mosses and lichens in the cold damp shadow of the cloister, had overspread the mind of his revered friend.

We cannot claim Thomas à Kempis as a Protestant; his was one of those beautiful natures, instinctively devout, that take no heed of the form or ornamenting of the vessel in which the Bread of Life is offered to them, but at once appropriate the heavenly food. Such pass through the outer courts of the temple, blind and deaf to its splendours or its poverty, and to the cries of those who buy and sell, and profane the sanctuary by their sordid chaffering: their eyes and hearts are turned to the Veil which screens from them the Holy of Holies, and to their devout vision a mystic glory reveals itself burning through the sacred folds. They are not of the material which makes reformers; but God has His own work for them to do; and perhaps none of His workmen have accomplished in silence and humility more true and lasting service for Him than the recluse who died in the fulness of years in his cell at Zwolle. For him the Roman Catholic Church has found no place in its calendar of saints.

THE BAMPTON LECTURE FOR 1881.*

BY THE REV. T. OGDEN TAYLOR.

A RECENT contributor to the *Lancet* paints an exceedingly gloomy picture of the present state of religious thought amongst us:

'The field of our literature is literally covered with writings of a sceptical and negative tendency; the indifference to the claims of religion is rapidly becoming greater, its effects upon the minds of the community more and more visible, and men are beginning to wonder where we are to look for help from a future of faithlessness and Atheism. The extensive diffusion of the principle of evolution, for the most part imperfectly understood, and the attitude of prominent men of science towards matters religious, have not failed to spread their influence over the minds of men and women of almost all classes of society; and it has gradually come to be supposed that faith in God, the responsibility of man, and the immortality of the human soul, are conceptions of an uncultivated and bygone age, and no longer tenable when viewed in the light of modern science.'

This picture, we think, is painted in too dark colours; still, there is enough of truth in it to sadden us. It witnesses to the wide prevalence of unbelief, and to the necessity for Christians to be men of war. The main positions of our Faith are being

* *The One Religion: Being the Bampton Lectures for the Year* 1881. By John Wordsworth, M.A.

vigorously and persistently assailed. Apologetic tasks are forced upon us by the conditions of the age. And when any one who is specially equipped for the warfare is willing to place himself at the front of the battle, we cannot but rejoice.

In Mr. Wordsworth we have a scholarly and skilled controversialist, who has rendered valuable service to the cause of Christian apologetics. His lectures are able and timely, and will take no mean place in the series to which they belong. They are suggestive rather than exhaustive, and will be a stimulus and guide to further reading on the subjects with which they deal. They are pervaded with a profound conviction that the Christian religion alone is able to give a satisfactory solution of the great problems of life; and that it possesses an indestructible vitality. Whether assailed by philosophic speculations, or brought into competition with other religious systems, it has nothing to fear. The former point is touched upon but incidentally, the latter is the chief thesis of the lectures.

The science of Comparative Religion is still in its infancy. It is quite recently that such a science has been possible. But while it is not able to boast of a history full of noble achievements, there is undoubtedly an important future awaiting it. Our knowledge of the various families of mankind is rapidly increasing; and in proportion to our increase of knowledge in this direction do we become more conversant with the religions of the world. By the persevering labours of men of eminent ability a flood of light is being poured upon the religions of Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, India and China. And now these old religions are disputing the claims of Christianity to supremacy. There is amongst them a struggle for existence. As Christians, we need not contemplate the issue with alarm. If in the religious as well as the physical world there is such a law operating as the survival of the fittest, that law guarantees for Christianity a position of ultimate supremacy. For whether we consider its intrinsic vigour or its adaptation to its environments, Christianity is the fittest religion. Frequent perusal of these lectures has strengthened us in this conviction. Contemplating 'the beautiful form of Christianity' here put before us, we have seen in it 'the one normal or standard religion of the human race.'

The first lecture is introductory, and contains some opportune remarks on the prevalence and causes of unbelief. Mr. Wordsworth admits that the theological outlook is dark, and that it is impossible to forecast the future course of events with any degree of certainty. In his view the causes of unbelief are moral rather than intellectual. He is not able to acquiesce in the widely-received opinion that science is mainly responsible for the infidelity of the age. He writes:

'I say the moral causes of unbelief, because I believe these to be the true causes of permanent alienation. I am speaking not of those who really fight with doubt, but of those who acquiesce in unbelief. It is not so much an observation of the uniformity of nature, or a belief in evolution, that makes them deny miracles, and then deny God. It is the spirit with which they observe this uniformity and this evolution. Christianity has done as much as science, if not more, to enforce the belief that God is a God of order, and that He makes step follow step in delicate progression. But carrying with it a spirit of love and humility, it recognises in this order and progress a will to which they are subject, and finds nothing strange, nothing disorderly in the clearer revelation of this will from time to time in events which we call miraculous. To the eye of faith, both nature and miracle are equally miraculous, being the expression of the same Divine love and power. But this is not the case with those whose moral

sense has been injured or darkened by shocks in the conflicts of the world, or by selfishness and fear of the claims of religion, or by narrow limitation of its field of view.'

The second lecture is on Biblical Theism contrasted with other conceptions of the Nature of God. In our opinion this is the ablest and the most instructive lecture in the book. It deals with the fundamental problem of all religions, namely, the nature of God. Religion does not attempt to prove that God exists; it assumes this as a necessary postulate. There can be no religion until the idea of God is granted. It is no part even of the science of religion to formulate an argument or a chain of arguments to prove the existence of God; and yet that science is rendering valuable service to Theism by accentuating the fact that religion is universal. Even so thorough an evolutionist as Prof. Tiele says: 'The statement that there are nations or tribes which possess no religion rests either on inaccurate observation or confusion of ideas. No tribe or nation has yet been met with destitute of belief in any higher beings; and travellers who asserted their existence have been afterward refuted by facts. It is legitimate, therefore, to call religion in its general sense a universal phenomenon of humanity.'* A powerful theistic argument may be built upon this 'universal phenomenon of humanity.' It shows that belief in God has its roots deep down in human nature, and that humanity can never be explained apart from the idea of God.

The fundamental question which religion has to answer is, *What is God?* Is He personal or impersonal? Does He stand in any conscious and loving relationship to man, or is He unmindful of the sorrows and destiny of the human race? The religion which sheds the clearest light upon these questions is the fittest to survive, and has the strongest claim upon our allegiance.

Mr. Wordsworth has no difficulty in showing that the Biblical conception of God is immeasurably superior to that of any other religion. That conception he derives from the revelation of the Divine name made to Moses on Sinai: 'I AM THAT I AM.' In that name there are contained the two ideas of Infinity and Personality: 'I Am hath sent me unto you.' Here we have the assertion of God's will in action, of His regard for His creatures, and desire to make Himself known to them. And this emphatic assertion of personal care and loving interest pervades the whole Bible, and is fundamental to the whole Hebrew and Christian conception of the Divinity.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Wordsworth has gone only to the Old Testament Scriptures to ascertain what the Biblical idea of God is. Undoubtedly Moses and the Psalmists and the Prophets had a conception of God far in advance of the theistic views which dominated other forms of religion; but the chief revelation which God has made of Himself to the world was in Christ. 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, Which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.' 'He that hath seen Me,' says Christ, 'hath seen the Father.' It is not in the interest of Biblical Theism for any one to concentrate attention exclusively upon a preparatory and incomplete revelation. The Bampton Lecturer, by this procedure, has considerably weakened his own cause. In the conception of God from which he argues, he finds no room for the idea of Divine Fatherhood. And any thought of God in which this idea

* *Outlines of the History of the Ancient Religions*, p. 6.

does not find a prominent place, cannot be regarded as doing full justice to the Biblical conception of God. The idea of Infinite Personality is lofty and sublime, and for that reason it needs to be supplemented by the idea of Divine Fatherhood. The former idea inspires us with awe, but the latter awakens within us filial reverence and trust and love. Perfect Fatherhood, and not Infinite Personality, is the most conspicuous thought in our Lord's teaching respecting God.

But if the Bible viewed God simply as Infinite Personality without recognising the idea of Perfect Fatherhood, its theistic conception would then be far in advance of non-Christian systems. In the revelation made to Moses we have two apparently irreconcilable ideas in combination—infinity and personality. All other systems have failed to unite these ideas. Sometimes they have laid particular stress upon the idea of infinity, at other times on that of personality; but they have been incapable of combining the two. Pantheism gives undue emphasis to the idea of infinity, and anthropomorphic Deism to that of personality; Pantheism and Deism are clearly antithetical forms of error. 'They may be said to stand on the extreme left and right of the central truth.' What one asserts the other denies. In their mutual negation they leave us without God.

Mr. Wordsworth does not attempt to give anything like a complete description of the various types of erroneous doctrine concerning God; but he maintains that they are all tinged with either a pantheistic or a deistic colouring. The chief examples of pantheistic religion are to be found in India and Egypt. India is generally regarded as the birth-place of Pantheism. The pantheistic view of God by which some of the ancient religions are characterized, may be of interest to those who are attracted by all kinds of fanciful and wild speculations, but it is utterly inadequate to satisfy the cravings of the human heart. Placed side by side with the Scriptural conception of God, its poverty is at once apparent, and it seems very likely to perish in the struggle for existence. Pantheism would be a miserable substitute for the living God of the Bible. Postulating the existence of but one eternal and infinite Substance, of which all things that exist are but modifications, with no permanent individual existence, it is destructive of the ideas of personality, free-will, and moral obligation. It can make no real distinction between God and the universe. God is all, and all is God. In such a conception of God as this there is nothing that can give us comfort, inspiration, or guidance. And thus all pantheistic religions, in the first article of their creed, fall unspeakably below the Christian religion. The condition of those who embrace them is well depicted by our author:

> 'Thus, for the Pantheist, if he be really consistent and logical, the whole of Life and Nature is but a meaningless vision from which all will and purpose are removed. He has nothing final before him, either to hope or to fear. If he be a man of higher type of mind, the best that he can do is to sit down in ecstatic contemplation and adoration of something—he knows not what. If he belongs to a lower order, he plunges into every form of enjoyment or worldly pursuit, into mere materialism and secularity. He is like a sailor without a definite port to steer to, sometimes eagerly pursuing this or that, sometimes idly drifting with the current; sometimes wildly sensual, sometimes fantastically refined; sometimes eager for knowledge, sometimes curious in asceticism; but in every case without principle, and without determination.'

The opposite heresy is designated by Mr. Wordsworth 'anthropomor-

phic Deism,' because it thinks and speaks of God as though He were a magnified man. While Pantheism identifies God with the universe, Deism wholly separates Him from it. The God of Deism is happy in the contemplation of Himself, and will not allow that happiness to be disturbed by concerning Himself with the perplexity, the sorrows and destiny of men.

Deism has had a powerful influence upon much of the speculation and religious thought of the world, and especially upon Confucianism, the great religion of China. Viewed on its ethical and active side, Confucianism is worthy of earnest admiration. Its moral sense is acute and strong. It has formulated a code of rules for the regulation of human conduct in its minutest details, as well as in its broader features. In many of its precepts there seems to be an anticipation of the ethical teaching of Christ. On many points there is a striking resemblance between Confucianism and Christianity. But even when it approaches most closely to the teaching of Christ, Confucianism is cold and unsatisfying. It is sadly deficient in moral motive power, and in 'the enthusiasm of humanity.' Its moral precepts are like a marble statue, beautiful to look upon, but without soul or life. And the insufficiency of its moral system arises from its defective view of God. It conceives of God as a great Lawgiver, and not as a tender Father, intensely solicitous for the welfare of His children. Removing Him from the affairs of men, it can know nothing of the peace and joy of the Psalmist when he exclaimed, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' Human life never becomes so sacred and dignified, so full of noble achievements and spiritual loveliness, as when it derives its strength and inspiration from the vision of an ever-present and ever-loving Father; but China never rises to the contemplation of this vision. Professor Flint justly says: 'Its God is almost a void, without depth or content, without will or affection. And hence..China remains almost dead and immobile, with its heart and hopes buried in the past, not only not progressing, but not even dreaming of progress; a vast monument of the insufficiency of earth without heaven, of moral precepts without spiritual faith, of man without God; an instructive and impressive warning to Europe as to what any gospel of positivism may be expected to do for her.'

We see, then, that the Biblical conception of God is unspeakably superior to that of the religions we have considered. Our limits will not allow us to say anything about the religions of Greece, Rome, or Scandinavia. These all belong to the anthropomorphic type, and in their teaching are often grotesque and revolting. They never teach their votaries to approach God as 'Our Father in heaven.'

The superiority of the Christian religion over every other is seen also in the authoritative and sufficient answer it gives to the craving of the human mind for supernatural instruction and enlightenment. The next two lectures are devoted to the vindication and illustration of this truth. Our author maintains that man naturally considers God as his Teacher and Guide. This is the truth which underlies and explains the revelations which men have drawn from external nature, from signs and omens and sacrifices, from oracles and divinations. The same truth finds expression in the belief that the gods have come down to men in human form, and in the fact that the adherents of the non-Christian religions regard their sacred books as inspired. Each one of these points is treated in a scholarly

style, and is enlivened by a wealth of illustration. The wiser men among the heathen were convinced of the insufficiency of these supposed revelations. They turned away from them with profound disappointment, which not unfrequently deepened into despair. They felt that the darkness and uncertainty by which they were menaced could not be dispersed unless God were to speak to them in a clearer and stronger voice. We need not illustrate this truth by quoting the plaintive confessions of weakness and ignorance that were wrung from men so distinguished for mental strength as Socrates and Plato. The general history of heathenism witnesses to the futility of all efforts to find God in oracles, portents, etc. Non-Christian religions, it is true, witness to the strength of the religious impulse in man, but they equally witness to the insufficiency of human reason to deal with the great problems of religion. Whatever benefits they bestow upon man, they leave unsatisfied his craving for definite and authoritative instruction on the fundamental principles of religion and morality.

But in the Revelation of the One Religion, 'which is the mirror of the incomprehensible and inexhaustible fulness of God,' we are supplied with the truth which other religions have failed to give. Christian Revelation is considered by Mr. Wordsworth under two aspects, namely, as Ideal and Practical Truth. As ideal truth it is comprehensive, mysterious, inexhaustible; as practical truth it is authoritative, definitive, permanent. It is thus fitted for the wise and the unwise, for the philosopher and the peasant. It is adapted to the manifold requirements of human nature. It gives food to the mind, a heaven-born impulse to the heart, and guidance to the conduct. It sheds a clear and steady light upon the great problems of human life and destiny —a light that shines all the brighter when contrasted with the conflicting speculations of philosophy. 'The entrance of Thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.' 'Every Scripture inspired of God is profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness: that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work.'

The fitness of Christianity to survive the present struggle may be further argued from its adaptation to meet the requirements of man's moral and spiritual nature. There is in man a deep sense of separation from God, and an irrepressible craving to be at one with Him. This striving after God is not the exclusive characteristic of Christian nations: it is the common attribute of humanity. In plaintive and pathetic tones it speaks to us of the sin and imperfection and degeneracy of the race. According to the modern doctrine of evolution, man's course has been one of progress from lower to higher forms of existence; but according to heathen mythology, as well as the Christian Scriptures, it was one of moral deterioration. Much of the mythology of the Hindus, the Greeks and the Africans is coloured and moulded by the belief in a golden age, when men and the gods lived together in happy concord. But the golden age has long since closed; the heavens have receded from the earth, and man, forsaken by the gods, has been left in misery and sin.

The sense of sin is not a creation of Christianity; though Christianity has deepened it. Its weird and profoundly helpless form throws a saddening and chilling shadow over the literature of philosophies and

religions anterior to Christianity. Buddhism taught that humanity was morally diseased at its very heart. Platonism saw this disease issuing in death; while Parsism, with a truer ethical instinct, ascribed the moral disorder of the world to man's enmity towards God.*

But while heathenism was deeply conscious of sin and of separation from God, it knew not how sin could be forgiven and reconciliation with God effected. Here it felt itself unable to deal with the stupendous problem with which it was confronted. It recognised the existence of a great gulf between man and God, but it was powerless to bridge that gulf. It endeavoured to do so by means of confession, lustral washings and purifications; by bodily penances and by sacrifices; but a sense of failure attended all its efforts. Heathenism left unsolved the problem how union between man and God was to be restored, by what means the return of the golden age could be secured.

But in nothing is Christianity more successful than in the answer it gives to this supremely important question. The Christian doctrine of the atonement is the solution of the problem. It was not by human but by Divine effort that the chasm which separated man from God was to be bridged. He Who was at once the Son of God and the Son of man, took upon Himself the penalty of our sin and died in our stead. Christ has 'once suffered for sin; the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.'

Mr. Wordsworth has some useful and opportune remarks on this subject. He argues that the atonement, considered as a gift of Holiness, is worthy of God, and meet for the needs of man. He deserves our gratitude for such a lucid statement of the doctrine of the atonement, especially when the aim of many writers is to divest Christ's death of its propitiatory significance.

In the last two lectures the practical effects of Christianity as contrasted with those of other religions are considered. Measured by a utilitarian standard, there is no reason why the religion of Christ should be deposed from its supremacy. But we have not space to enlarge upon this topic.

We would commend this deeply interesting volume to those who are preparing for work in the Mission field. They will find it of great service in many a warfare. Any one who has thoroughly mastered the main positions vindicated in these lectures, will be powerful in conflict, and when the fight is most severe he will be animated by the certain hope of victory.

CHARLES F. LOWDER:

A SKETCH OF MISSION WORK IN EAST LONDON.

BY THE REV. F. J. NANCE, M.A.

About the time when Pusey and Newman were stirring the University of Oxford, Charles Fuge Lowder left King's College, London, and entered upon his University course. Already he was in strong sympathy with the ideas which prompted the leaders of the Tractarian move ment, and his future life showed the influence which their teaching had

* For a fuller treatment of this subject, see Dr. Matheson's Baird Lecture.

upon his mind. He was born at Bath, June 22nd, 1820, his father being at that time in a comparatively prosperous position as a partner in the old Bath Bank. Both his parents exhibited a form of Christian life which cannot but have had much influence upon the future of their son. They were described as 'a remarkably beautiful couple,' in that true sense of 'beauty' which bespeaks nobility of character sanctified by grace, as well as in the ordinary sense of physical beauty; and no one could spend an hour in their company without feeling refreshed by intercourse with such good and winning people. The influence of his parents and his entire home life was clearly discernible throughout his career. No important decision was come to without consultation with his parents, nor were any of those pleasant customs incidental to a pure and happy family circle forgotten by him even when close pressed by the demands of an East London parish. One of the most pleasant letters of the series now before us is one which he writes upon the occasion which country people call 'Mothering Sunday,' when it was a custom for absent children to send a cake to their mothers; and this was written at a time when he had upon his hands the charge of a considerable section of a parish, together with the initiation of a Mission in St. George's-in-the-East.

In the first year of his residence at Oxford the famous tract No. XC. was published, and was followed shortly after by the suspension of Dr. Pusey. Whilst taking a deep interest in those questions which were then so deeply agitating Oxford and the country generally, a shadow was cast upon his life by his father's failure in business, caused by a too great confidence in the honesty of others. He was, however, enabled by the kindness of a friend to finish his career at Oxford and to take his degree.

Upon leaving Oxford, he held in succession curacies at Walton, near Glastonbury, and at Tetbury, in Gloucester. Whilst engaged in his work at the former place, he felt strongly impelled to go abroad and work as a Missionary in New Zealand, but the dependence of his parents upon him presented a difficulty which was not easy to meet, and although anxious himself to go, he was compelled to settle to work in England.

About this time (1851) the offer was made to him of his first London curacy. This was at St. Barnabas'. Shortly before this time the Incumbent of St. Paul's and St. Barnabas' (Mr. Bennett) had been obliged to resign his post on account of ritualistic practices, and the popular excitement was still intense. He himself, writing of the riots there, says of the church, 'During the whole of that memorable year it was only held as a beleaguered city is held by armed men, against the violence of enemies who battered at the doors, shouted through the windows, hissed in the aisles, and essayed to storm the chancel gates.' Some of the stories which he tells of this time are amusing. 'On one occasion a respectable Irish clergyman sought him in the vestry, and appealed to him in anger against one of the vergers, who, he said, had insulted him by imputing to him ignorance of the Greek Alphabet.' Mr. Lowder enquired how the Greek alphabet had anything to do with his refusal to be seated during divine service, which was the verger's complaint against him. 'Well, Sir,' he answered, 'it was just this way: being in London for the exhibition, I came to see St. Barnabas', and if I had taken a seat I wouldn't have seen a bit, so I just wanted to walk

round, through the crowd, and examine it at my ease. This man here kept harrying me about taking a seat, and then I said to him plainly, "Are you not ashamed of yourselves to be worshipping the Virgin Mary here? For there," said I (pointing to the keystones of the chancel arch) "aren't they the very letters V. M?" "No, Sir," replied he; "..it's you.. that should be ashamed not to know the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet when you see them."' This gentleman was pacified upon its being clearly shown to him by Mr. Lowder that the letters were really Alpha and Omega, not V. M.

The ritual at St. Barnabas', which called forth such opposition was certainly of a very 'high' character, though probably, considering the extent to which such matters have advanced during recent years, it would not be much beyond the 'moderate' Ritualistic services of to-day.

During Mr. Lowder's stay at this place the state of East London was brought before the minds of several of the parish clergy, and they determined upon commencing a Mission in St. George's. Before he left to take up his permanent residence at the Mission, an event happened which may serve as an indication of one side of the character of the man who has left so deep a mark upon the face of East London. During the struggle with the Bishop as to the degree of Ritual 'to be permitted at St. Barnabas,' one of the parishioners who was opposed to the Ritualistic form of worship became a candidate for the churchwardenship. This candidature was pushed in various ways, amongst others, by means of a board bearing a placard 'Vote for ———,' and borne by a man 'sandwich-wise' through the street. To the crypt of St. Barnabas' there is an underground passage from the choristers' vestry where the boys occasionally 'larked.' Amongst these was a cousin of Charles Lowder, a Christ's Hospital boy. Being excited by the sight of this man-carried placard, he and the other boys conceived a fierce desire to wage war upon the inoffensive man, and entreated his cousin to allow them to throw something at him. Charles forbade them to throw dirt or stones, but gave them sixpence to buy rotten eggs. With these the boys soon put the enemy to flight. For his share in this, which Bishop Blomfield called his 'ovation,' Charles Lowder was summoned and apologised, and the Bishop suspended him from his office for six weeks.

This time he employed in a visit to France, where, at a seminary, he fell in with a *Life of St. Vincent de Paul*, which seems to have intensified his longing to work amongst the poor, neglected and miserable outcasts of the slums. About this time he writes: 'The spiritual condition of the masses of our population, the appalling vices which prevail in our large towns, and especially in the teeming districts of the metropolis, the increasing tendency of our people to mass together, multiplying and intensifying the evil, and the unsatisfactory character of the attempts hitherto made to meet it, were enough to make men gladly profit by the experience of those who had successfully struggled against similar difficulties.'

From this time (1856) until his death (1880) the place of his work was St. George's in the East. The first service which was held is thus described: 'The two clergymen, with two or three members of the choir, walked to a room in a court leading out of Ratcliff Highway, and here an old servant, who still serves the Mission, rang a bell at the entrance to the court, and a few were gathered together.' This was

the first service, but before Mr. Lowder died he had established an independent parish, with extensive church and school premises, as well as given off a branch Mission which was very flourishing.

The character of the work which Charles Lowder had come to do was enough to make almost any man shrink back in despair. But the nature of the man was 'to go straight on.' He has been described as 'perfectly fearless.' He needed also to be 'perfectly trustful' to face such work as was furnished to him here. He writes:

'The most graphic picture of the narrow courts and alleys, as seen through the murky atmosphere of fog and dust, with all the horrors of sight and sound and smell—scowling, brutal faces of men, degraded monsters of women, poor little children half-clad, except with dirt, with naked feet and dishevelled hair, playing in the gutter, many of them stunted, half-witted and deformed, and all wan and sickly-looking: the air filled with the bruit of quarrels, shameful words and curses. No mere passing experience of such outside features can give any adequate knowledge of the life that is lived within, in the wretched hovels which go by the name of home.'

It was amidst circumstances of which the above is a very faint picture that Charles Lowder laid himself out to work. And what was there in the man to make him capable of accomplishing such vast results? A high sense of duty; a firmness which could go on its way amidst all kinds of opposition; a capacity to make people love him; a tender and sympathetic heart; and an ability to induce others to work. Of his fearlessness I have already spoken, and it will be clear to all that he would need it. However much we may doubt the wisdom of the course he adopted, as we read his letters and watch his work, we cannot but come to the conclusion that he was actuated by a spirit of love to the Master, and a desire to benefit his fellow men.

The method of his work in St. George's was hard living and hard-working; and with this all those who worked with him had to comply. To trace the progress of his work to its successful issue is impossible within the limits of this sketch, but we may indicate one or two of its principal features. The most prominent element in Mr. Lowder's success was his life. It was not his sermons, but the life which he lived among the people, which influenced them and touched their hearts. 'Father Lowder' meant all that was good and kind and helpful; and whether he were standing by the bedside of a dying woman, or holding cholera-patients in his arms, or rescuing the would-be suicide from her mad attempt, he was always the one to whom the hearts of the people naturally turned.

One of his most beautiful characteristics was his love for children. He always had a group around him, clinging to him. Upon one occasion, he came out of the church after evensong, and the poor little half-clad children came clustering round him. Three or four took hold of the corners and edge of his long cloak, and spread it out like a tent, while half-a-dozen more crept underneath, laughing and shouting and struggling. And in this way he went down the street, to the great astonishment of two or three country parsons who had come to see what was going on at the church, and who stood watching him and exclaiming, 'Why, they're all round him!'

His power of influencing others to join him in the work was great; and he utilized his forces to the best advantage. During his residence at the Mission, cholera laid hold of his district. For long Father Lowder and those who joined with him in

the good work, struggled against this scourge, and by their self-sacrifice and devotion did much to entwine the hearts of the people around the church which they represented. He aimed in everything not merely to get the people to worship, but to produce in them a real change of heart, and ally them on the side of right. One little fellow belonging to the Mission was very ill, and had to be taken to the London Hospital. Here this little home-sick child, only nine years old, yet found work to do. He made friends with the men, and when the Bishop came to preach in the Mission chapel just when he was convalescent, he collected a band of eight big men, and marched them off to the service. They would not have gone but for this child. They called him 'our little master.' One day he was telling his mother of the number of deaths that had occurred in the ward since he was received. His mother said, 'My dear, you ought to pray for them when they are dying.' He answered 'Mother, I always do.'

The continued strain of this very arduous form of parish work, together with the special strain of the cholera season, told upon his health. He was also greatly shocked when three of his curates went over to Rome: a result, however, which he ought to have foreseen as the natural and logical sequence of his Ritualistic extravagances. He was obliged to rest and leave home, and he died whilst abroad, in September, 1880. After climbing two of the Alps with some friends, who were obliged to push on faster than he was able to do, he remained at a small inn at Tell-am-See. Here he was taken ill. On the second day of his illness, two English people came to the inn, and were told that an 'English clergyman lay ill there. Would they see him?' The gentleman had heard Father Lowder preach in England. They took upon themselves to nurse him, and communicated with his family at home, but before they could reach the place his spirit had quietly passed away. When the news reached his own parish, it seemed to the people too sad to be true. Such a funeral has not often been seen. The poor of his charge flocked to it in thousands, a general holiday having been taken for the purpose, and the path to Father Lowder's grave in Chislehurst churchyard is easy to find, for the tread of many feet marks it out.

A WEIGHING OF THE WORDS '*CATHOLIC*' AND '*UNIVERSAL.*'

BY THE REV. W. H. RULE, D.D.

I WISH to correct two popular mistakes—that Catholic may mean Romish, and that the Greek word καθολικός may be adequately translated in any statement of our faith by the English word *universal.*

I have not the vanity to fancy that I have anything new to tell those whom I desire to address, but even some of them may not yet have fully and finally considered a subject on which multitudes are uninformed. I might possibly, in my boyhood, have been of the same mind as the proposers of this change, but I arrived at a different conclusion long ago, after careful study and dispassionate reflection.

May I be allowed one elementary observation by way of necessary introduction. The Greek word is derived from a simple adjective, ὅλος, *whole,* not lacking any of its parts. Τὸ ὅλον is that which de-

notes the completeness of a thing within itself, not lacking any of its parts, nor spoiled of its identity by the introduction of anything extraneous. It must be distinguished from τὸ μερικόν, which cannot be whole, and is also very different from τὸ πᾶν, which is the aggregate of an unlimited multitude, and corresponds with *universal*—all, of every kind; absolutely *all* without excluding any. That is to say, 'the universal Church' must mean all who call themselves Christians in the world; but these being incalculably various, and masses of them lamentably corrupt and irreconcilably different, this very human Church of Churches cannot afford any communion to saints, and no sincere Christian can say that he believes in it. It cannot be considered *holy*.

But we shall see presently that catholicity is not predicated originally of the Church, but of the faith of its members, and of the religion they enjoy. The Church which professes the true faith, as taught in Holy Scripture, is the Catholic Church.

The whole (τὸ ὅλον) of which we speak is therefore none other than the complete and admirably consistent body of revealed truths contained in Holy Scripture, and taught in the Church of Christ by His faithful ministers. They teach the people to do whatsoever He commanded them. As regards this entire body of things to be believed and done, St. Paul reminded the Ephesian elders that he had declared to them *the whole counsel of God*.

The catholicity, then, of the Church in which we believe, is the completeness of the Revealed Truth whereof it is the pillar and the ground. It is not totality of numbers; *that* could not be subject of faith. It is not universality of extent, comprehending 'all who profess and call themselves Christians' taken together—all Christendom—Anglican, Roman, Greek, Russo-Greek, Oriental, Transatlantic—even all this is not yet enough to be universal, for the vast wastes of heathendom and so-called Islam have to be reclaimed, and Israel all saved, before this Church can be geographically universal. But even if the title were conventionally allowed to the aggregate of all called Christians, who could believe the testimony of this universal Church, these heterogeneous multitudes, the precious and the vile, all mingled together until eternally separated at the last judgment?

But we have now to study the language to be employed in the solemnities of Divine Worship. Let us consider that some conscientious individuals, contemplating the change of a word in the Apostles' Creed, are dealing with a symbol of pure Christian Faith, and a form of sincere confession written, to say the least, more than fifteen hundred years ago, and heard constantly to this day, as it has been, and is, pronounced consentaneously by millions. It is well that we should examine how the word these brethren would adventure to change has been from the beginning understood.

On this point there is abundant evidence, as will appear from a few extracts which I produce directly from the originals and arrange in order of proximate dates, so clearly expressing the sense of the writers as to require little or no comment of mine. On the general use of the word *Catholic*, however, I must, in fairness, set down a single note. In the Greek and Latin Fathers, to whom only I refer, I find in their use of it the primary meaning to be in accordance with what I have written above; but they sometimes also employ it in the sense of *general*, or even *universal*, or it may be *all-comprehen-*

ure, as when, for example, they speak of the administration of Divine Providence. But it will be seen how they use the word when treating on the subject before us.

I could bring some very apt quotations from the Apostolic Fathers, but there have been some doubts as to the integrity of their texts, and therefore I refrain from using them on the present occasion.

A.D. 140, Justin Martyr, in his Book on the Monarchy, says: '. . and by the contagion of iniquity which has come from few to many, in whom popular custom has obscured the knowledge of things that are fixed and immutable: for they who first in honour of princes instituted mysteries and public offices (or functions) induced *oblivion of the Catholic* persuasion,' ἀμνηστίαν τῆς καθολικῆς ἕξης.

A.D. 194, Clement of Alexandria, (Stromata, vii.), says: 'And in substance, therefore, and as we think of this Church, that it is first and most excellent, we say that is the only ancient and Catholic Church, in the unity of one faith which is from its own Testaments (Old and New), or rather Testament (all the Bible); one in different times, when, by the will of God, it gathered by one Lord them who were already ordained, whom God predestined, because He knew before the foundations of the world were laid, that they would be righteous.' In substance then, in excellence, and in the unity of a faith derived from Holy Scripture, and because it consists of righteous persons gathered together by One Lord Jesus Christ, the Church is *Catholic.*

A.D. 200, Tertullian against the Marcionites (ii. 17), speaks of the '*Catholic* and supreme goodness of God' (*catholicæ et summæ illius bonitatis*).

But, as pagan idolatries weaken, there is less of Christian apologetic writing, and errors multiply within the Church; these are called heresies, and there is now a strongly marked distinction between what is *heretical* and what is *catholic.*

A.D. 306, Lactantius, in his treatise *De Vera Sapientia*, iv. 30. 'For when Phrygians, or Novatians, or Valentinians, or Marcionites, or Anthropians, or Arians, or any others whom you will, are named, they who cease to be Christians, having lost the name of Christ, put on human and foreign designations (*humana et externa vocabula*). Therefore, that only is the *Catholic* Church which retains the true worship. This Church is the fountain of truth; this is the abode of faith; this is the temple of God; if any has not entered, or has departed out of it, he is a stranger to hope of life and eternal salvation.'

A.D. 325, The Council of Nicea, where was framed the first and principal part of the Nicene Creed. The remainder was added by almost entirely the same persons, at Constantinople soon afterwards, containing the sentence, 'And I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church.'

Mark how careful the Nicene Fathers were to distinguish between believing *in* God, and believing the Church wherein men could learn concerning God.

Then comes the Athanasian Creed, (whoever was its author), in which the word Catholic is exclusively applied to the belief and the religion: 'And the *Catholic faith* is this, that we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.'

Near this time Constantine the Great wrote his letter to the absent Bishops, given by Theodoret (H. E. I., 9), in which he says: 'It was the will of God that His Catholic Church should be one, although the greatest part of it was dispersed in many different places, but the divided members were altogether alike nourished by one Spirit,

that is, by the Divine will.' This, therefore, to the mind of Constantine, is the source of catholicity.

A.D. 348, Cyril of Jerusalem, in his 18th Catechesis for the illuminated, explains with the utmost clearness why the Church is called Catholic: 'It is so called because it exists from one extremity to the other of the habitable world; and because it teaches *without exception* (καθολικως) and without ceasing, that all profitable doctrines come to the knowledge of men concerning things both heavenly and earthly; that it subjects them that bear rule and them that are under their dominion, both the learned and the unlearned; and because it *universally* (καθολικως) heals and delivers from every kind of sin by which soul and body is afflicted, and because in it *every form* of what is called virtue, in deed and in word, and *all* spiritual gifts can be gained.'

Many other quotations of the same kind are at hand, but it is not necessary to produce them. They agree in ascribing the unity of the Church, which they uniformly call *Catholic*, to all its members having one Head, being animated and sanctified by one Spirit, and instructed by the testimony (as Clement of Alexandria, back in the second century said) of one truth. However, I will close with what was in its time an authoritative document, confirmatory of the primitive and distinctive title of the Church of Christ which arose from general consent, and was justified by an acknowledged necessity.

A.D. 380. The Emperor Theodosius, in conjunction with his colleague, issued the following law, which is recorded in the Theodosian Code, Tom. vi.: '*Cunctos hanc legem; sc. qui secundum Apostolicam disciplinam, Evangelicamque doctrinam Patris, et Filii, et Spiritûs Sancti, unam Deitatem sub pari majestate et pia trinitate credunt, sequentes, Christianorum Catholicorum nomen jubemus amplecti.*' 'All who follow this law, that is to say, who believe in one Godhead according to the Apostolic discipline and Evangelic doctrine of Father and Son and Holy Spirit under equal majesty and holy trinity, we command to be included under the name of CATHOLIC CHRISTIANS.'

Imperial power enforced nothing new, but, under this sanction, what had been for nearly three centuries a customary title, passed into a legal right to be indisputably limited to those who alone deserved the sacred and honourable distinction. Our Lord Himself had appointed that all believers in His Gospel should be received into the brotherhood of Christians *in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.* The Apostle to the Gentiles checked on its first appearance a heathenish and most injurious tendency to regard Baptism as a rite conveying to the baptized the particular name of the baptizer, and to break the unity of the Christian Church by introducing sectarian distinctions. The same Apostle and his brethren, closely following their Lord and Master, often, perhaps habitually, repeated the solemn benediction in the name of *the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost;* and no other view of the Godhead is sanctioned in the New Testament writings. The same note of Catholicity, although not literally written, is substantially contained in that mystery of godliness (εὐσεβεία = worship) which determines the object of all Christian ministrations and the subject of all Apostolic teaching: 'GOD was manifest in THE FLESH, justified in THE SPIRIT, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.'

The idea of Catholicity which

prevails throughout Christian antiquity has been happily revived since the Reformation of nearly four centuries ago, but any one who bestows an hour's thoughtful attention on the customary use of the word in the Romish Church, will not fail to perceive that it utterly differs from that of the wisest and holiest theologians of the best times. Catholic is now, at the Vatican, and has become more and more, among priests and people, a mere ecclesiastical term, applied to offices and things, and in relation to the Romish Church, and to that Church only, always associated with Roman and Apostolic. No intelligent person, as I should think, among ourselves, fancies that the word in the Creed has anything to do with Popery; but, if we could possibly suppress it, and induce our fellow Christians to believe that it was in any way objectionable, we should weaken our credit to the extent of our success, and sacrifice our own right to be reputed Catholic Christians; allowing that honourable distinction to belong to the followers of Antichrist. To the same extent we should incur the mistrust, not to say contempt, of other Churches whose communion we value, and should give a temporary advantage to that recreant portion of the Church of England who avowedly symbolize with the Papacy. This would tend to frustrate the laudable intention of those very persons who propose to blot out *Catholic*, who perhaps think *holy* superfluous, and would venture to say that they believe in what is now *the Universal Church*, as really they do not, nor could they possibly accept its teaching, for it has none to give.

The relation of the Catholic to the Universal is distinctly recognised in the prayer for all sorts and conditions of men, which is familiar to us all. We there ask for the Catholic Church to be '*so* guided and governed...that *all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth*, and hold the faith in unity of Spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life.' Certainly the persecutors of those from whom they differ, the apostates from primitive Christianity, and the disturbers of civil peace for the sake of political power, cannot remain in undisputed possession of the title they claim to be exclusively their own.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE:

SIMON JASPER.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER XII.—'PACK TO BACK AND BACK TO PACK.'

AH, Maister, whatever should be ould dear and me have done without the love of the Lord in our hearts! I do very often wonder if ever there was a happier couple in the world than the ould dear and me.'

'Upon eight shillings a week!' I whispered to myself. Simon either guessed my thought or heard my whisper.

'Why, whatever have that got to do with it, Maister?' he asked, laughing.

'A very great deal, I should think, Simon.'

'W-e-ll,' said the old man slowly, as his face grew grave again. 'So it have, tew—*for them that do pay it.* I would sooner be a labour-man with eight shilling a-week than I would be that man's Maister with

ten thousand a year. But there—there is nobody in the world that I would change long with, for that matter. Seeming to me, that is the blessedness of trusting in the Lord. When folks do let the Lord have His own way with mun, they haven't got to carry the burden of picking and choosing as to where they shall live to, and how much they shall get. To hear people talking sometimes you would think that they was just pitchforked into the world all of a heap and anyhow. Why to hear mun going on, you would think that things is all put together so contrairy as can be, a purpose to vex anybody; and that we'm all sent into the world like stray sheep without any shepherd, and with nothing to feed upon but furze brakes and stone heaps. As for any green pasture, that is always over the hedge, and you must scramble up out of the ditch and through the brambles so well as you can, for there is nobody to help 'e, and very likely it will come to nothing but rolling down again, and perhaps getting 'pon your back a-struggling and kicking yourself to death, for there's nobody to lift 'e up again. Ah! only let a man come to know that the Heavenly Father doth take us in His loving hands, and that He doth put us down just where He would have us to! Only let anybody hear His blessed voice, "There, My child—that's where I can do best for thee, and that is where thou canst do most for ME." Ah! maister, it doth take off the biggest load from anybody's shoulders when they have a-learnt that.

'The ould dear have got a saying that have helped me oncommon. Hundreds of times I have heard her say it, and 'tis wonderful true—*Pack to' Back, and Back to Pack.* God doth fit them to each other like He doth fit everything else. Seeming to me why so many folks is so unhappy is all along of their trying to carry somebody else's pack that won't fit their back. The ould dear is right, maister. "Pack to back, and back to pack"—if us could only see things a bit plain, and if us only knew the ins and outs of it, we should see that there isn't anybody in the world that we could afford to change with.

'"Tis wonderful that folks don't see it tew—for they'm ready to see it in everything else, how the Heavenly Father doth make things fit, exactly. Many and many a time I've thought about it in the spring when I've seen the buds wrapped up in their rough brown coats, waiting till the March winds was over; and then there is the dainty blossoms opening in April and May, and there's the hot sun of summer coming to ripen them; and when I've a-seen how God can fetch the swallows and the cuckoo just to the right time when there is plenty for them to eat; and then how He doth teach them when 'tis time to go away again, and all that. But men and women must go a-fretting and worrying like as if nothing was right for them—nobody to teach them what to do and how to live. Bless the Lord, it doth make anybody hold up his head like a king—he can walk the earth with a firm step, when a man know'th that he is just where the Lord would have him to. That tak'th the grumbling out of anybody wonderful.

'It don't end there, neither maister. When a man do know that he is the Lord's servant, seeing to me that a man can help being glad in his work, no matter how hard it is, nor how dull. You know, maister, there isn't much but back-aching work in putting in 'taties; but let anybody come to feel that he is just where the Lord would have him to, and that man needn't envy

the angels in Heaven, I do count. Iss, and 'tis good to think of what a labour-man is doing in God's world, tew—a-helping to feed the hungry, and to keep things going.'

The smile that played about the old man's face grew into a laugh as he went on.

'Why, whatever would the great folks do, the kings and the learned people, if somebody didn't plough for the poor dears, and sow the corn and thrash the grain and put in the 'taties! Many a time out in the lonely field with nothing but the gray sky overhead, and not a sound anywhere but a rook a-cawing 'pon the tree-top, and me all in my old smock and my hands all mudded up, I've a lifted myself up and said: "I be partner 'long with you great folks—I do help your majesty for to govern, and your learned folks to think. We'm partners, mind."'

The old dear nudged her husband playfully with her elbow, and smiled at me: 'Yew never would think what conceit he'th got in en, maister.'

Simon stayed a minute or two, and then in another tone went on again, a tone as of quiet wonder, almost adoration, as if he were praying.

'But that isn't the half of it! The ould dear and me should have lost the happiness of our lives if that had been all. You know, maister, when the water there to Mara was bitter, the Lord showed Moses a tree that could make it sweet. Ah! bless His name, the Lord have showed me that tree, too; and it doth sweeten everything. One look to the Cross doth set everything right. That do tell me so plain that the Lord doth love us, that, seeming to me, nothing can't contradict it. When 'tis the same loving Hand that was nailed to the Cross that do lead us every day, who can doubt then!'

There old Simon sat, his face lit up with gladness and hope, and his lips moving in silent adoration—a picture of the 'blessed' man that 'trusteth in the Lord.' What else in all the world could have done for him what this knowledge of the Lord had done!

'And things needed sweetening a bit sometimes, maister, I can tell 'e;' the old man went on again in the merrier strain. 'I can mind one day when I was to work in there to Dunheved along with a man that used to grow things for the market. I was just working away when there com'th word that I was wanted in to maister's house. Well, I stuck my shovel in the ground, and come on never thinking of any mischief at all; but so soon as I got to the door I could see that there was something wrong. There was the maister and the parish constable, and so soon as I come in, the policeman puts his back against the door, and look'th up to the window like as if he made sure that I was going to run away.

'Then the maister begun, looking dreadfully fierce—"Now, Jasper," he saith, "we don't want none of your lies—where was you to last night?"

'Of course I was took all wondering, and I felt a bit angry too, being talked to like that. "Well," I said, "if you do think that I be a liar, whatever is the good of asking me?"

'Then he spoke a bit quieter, "Where was you to, then?"

'"Why, I was home to bed, Sir, of course—wherever else should I be to?"

'"Well—but what was you doing of in here two o'clock this morning?"

'I turned all sick and dizzy, and I dare say that I looked guilty enough for anything.

'"What was 'e doing in here that time of night?" the policeman says, looking from maister to me.

'I couldn't get out a word for ever so long. At last I stammered out that I had been home to bed all night.

'"Well, Jasper, if you can prove it, that will be all right—but if you can't you wull go to prison;" and maister was looking fiercer than ever.

'*Prison* — 'tis a ghastly ould word, maister, and 'tis enough to frighten anybody. "My wife can swear to it," I says, trembling all over.

'"Iss," says the policeman, "I dare say her wull—folks' missuses will swear to anything. I expect her was yere 'long with 'e. Yere's twenty head of cabbages missing, and lots of things beside; and yere's a man that swear'th he saw you, Simon Jasper, in yere this morning two o'clock."

'Well, while I was feeling all so faint and the room going round with me, it come into my mind all so quiet and comforting—"*Fear not; I will help thee.*" And I thought that if the Blessed Lord loved me so much as to bear my sins, He loved me well enough to take care of my good name. I felt like as if I could just take hold of His mighty hand, and in a minute I was all so light and cool as could be.

'"Who saw me, Sir, please?" I says, looking up quite brave.

'"Dick Uglow did," says the policeman.

'That was the other man that worked to the place, and he lived close by.

'"Well, Sir," I says, "I don't know anything about it; and that you will see before very long."

'After a bit maister told me that I might go back to work till Saturday, and if it wasn't all cleared up by then he should give me in custody.

'I went back to work feeling a little bit down, of course—for I couldn't help thinking about it, but I knew it would come all right. "Fear not; I will help thee," kept ringing in my mind.

'Well, in the evening I was coming home, and when I got to the last field there, I could hear the little lad singing away so beautiful—and though I couldn't tell what he was singing, the sound of his dear little voice did me good. He saw me coming over the stile, and ran to meet me, limping along as well as he was able, so I sat down 'pon the stile and put him on my knee, he with his little arms around my neck. He had got a big hymn-book in his hand, and as it lay open my eye caught sight of the words:

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who heaven and earth commands."

'I s'pose a tear began to creep in the corner of my eye, for the little fellow he kissed me and he saith—

'"Father, hear me sing it—I do know the tune."

'And there in the lovely still evening he sang out the words, every one of them seeming like as if the Lord spoke them to me His own self by the voice of the dear little angel:

"Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day."

'Ah, maister, I reckon I do know how that poor fellow felt when the good Samaritan poured in the oil and the wine and bound up his wounds, and set him 'pon the mule and took him to the inn and paid his bill for en. Why, it was living again, out of the hot sun and out of the loneliness, and with all his fears drove away and with kindness all about him everywhere! Bless the Lord, that is how He made me feel

hen I got up from the stile and me home to my door, carrying the ttle angel in my arms. My wounds as soothed if they wasn't healed, id my fears was all drove away and y heart kept humming over a bit loving thanks to my dear Lord. thought that I wouldn't say anyiing about it to the ould dear till it as all cleared up, for I knew it ould be before very long.

'Of course, the ghastly ould enemy ept a-trying to worry me, for if anyody can manage for to keep the door ut 'pon en, you can't always drive a away from under the window. here he was howling all kinds of ismal things—"Iss, Simon, 'tis ll very fine to try and be so cheerul about it. How wull you look ext Saturday—out of work, and ery likely put to prison, tew? letter men than you have gone here. What will folks say then? nd what wull the ould dear and the hildren do? And who wull ever elieve yew any more—a thief! ew'm a ruined man, Simon." But tookt hold of my Blessed Lord's and a bit tighter and went on; and was like as if He kept a-whispering -"Fear not; I will help thee."

'Well, Saturday morning was ome. And as I was going away he ould dear com'th out with the asket, and there—I was sure to ind and bring an ounce of that and pound of the other, and there was his to be axed for, and that to be one. But I couldn't mind any of , for I kept wondering whether I hould bring home the empty basket gain, or whether I might lose en ltogether through going to prison. nearly let it all out; for after the uld dear had told me what her wanted alf a dozen times, I kissed her and id "good-bye" so often, and with big a lump in my throat, that her egan to suspect something.

'"Why—yew ben't going away, imon?" her saith. And just then the milk began to boil over and the ould dear had to hurry in, and so I managed for to get away without being found out—but 'twas a very narrow escape.

'Well, I went on with my work and kept trying not to think about it, but I couldn't help it—whatever should I do if things comes to the worst? And all the dreadfulest things kept coming into my mind. The old church clock struck eleven—I can mind how the wind was away up in the east, and a cold cutting wind it was, tew; and while the clock was striking, the boy come running up and saith that Dick Uglow was a-wanted. So soon as I was left alone, I kneeled down under a tree and began to pour out my heart before the Lord. I had stood it well enough so far, but somehow I was fairly broke down now. And the moment I did give in all the thoughts of the week come up blacker and dreadfuler than ever. But it was not long before I got the victory, and was able to praise the Lord. I got a new hold of His blessed hand, and I heard His voice again, "*Fear not; I will help thee.*" Well, I had just got back to work when I heard somebody calling me. In I went, feeling calmer and better than I had done for the day. The little room was a'most full of people. There was the policeman and maister, and two women that I knew in the town; and there was Dick Uglow. I knew in a minute that it was all out now, for his head hung down, and when I come in he turned his face away.

'The women was asked if they had ever seen me into their place, and they said No, they hadn't.

'"Have 'e ever seen Dick Uglow?" saith maister. And then it all come out. How that he had been selling things for weeks past, and all the time he was putting maister up to suspect me.

'Poor Dick, he was marched off to the lock-up. Maister come forth to shake hands with me and asked me to forgive en—which I did in a minute, of course. And he wanted to give me half-a-crown, but I wouldn't touch it—only I got en to let me go home an hour earlier for to tell the ould dear; and I minded all the things, tew, oncommon well, considering, you know, maister.

'And that evening I took the little angel 'pon my knee and found the place, and he sang the hymn over again to the ould dear and me, me a-holding her hand, and our hearts flowing over in tears of thankfulness.

"Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

* * * * *

"Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
Which caused thy needless fear!"

CHAPTER XIII.—'YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER CARETH FOR YOU.'

'WHAT became of the "little angel," Simon?' I asked one day as tenderly as I could and taking advantage of his wife's absence, for I quite thought the child had passed away in early life.

'Why, bless 'e, maister, didn't you know! Well there, to think you never heard tell of that! He came to be quite a brave boy and oncommon clever tew—and he is gone out to Canada, and is married out there and got ever so many children, and doth preach long with the Brianites.'

Then the old dear came in and crept to her favourite place on the settle beside her husband.

'But we nearly lost him once, maister—when he was up eighteen or nineteen years old. They wanted him to stay home here to school and to make a schoolmaster of en, and the ould dear and me should have been fine and glad if he had; but he said that he should always be giving the little dears more holidays than lessons.'

'Wonderful clever he was to his figures, maister,' said the ould dear, 'and could write beautiful; and just the same loving ways with him as when he was a little child.'

Simon laughed. 'The ould dear doth think that there never was anybody like en, maister—though her did her best to spoil en tew.'

But the old dear only looked into the fire and sighed, and shook her head. 'He took after his father,' she said as if to herself.

'Iss, he was nearly gone once, maister, very nearly,' Simon went on. 'He had took a place up to Exeter, and was getting on wonderful, always sending home one thing and another for his mother and me, when one day there come a letter saying that he was took very bad and was put to the hospital, and that if I wanted to see him alive I must come up there to once.

'Well, when I read the letter I was in a dreadful way, sure 'nough. Poor dear, up there all by his own self. And however was I to get up to him? Exeter is a terrible great way off—or it used to be in those days. Seeming to me that I used to think about Exeter like anybody do think about Canada now; 'twas stop and turn again when you have got so far as that, for there was no place further on.

'Of course I came right away to Dunheved so soon as ever I could for to catch the coach, but I never felt so lonely and wished in my life—what with thinking about the poor dear boy and wondering however I should manage to get along, how I should find him, and wondering wherever I was to sleep to up in a great place

ike that; and all the ould stories hat I ever heard tell of about the ogues and rascals in these here ities come crowding into my mind. And without the ould dear, tew—hat was worst of all, for her hath got me into the way of leaning 'pon ier so for everything, that I be like anybody lost without her. 'Tis rue, Maister Oldwit, what the dear ould Miller used to say—a man without his missis and a mill in a drieth, is a pair—'tis groaning all the time, but no grinding 't all.

'Well, I got up on top of the coach—the end seat it was there behind the driver. It was a sharp day in March, and the tors 'pon Dartymoor was all covered with snow, and cold and bitter it was tew, with the wind blowing right east. I never felt so cold in my life. I can mind how the sky was all covered up with clouds that looked like as if they was blue with the cold—sort of steel blue; and the hills rose up all so hard and sharp against them. And there was the lonely moors stretching away for miles and miles without so much as a sign of life. All the time my thoughts would keep going away to the poor dear boy; and of course the ould enemy he was busy—a-painting it all up so black and dismal as ever it could be.

'I did have a stiffish fight of it, maister, for a little while; but there—I got the victory before very long. Ah! bless the Lord, He hath showed me a wonderful cure for grumbling, maister, and a glorious cure for doubting, tew. It doth never fail 'long with me, and seeming to me that it can't fail with anybody else. I do like Thomas did—take hold of the Blessed Master's hand, and I do feel the nail-print in it. O! it doth turn everything to love, maister. You can't doubt then when that Hand is leading anybody; and it doth set anybody's heart all afire. Well, the minute I began to think about Him, the words came into my mind about His being led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. O, I shall never forget it! It was like as if I never saw it till then. These here great dreary moors—so lonely and so cold—and it was like as if I could see Him wandering over them all so hungry and so sad, and the devil busy with all his dreadful old temptation, plaguing and threatening the Blessed Jesus. And this here bleak wind, to think of that a-blowing about my Lord and beating upon Him. And there, like the tor that stood out so hard and clear against the sky, turn which way He would my Blessed Saviour saw that rugged hill of Calvary and the cross standing on top of it! Ah! maister, all my heart was melted and went out in love to my dear Lord.

'When we got in there to the other side of Okehampton, it began to rain—first a little drizzle, and then great, cold drops that come down upon anybody like ice. Ah! I couldn't help seeing my Lord in the wilderness again then—there was He going along His way up by the twisted thorn-bushes, and in over the furze-brakes, and over the rugged stones and away over the marshy places, all drenched with the wet and perished with the cold. And He the King of Glory! O! I did long for a thousand hearts to love Him with.

'Well, while I was taken up all like that, the gentleman that was sitting next me nudged my elbow: "If you can come the other side of me, I can keep us both dry with my umbrella"—for the wind was coming right in upon my side. Then he gave me half of his rug for my knees.

'Folks say that troubles do seldom come single. Well, I do know that mercies never do. God's angels fly in hosts. A minute after I had got settled, the driver he turns round

and offers the gentleman a big waterproof coat that he had under his seat. "Thank you," saith the gentleman, "I shall be very glad of it for my friend here." Ah! maister, I couldn't help praising the Lord again then, and I *did* wish that I could only have met Him out in the wilderness and have sheltered Him like this—bless His dear name! There all so warm and dry and snug I couldn't help humming over them words in the hymn-book:

"How do Thy mercies close me round!
For ever be Thy Name adored!
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!"

'Well, it was getting dark when the coach come clattering down through Exeter streets, and they was just beginning for to light the lamps. All the way for miles I had been longing that we was there; but now so soon as the coach pulled up to the inn my heart sunk down in me for fear of what I might hear, and I a'most wished that it was miles away. There I stood, wondering wherever to turn to, and seeming to be in everybody's way; get where I would I was run against by somebody or something. At last I went up to one of the men about the place and asked him where the hospital was to.

'"Ever so far away," saith he; "and they won't let 'e in this time of day unless you'm bad. Stand back from the old mare's heels or you wull be there afore bed-time."

'Well, I was beginning to feel like a little lost child, maister, a-standing there so awkward and so lonely. I do very often think of what it saith about Simon the Cyrenian—He was *coming out of the country*. I feel like as if I knew him exactly. There he was standing, blocking up the road, with all his country ways 'long with him; and when the Blessed Lord Jesus com'th by with all these hard faces about Him, poor Simon's eyes was all full of pity and the tears streaming down his cheeks, and he wondered whatever harm this Holy One had done. I do think perhaps it wull be a long time, maister, afore I can shake hands with the great folks up there in the heavenly mansions, but I reckon I shall be at home with brother Simon directly.

'But there, I s'pose the poor dears that have got to live in these here great places have got something to make up for it, like the ould dear used to give the children a spoonful of treacle 'long with their physic. But seeming to me they do all live in such a pour* that they haven't got time for so much as to say their prayers.

'Well, I lifted up my heart to the Lord to direct me, and in a minute it was like as if the lost child had found his father again then. There is a bit in the Psalms that the ould dear and me do think was put there a purpose for us poor country folks: *Blessed be the Lord; for He hath showed me His marvellous kindness in a strong city.* I went on down the street and there was a policeman that looked a good-hearted man, so I made bold to ask him if he could tell me any place where a labourman could find a decent lodging. He took me to one that was close by. Then I told him about the poor dear in the hospital; and he told me the way up there, and what to do for to get in, and everything.

'Of course, so soon as ever I could I started off to the place. They wouldn't let me see the poor dear. They said that he was lying all unconscious, and they didn't think that he could live till morning, and that his only chance was to be kept quite quiet. I might call

* Pour = hurry.

again, they said, next morning, ten o'clock.

'Well, I come back to the coffee-house with a heavy heart. I sat down to a bit of supper, but I was too sad to touch anything. I did long for to get away alone with the Lord to tell Him all about it, but there was two or three men in the room all the time, and I didn't know where to go to. Well, after I had waited ever so long till I began for to wonder if folks ever did go to bed in these here great places, one of them gets up—a gentleman-kind of man he was—and says he:

'"Well, I be going to retire."

'I did hope that he meant going to bed, and I got up to go tew, and so did the others that was there; and we all went up in one room with four or five beds in it. There was my little bundle laid upon one, so I thought that was meant for me. Of course I looked about for to see what the others was going to do, feeling all so awkward, and with my heart all aching with trouble and a-longing to kneel down and pray. Then the gentleman-kind of a man, saith he:

'"Friends, I do always like to commend myself to the care of the Heavenly Father before I lie down to sleep, and if there is anybody here that will join me I shall be very glad."

'"Aw, Sir," I said, "I should dearly love to—" and the tears came streaming down my cheeks, I couldn't help it—"and wull 'e please for to pray for the dear boy. They don't think he wull live till the morning."

'Well, the gentleman-kind of man and me, us kneeled down, in silence for a minute or tew, and then he looks over to me and saith he—"Brother, you pray."

'So I began—and I did pray, maister, I can tell 'e. I did plead with the Lord for the dear boy. And before very long there came in the blessed promise—it filled my heart—*Thy son liveth.* I was sure of it. I couldn't pray any more, but I broke out praising the Lord, and the gentleman-kind of man he joined in 'long with me. Ah! maister, I thought that I couldn't get much nearer Heaven than I was then, without going on. But bless the Lord there was more yet.

'While we was praising the Lord together like that, one of the others that had got into bed gets up again and kneels down.

'"Do'e pray for me, please," saith he. "My old father and mother used to pray for me just like you do—and they'm both in heaven."

'Well, then, of course us knelt down and began to pray for him; and then we told him about Jesus till the blessed Spirit came down and filled him with peace and joy in believing. So he began to praise the Lord to the top of his voice, and I couldn't help joining in 'long with him, and the gentleman-kind of a man he was so bad as anybody. I expect between the three of us we did make a joyful noise unto the Lord, as David call'th it, and no mistake.

'The fourth man was in bed fast asleep and snoring all the time; but then he was so deaf as an adder, so that we had it all our own way.

'By and by, us turned in for to go to sleep, and saith the young man, "Wull 'e please to pray for my sister? her is the only one that is left." So we had a bit of prayer for her tew, and then went off to sleep.

'And there, maister, when I did get off I dreamt it all over again, and mixed up the coach 'long with the Gospel chariot, and old Exeter with the Celestial City, till I couldn't tell which was which—and then it was all out 'pon the lonely moors again, with the Blessed Lord coming to meet me a-leading the poor dear boy and a saying, "Thy

son liveth," so that I woke up again shouting "glory."

'Well, I couldn't wait for ten o'clock, but was off to the hospital again so soon as ever I had eaten my breakfast. Ah, I was not afeard to ask about the poor dear now. They said that I must wait till the doctor was come; but I knew that the Great Physician had been there already. It was all right—"*Thy son liveth.*" By and by there come word that he had had a good night and was much better, and I might see him for a few minutes. Poor dear, when I come into the room there was he lying with his eyes shut, looking so pale and bad. But I didn't doubt the word—I couldn't. As I bent over him he looked up and knew me in a minute, and the poor white face got a bit of colour again, and a smile came lighting it all up.

'"'Tis all right, my dear," I said, taking hold of his thin hand; "you'm going to get well again. The Lord hath told me so."

'Then he whispered just faintly, "He have told me so, tew." I had to come away again then, but it was all right; and I went along the road praising the Lord with all my heart.

'Well, I went back to the coffee-house for to pay my bill—wondering whether it would leave me money enough to go home by the coach—for I had heard mun tell about the dreadful charges in these here big towns. And I did want to catch the coach, tew; for I knew that the ould dear would be longing to know about her little angel as her called en still.

'Well, so soon as I came into the place, up come the master of it, looking all so angry, and speaking so gruff that he a'most frightened me.

'"So you're the man that was making all this here disturbance last night! What do you mean by it, I should like to know!"

'Of course, I didn't feel no cause for to be ashamed about that.

'"Well, Sir," I says, "I might have done a good many worse things than praise the Lord."

'"That is what yew do call praising the Lord is it?" saith he. "Well, there ben't no need to disturb other folks. My missis heard it, and her was dreadful upset."

'"Well, Sir," I says, "I'm very sorry, and I do hope it didn't do her no harm."

'"Harm! Why her was never so much put out in her life, and I had no peace with her till two o'clock this morning."

'"I'm very sorry, I'm sure," I says.

'Then the man's face was turned all into smiles and the tears of joy filled his eyes, and he took my hand with both of his: "Me ben't sorry, then, I can tell 'e. Her got up and went over to the door to listen what was going on, and there was you telling her brother about Jesus. Well, that moved her a bit. And then he saith, *Her is the only one that is left*, that broke her heart. And when her come back her kneeled down to pray, and I began for to tell her about what the Blessed Lord have done for us, and very soon her was filled with peace. And now, bless His name, we'm going home to heaven together."

'Then he led me in to see his wife and to have a bit of prayer with them, and what with one thing and another I 'most missed the coach.

'"How much have I got to pay?" I says, coming out.

'"Pay! I shan't charge you nothing at all, and you'm welcome to all that is in this house; come when you mind to, and stay so long as yew wull," saith he.

'The dear good woman, her was like a mother to the poor boy, and couldn't do enough for him.

'Well, maister, after that of course I should have come home praising the Lord all the way if it had been through as many feet of snow as I've a-heard of sometimes there 'pon the moors. But there, I thought nothing ever looked so lovely in my life. There was sunshine and singing everywhere. And as I looked up on the great hills it did seem to me like as if the Blessed Lord Jesus was sitting down 'pon the mountain-top, with the winds gone down and the ould tempter left Him. And he was making the birds and the flowers and the blue sky and everything keep saying over and over: *Your Heavenly Father careth for you.*'

GOZO, AND THE WAR IN EGYPT.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN LAVERACK.

Malta Sept. 8th, 1882.

DEAR MR. ALLEN,—Things are going on in Malta much as they were when I wrote last. We continue to receive batches of sick and wounded men from the front. Including Naval and Military, we have, I suppose, between five hundred and six hundred men in our hospitals. Several of these were left by troop-ships on their outward journey. Men are recovering, and are being sent forward to join their regiments or ships, and two or three considerable detachments have been sent to England. I have written to our Minister at Gosport giving him names of Wesleyans who have gone to Haslar. When I tell you that the military sick are accommodated in four hospitals: in, *a*, Valletta station hospital, one mile from this; *b*, Cottenera hospital, half-an-hour's journey across the Grand Harbour; *c*, Pembroke camp, four miles away; and *d*, Citta Vecchia, seven miles; whilst naval patients are treated at Bighi, which is on the other side of the Grand Harbour, you will see that hospital visitation alone occupies much time; but it is a work of which we never weary, and which, to use a worldly phrase, pays. The last two batches of men from the front contained several who were in that gallant moonlight cavalry charge [at Kassasin] on the evening of the 28th ult. It seems to have been a desperate affair; and all to whom we have spoken can tell of marvellous escapes. The Base Hospital at Gozo was opened a few days ago for wounded, and between thirty and forty are under treatment there. We have been anxious to see these brave fellows.

The old saying is 'a change is as good as a rest;' and not finding much time for rest, last evening we decided on a change in the shape of a trip to Gozo. It seemed rather uncertain when there would be a service conveyance, and not being sure that there were any Wesleyans at Gozo, I decided to ask no favour, but go on my *own hook*. So at seven this morning we started from Valletta by the coach that carries the Royal Mail. But you must not suppose our carriage to be anything like those gay vehicles that you see about the General Post Office in London; you must not suppose our horses to have much resemblance to those fleet-footed steeds that hurry H. M. mails along your busy streets. The mail coach is something after the style of a wagonette, with a covering overhead supported by four iron posts, like a four-post bedstead, while curtains hang all round to shade the passengers from the sun. The horses have apparently travelled that road so long, that the sights by the way have no attraction or excitement for them, and even the whip of the driver seemed to have lost its quickening influence. The driver, an old stager, appeared to know everybody he met, and everybody appeared to know him. Parcels and letter-bags were piled on the seat alongside the driver (where also was the apparatus of a photographer—a fellow passenger who was going to take views of the hospital, hospital staff, wounded, etc.), or stuck about inside the carriage among the passengers. Every now and then the driver set us all a-looking or a-feeling amongst our legs for a paper parcel or something else which he had to deliver on the way. We slowly left Valletta and Floriana in the distance, the new Wesleyan chapel being a conspicuous object in our rear for some miles.

On over dusty roads, with a warm sun and a Sirocco wind, we moved along; the country generally looking brown and bare, but fields of cotton and melons and pumpkins relieved the scene; and fig, olive, orange and caroub trees and creeping vines stood out in contrast with

the brown fields and stone walls. Leaving on our left St. Antonio gardens and palace, and Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital—where probably lived Publius 'the chief man of the island' who entertained Paul—passing through Musta, with its dome church, by and by we approached St. Paul's Bay, where it is pretty generally agreed the great Apostle was cast upon our shores. Quiet and blue were its waters to-day, but when the *Gregale* (the modern 'Euroclydon') blows, it presents a scene of magnificent turmoil. The road runs along the bay, and round its head for two or three miles. Through varied and picturesque scenery, we came to Melleha, where to-day the people were keeping holiday in honour of the 'Nativity of the Virgin Mary.'

A few minutes' rest for the horses enabled us to pass through the midst of flags, festoons, and coloured lamps, that had been lighted on the past night, through groups of country-folk standing about the sweetmeat stalls, to the church, where service was proceeding. At a given signal an amateur band struck up outside, and a man ignited several small mortars placed just outside the church, which went off with great bangs, to the delight of the assembled country-folk. The bells of the church were tolled by boys in the belfry, this performance being accomplished by swaying the tongues of the bells from side to side with the hand. We soon went along, leaving them to keep the feast. The scenery about Melleha is very bold, and many families live in the natural caves on the sides of rocky headlands. One of these caves is pointed out as Calypso's Grotto, in which she is said to have received Ulysses on his return from the siege of Troy.

When we got to Marfa, the place of embarkation for Gozo, it was ten minutes to noon; so we had taken five hours all but ten minutes to perform a journey of fifteen and three-quarter miles. An hour's journey by boat across the Straits, four miles wide, brought us to Megiano, in Gozo. It was slow travelling, but not very expensive, for the fare from Valletta to Gozo is only two shillings. A few minutes' walk brought me to Fort Chambray, now used as the Base Hospital, and after luncheon, and a chat with the medical officers, I gave myself an hour and a-half for the visitation of the patients.

The first man I saw was an old acquaintance of the 3rd Battalion 60th, who attended our services and Home here before the regiment was ordered to the front. He has been twice mentioned in the despatches as 'wounded,' and his last wound, mending fast now, necessitated his removal from Egypt. Two other 'Wesleyans' I found: one had been shot in the back, and the bullet had travelled over the shoulder and been extracted in front. This friend retains the mischievous missile as a remembrance of life in Egypt. The other has been shot in the calf of the leg. What a welcome they gave me! Two of them were in the cavalry charge of the 28th ult. They told me how they had committed themselves to the Lord before making that perilous rush. I could not help contrasting their experience with that of a wounded-sailor, who, the other day, told me when they were about to take Ismailia, they were called up at two a.m., and by half-past two they were all ashore. 'They didn't give you much time for prayer,' I said. 'At such times,' said he, 'people don't think much about prayer.' I fear it is all too true; but my friends the troopers had thought of prayer. Brave men they were, and none the less brave because they had commended themselves to God. But these brave men could not restrain the flowing tears as we talked gratefully of God's gracious salvation of their bodies from death for a little while, and of that perfect eternal salvation which is in Christ. I have good reason to believe that the three are Christians. Two of them asked to be supplied with Bibles, their own having been lost in the bustle of the past few days, and I am sending to-morrow. One of the men spoke very gratefully of Mr. Male's visit to him in hospital at Ismailia.

My visit was welcome to others besides Wesleyans, and with many of them I had a chat. Since the opening of the hospital I have sent by post daily a copy of Reuter's Telegram, for which I had the thanks of medical officers, lady nurses, and patients, nobody else having taken this thought for them. I have sent also a few newspapers, and these things secured for me an audience all round. I came away assured that my first visit had not been in vain; and as I walked home from Marfa, after an hour's sail across the straits, my regret was that the Base Hospital is so far away that I shall not be able to visit it so frequently as I should like. I may say that I have sent a copy of Reuter's Telegram daily to the other hospitals, with the words, 'With best wishes for the patients from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Floriana.' Thus have we pleased many, advertised the Home, and secured several visitors from the men discharged from hospital

and waiting passage. If I were to say what o'clock it is you would agree with me that it is bed-time, so after another busy day let me go and have a good rest.

I have received several parcels of books and papers within the last few days, and I am needing more. From ships and regiments in Egypt, and from hospitals here, I am constantly receiving applications for something to read.

CHARLES WESLEY AS A SATIRIST.

BY THE REV. G. R. OSBORN.

ONE who was himself no mean satirist has left us an admirable confession of the insufficiency of mere sarcasm in the great conflict between good and evil:

Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay?
It may correct a foible, may chastise
The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,
Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch;
But where are its sublimer trophies found?
What vice has it subdued? whose heart reclaimed
By rigour, or whom laughed into reform?
Alas! Leviathan is not so tamed:
Laughed at, he laughs again; and, stricken hard,
Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales
That fear no discipline of human hands.'

Yes, Leviathan can return laugh for laugh, sometimes grimly enough. Religion can be ridiculed, as well as wickedness; and men can even find amusement in writings which lash their vices, instead of 'reproof, correction, instruction in righteousness.'

But is religion on this account to reject altogether the aid of satire? We venture to think not. Many things may be *tributary* to the accomplishment of a great design, which are not to be used as principal instruments. And religion employs, in due and subordinate place, many things on which she cannot, without deadly peril, wholly or mainly depend.

Learning, poetry, music, can all render to religion most valuable service, yet none of these is her great power; and though help may be had from them all, yet it is ominous for religion to depend upon any one of them. Each in turn has been misused, and each in consequence has been mistrusted; nay, at times, even utterly rejected in the reaction consequent upon abuse.

Satire cannot always reform the lives of men; can never renew their hearts; and yet it is not to be dismissed as wholly useless: it may be a valuable ally, a rough pioneer for more gentle and holy influences: it may serve to moderate evils which it cannot wholly restrain; it may, especially, help to arm men against temptation, to *protect* and *defend* those who, happily, do not yet need its sharp rebuke. And thus it may render important service to religion and morality. To convince men, and especially the young, that vice is a foolish and contemptible thing, cannot but be serviceable: and even in dealing with error, the *reductio ad absurdum* is sometimes the most *attractive*, as well as the most effectual refutation.

It is true that satire is very easily degraded from its pure character and legitimate use; often becomes the instrument of malice and vindictiveness: when not under the control of a pure motive and high principle, it readily degenerates into what is both repulsive and noxious: sneering cynicism, savage caricature, petty carping, the spiteful search for faults so characteristic of little minds—all these have contributed to make thoughtful and right-hearted men

hold satire in abhorrence; but these are abuses of the power: and yet, difficult as it may be to use the gift aright, wit is as truly a *gift* as the poet's fancy or the painter's skill; and its frequent misuse is no more reason for its total rejection, than is the perversion of any other faculty of the human mind.

Have we not, even in Holy Writ, a few instances of irony and sarcasm? The parable of Jotham is a fine example of keen satire. The prophetic denunciations of idolatry have sometimes a tone of lofty contempt. St. Paul 'once and again' makes use of grave and gentle irony to convey a much needed reproof to the self-satisfied Corinthians: he asks them to bear with him in his foolishness, seeing they 'themselves are wise;' to 'forgive' him 'this wrong'—that he has not imposed upon them the burden of maintaining him while he ministered among them. The 'quip,' or 'merry turn,' as Cowper truly says, is not to be found in Holy Scripture; but the *paranomasia*, or play upon words, is of frequent occurrence in the original sacred text, proving that the play of fancy may sometimes exist apart from either jesting or trifling, and the severity of sarcasm apart from the leaven of malice.

Satire is not simply an instrument of political warfare, but has often responded with good effect to the challenge, 'Who will rise up for Me against the evil-doers? or who will stand up for Me against the workers of iniquity?' The Reformation unquestionably was assisted, both in England and in Germany, by the severe sarcasms levelled from many quarters at the corruptions of the Romish clergy, and the superstitious practices which they encouraged. Men learned to despise both the one and the other; and were in consequence all the more prepared to free themselves from the bondage of soul-destroying error.

No one who has seen anything of the various biographies of the Wesleys, will need to be told that a keen and ready wit was possessed by several members of this gifted family. Each of them, had he cultivated this talent, could probably have achieved distinction by its aid; but they had all life-work of far greater importance. Samuel Wesley has left ample proof of this: we select two very brief illustrations from his poems. The first is *On the setting up of Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster Abbey:*

'While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown.
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.'

The other attacks the 'storied urn' from an entirely different point:

THE MONUMENT.

Post funera virtus.

'A monster, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gained gold;
Straight breathes his bust, straight are his virtues shown;
Their date commencing with the sculptured stone.

'If on the specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live.'

Both of these fulfil the triple requirement of the ancients—that an epigram should resemble a bee: having 'a small body, honey, and a sting.'

John Wesley, more than most men, set a watch before the door of his lips, jealously guarded against all that approached to frivolity, both in himself and in others; yet even his stern self-discipline did not

entirely destroy his natural sense of humour. Illustrations will readily occur to the reader who is familiar with his Journals. On the third of November, 1742, two so-called *prophets* came to him with a message, as they said, from God, that 'very shortly he should be *born'd* again;' and that 'they would stay in the house till it was done.' Having other occupation than listening to these fanatics, and probably suspecting imposture, he put them into an empty room, where, he says, 'it was tolerably cold, and they had neither meat nor drink: however, there they sat from morning to evening. They then went quietly away, and I have heard nothing from them since.' We can fancy him going quietly about his day's work, with an occasional smile as he thought of his inspired friends and their comfortless plight. When compelled in defence of the Methodists to publish an account of the barbarous persecutions at Wednesbury, he entitled it, *Modern Christianity, Exemplified at Wednesbury and other adjacent Places.* Then follow details of a series of savage outrages upon the unoffending members of his Societies.

But Charles Wesley allowed himself to use his powers of sarcasm more freely and more severely. We do not think that elaborate excuses are needed for him on this account. It is an apostolic injunction to an Evangelist: 'Rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith;' and for no other end did this great Evangelist ever employ his gift of pointed and cutting rebuke. In the preface to the *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, he says: 'Several of the hymns are intended to prove, and several to guard, the doctrine of Christian Perfection. I durst not publish one without the other. In the latter sort I use some severity; not against particular persons, but against Enthusiasts and Antinomians, who, by not living up to their profession, give abundant *occasion to them that seek it, and cause the truth to be evil spoken of.*' The doctrine so earnestly advocated by the Wesleys and their fellow-labourers, that Divine grace can indeed undo in the soul all that the powers of evil have done, was greeted with a storm of opposition and misrepresentation. Indwelling sin, remaining corruption, might have been a Christian privilege, so earnestly was it contended for. Then followed all sorts of grotesque perversions of the Wesleyan teaching. 'The perfect ones' were represented as claiming to be equal to the angels —to be better than Adam was in Paradise—to be immortal—incapable of committing sin any more; indeed, it is now almost amusing to read the cautious explanations and defences which it was then found necessary to publish of the doctrine of Christian holiness. Every conceivable error seems to have attached itself to this sacred truth, like some noxious parasite to a goodly tree, and the gardener's knife was in perpetual requisition.

We give an illustration of Charles Wesley's style of asserting the truth against gainsayers.

The opponents of the doctrine in question are compared in the *Short Hymns, etc.*, to the unfaithful messengers who brought a bad report upon the land that flowed with milk and honey:

> 'What say the false, faint-hearted spies?
> "Why should we make the world our foe?
> Satan's strongholds that reach the skies
> Can feeble flesh and blood o'erthrow?"'

Those who maintained the doctrine found the parallel of their position in that of Caleb and Joshua when—

'All the congregation bade stone them with stones.'—EXOD. xiv. 10.

'"Stone the blasphemers vile," they cry,
"Who urge us the good land to win,
And tell us, we may scale the sky,
And talk of *living without sin!*"

'They say, sin never *need* prevail,
All sin ye may with ease subdue;
They contradict their fellows' tale,
And dare avouch — that *God is true!*'

But these are not the heaviest strokes of the lash; its full weight descended not upon the opponents of the doctrine, but upon the presumptuous perverters of it, some of whom appear to have been more eager to *claim* than careful to *secure* the highest spiritual attainments. They are chastised, not with whips only, but with scorpions. For example:

'God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.'—1 PETER v. 5.

'Vain of your gifts and boasted grace,
Great things who of yourselves declare;
From you the Lord shall hide His face,
And leave you in the fowler's snare.
A wretched, self-deceiving crowd;
False saints, false-witnesses for God!

'Against your *Luciferian* pride
His furious jealousy shall burn,
And while ye in the flesh confide,
Your towering confidence o'erturn;
Into the flaming dungeon cast,
Or save you as by fire at last.'

'Not as though I...were already perfect.'—PHIL. iii. 12.

'"Then know thy place" (a novice cries,
Whose fancy has attained the prize),
"Stand by thyself, nor rank with me,
For I am holier than thee;
Beyond the chief Apostle, I!
And you, who dare my grace deny,
The proof of my perfection know,
It *is*—because I *think* it so."'

Others, more sincere, seem to have been too loquacious. They were ready to babble indiscriminately concerning the 'deep things' of God, often casting pearls of sacred truth before swine. These also received stripes; they are reminded that St. Paul says: 'But now I forbear, lest any man should think of me above that which he seeth me to be.' Others, again, seem to have forgotten that the *highest* spiritual attainments are not hastily snatched up. These also are variously reproved, for instance:

'I count not myself to have apprehended.'—PHIL. iii. 13.

'No; not after twenty years
Of labouring in the Word!
After all his fights and fears,
And sufferings for his Lord,
Paul hath not attained the prize,
Though caught up to the heavenly hill;
Daily still the' Apostle dies,
And lives imperfect still.

'"But we now, the prize to' attain,
An easier method see,
Save ourselves the toil and pain,
And lingering agony;
Reach at once the ladder's top,
While standing on its lowest round,
Instantaneously spring up,
With pure perfection crowned."'

'*Such* the credulous dotard's dream,
And *such* his shorter road;
Thus he makes the world blaspheme,
And shames the Church of God;
Staggers thus the most sincere,
Till from the Gospel hope they move,
Holiness as error fear,
And start at perfect love.'

'Let us go on unto perfection.'—HEB. vi. 1.

'"Go on, but how? from step to step?
No; let us to perfection *leap!*"
'Tis thus our hasty nature cries,
Leaps o'er the cross, to snatch the prize,
Like Jonah's gourd, displays its bower,
And blooms, and withers, in an hour.

'Which of the *old* apostles taught
Perfection in an instant caught,
Showed *our* compendious manner how,
"Believe, and ye are perfect *now*?
This moment wake, and seize the prize:
Reeds, into sudden pillars rise;"
Believe delusion's ranting sons,
And all the work is done at once!'

We are almost ready to say that it was a happy state of things which prompted such strong checks to spiritual fervour as these: it is only a *luxuriant growth* that needs so

much pruning, an exuberant life that requires such decided repressive measures. Much of the piety of the present day would scarcely survive such rough handling. And indeed it may be doubted whether the piety of that age bore it quite unharmed. The severity of some of these extracts certainly appears excessive, and could only be justified by instances of extreme imprudence, or downright fanaticism. It approaches much too closely to that *judging* one another of which Christians are commanded to beware. Charles Wesley was impetuous; John had more of the 'meekness of wisdom.' He was grieved by some of the severe things his brother said on the subject of Christian perfection, and wrote to a friend—'not to be moved away from the hope of his calling by anything he might find in these hymns.' But Charles Wesley was evidently in great fear of a *hasty* growth—the swift springing of the seed that has 'no deepness of earth.' He gives warning after warning upon this point: we must quote one more.

'They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly.'—JER. vi. 14.

'Ah, simple souls, who fondly dream
Of instantaneous holiness!
Though pride and self extinguished seem,
While all within is joy and peace,
Ye soon shall own, with shame compelled,
The' original wound was *slightly healed*.'

It would be a great injustice to the memory of the Poet of Methodism to imagine that he *despised* the people whose mistakes he so earnestly endeavoured to correct. He had a keen perception of their faults, and censured those faults with the utmost freedom; but 'the wounds' were 'faithful'; the blow was always struck by the hand of a friend: his aim was to *warn* every man, and *teach* every man, that he might 'present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.' The people whom he so pointedly reproved were yet the people of his choice, and it was in his heart 'to live and die with them.' He was not without inducements to forsake them; inducements to which many around him yielded, but for which he felt a lofty contempt. We have much pleasure in adding an extract from the volumes entitled *Hymns and Sacred Poems, by Charles Wesley, M.A.*, showing what he thought of such compliance, and illustrating the strength of his affection for the despised 'people called Methodists.' It originally formed part of the hymn now numbered 483 in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book, and though not adapted for worship, is highly honourable to the feelings of its author:

'We do not shamefully desert
Thy poor afflicted flock below,
Yield to the *reverend* tempter's art,
Or sell our friend, to buy our foe,—
To increase the world's triumphant scorn,
And make our blushing brethren mourn.'

The bitter intolerance and exclusiveness of many of the professors of religion around him, furnished Charles Wesley with a very tempting mark for the 'winged words' he had so freely at command. And it must be owned that they were not unprovoked or undeserved, however severe. He and his brother often enjoyed the blessedness of being reviled, persecuted, and evil spoken of, for the Son of Man's sake. Their 'irregular' efforts to save souls were more obnoxious to some of their narrow-minded neighbours, than was any amount of vice and wickedness. These bigots receive, in the Scripture Hymns, some most appropriate rebukes: for example:

'There ran a young man, and told Moses, and said, Eldad and Medad do prophesy in the camp.'—NUM. xi. 27.

'Eldad, they said, and Medad, there
Irregularly bold,
By Moses uncommissioned, dare
A *separate meeting* hold!
And still whom none, but heaven, will own,
Men whom the world decry,
Men authorised by GOD alone
Presume to prophesy!'

The author then owns, with much candour, that at one time he shared the spirit from which now he often suffered:

'How often have I blindly done
What zealous Joshua did—
Impatient to the rulers run,
And cried, "*My lords*, forbid!
Silence the Schismatics; constrain
Their *thoughts* with ours to agree;
And sacrifice the souls of men
To idol unity!"'

Part of one of these hymns is included in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book, namely, that founded on Jer. vii. 4: 'The temple of the Lord, are these'; it is not, however, frequently used in Methodist worship, though the arrogance of modern ecclesiasticism has made it but too applicable to our own days. From this hymn, as originally written, John Wesley's careful hand removed the keenest verse before placing it in his 'Collection':

'The Church—they from their pale expel
Whom Thou hast here forgiven;
And all the synagogue of hell
Are the sole heirs of heaven!'

But bigotry and exclusiveness are not confined to any one Church, or to the holders of any one set of opinions; and feeling this, Charles Wesley could not pass by Job's rebuke of his friends:

'No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you.'—JOB xii. 2.

'Howe'er in humble words we all
Infallibility disclaim,
Yet every church and party call
Themselves, the consort of the Lamb!
"In us the saints, the people see,
The temple of the Lord are we!
'"We are the men, mankind must own
Who faith and purity possess;
Christ is with us, and us alone,"
A thousand jarring sects profess;
And all the Babel-builders cry,
'"Wisdom and truth with *us* shall die!".

But perhaps bigotry, with its suspicious jealousy and singular blindness, was never more acutely depicted than in the lines that follow; they are founded upon the conduct of Abraham at Gerar, where his distrust of his neighbours led him into a most unworthy equivocation; unnecessary, too; for the event proved that there was much more 'fear of God in' that 'place' than the patriarch had imagined:

'I thought, Surely the fear of God is not in this place.'—GEN. xx. 11.

'Forgive my partial selfishness,
My rash, censorious thought:
"Among this people, in this place,
Surely the Lord is not!
If strangers to my sect and name,
Strangers they are to Thee;
God is not feared, except by them
Who know, and honour *me*."'

Thoroughly heart-searching reproof, and most forcible satire, is this, not unworthily directed, and not excessively severe; such as a Christian minister could fitly write, such as Christian people might profitably read. The great Dean of St. Patrick's laid down for ever his scurrilous pen shortly after Charles Wesley began to try his powers as an author; how striking and melancholy was the contrast between the two gifted clerical satirists!

The rebukes embodied in these hymns are not all reserved for errors of a purely spiritual nature: practical duties are dealt with, and in as pointed and vigorous a fashion as the truths from which they are sometimes unhappily separated. For the sake of exact classification, or easy arrangement, the theory and practice of religion are frequently thought of and spoken of separately: we sometimes doubt whether the

doing so does not countenance a mischievous mistake. Religion and morals *ought* to be incapable of any separation except that of metaphysical analysis.

Among practical mistakes, perhaps none has done more mischief than foolish and undue parental indulgence. By permitting the *will* to grow up without discipline and control, a parent renders his child all but incapable of self-restraint in after years. Probably no single cause has wrecked so many lives, and broken so many hearts, as the unfaithfulness of parents to their duty, because it has prepared their children to fall headlong into any and every kind of temptation. In the common phrase, 'a spoiled child,' there is often a grim and terrible meaning. By a severe, yet just retributive Providence, over-indulgence is almost constantly repaid with utter ingratitude; and parents who have sown the seed of foolish, excessive, cruel kindness, often reap the bitter harvest with aching hearts. There is a deep moral truth as well as a literal record of fact in the sacred words, 'We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, *and we gave them reverence.*' Charles Wesley points this moral by referring to the conduct and fate of the rebel Adonijah, concerning whom we are told that—

'His father had not displeased him at any time in saying, Why hast thou done so?'—1 KINGS i. 6.

'The parent indolently mild
May here his fatal dotage see:
Afraid to vex thy darling child,
Thy darling child shall trouble thee;
Make his indulgent father smart,
And break thy old, fond, foolish heart.

'"What pity 'tis, to cross his will,
His clamorous appetites deny,
Restrain the acts of childish ill,
And make the fretted infant cry
Harshly his little faults reprove;
How can I grieve the son I love?"

Continue, then, thy son to please,
Leave him to *nature's* discipline,
Till ripe in full-grown wickedness
He claims the wages of his sin,
The wrath of heaven's impartial Lord,
The edge of the Avenger's sword.'

The refusal of the Scriptures to the common people receives a passing notice in one of these hymns, founded upon the record concerning the Bereans, that they—

'Searched the Scriptures daily...Therefore many of them believed.'—ACTS xvii. 11, 12.

'What then are they who dare forbid
The unconvinced Thy Book to read,
Who take the sacred key away,
Damp their desire to search and pray,
Conceal Thy records from their view:
"The Scriptures were not wrote for you;
Accept your more unerring guide,
The Church, the Catholics—*the Bride!*"

'Turn, sinners, turn from such away,
And rather God than man obey;
The Scriptures search both day and night,
And try if what ye hear be right;
Put forth your grain of gracious power
(Your use of that shall bring ye more),
Till the true Light Himself impart,
And breathes the Witness in your heart.'

At the time these verses were written, the sin of taking away 'the key of knowledge' was not confined to the Church of Rome. Many of the Moravian Brethren discouraged the use of the written Word, teaching, in strange madness of solifidianism, that even unbelievers ought to 'cease from all outwards'—to use means and ordinances no more—not even to *read* or pray, 'but *only* to believe.' And singular to say, this teaching was accepted by many, and made an awful wreck of vital godliness.

Another form of insult to the sacred record meets with due castigation. There are no 'settled questions' in these days; but so far as anything can be settled by modern polite unbelief, it seems to be distinctly understood that witchcraft is an impossibility. How men can *know* that unlawful intercourse with

another world is impossible; how they can know this, in spite of the recorded facts and the terrible prohibitions of Scripture, we do not understand, nor did the writer of the following lines:

'The works of the flesh are—*witchcraft*,' etc.—GAL. v. 19, 20.

'"Witchcraft! enchantment! sorcery!
It never was, and ne'er can be!"
Thus saith the wisdom of our age,
Superior to the sacred Page;
And dares the law divine repeal,
And *votes* the tempter back to hell.'

The sin of personal vanity is not forgotten by this able censor:

'She painted her face, and tired her head.' —2 KINGS ix. 30.

'Who in the painting art excel,
Fair rivals of a pagan fair,
Look in the glass of *Jezebel*,
Admire her lovely likeness there!'

Yet more severe is the admonition to the 'fair woman without discretion;' the 'jewel of gold in a swine's snout:'

'Of beauty vain, of wisdom void,
What art thou in the sight of God?
A slave to every base desire,
A creature wallowing in the mire!
Go, gaudy pageant of a day,
Thy folly with thy face display,
Put all thy charms and graces out,
And show the jewel—in thy snout!'

The Calvinistic controversy, which raged so fiercely during a large portion of Wesley's ministry, naturally elicited some strong expressions of opinion from his poet brother. Here, if ever in controversy, the use of 'some severity' was justifiable. The assailants of Fletcher and the Wesleys seem utterly to have forgotten that they were dealing with scholars and gentlemen, who were quite capable of conducting a dispute with all courtesy. Several of the predestinarian divines of that day mingled every kind of abuse and accusation with their arguments, and sometimes condescended, as Wesley complained, to 'defend their dear decrees with arguments worthy of Bedlam, and with language worthy of Billingsgate.' 'Forgeries,' said one of them, 'have long passed for no crime with Mr. Wesley.' 'He administers falsehoods and damnable heresies, rank poison, hemlock and ratsbane.' We thankfully acknowledge that the century which has elapsed since this warm discussion has witnessed a great change for the better. Calvinists and Arminians may each hold their own views as firmly as ever, but they 'agree to differ.' Absolute reprobation is now very seldom insisted upon; an Arminian is not always assumed to be a Pelagian; the statement that 'hell was hung round with children a span long,' would not now be grateful even to predestinarian ears; and very few, if any, ministers now preach in the style in which Augustus Toplady once wrote. We rejoice in all this: not as a party triumph, but as resulting from the increased influence both of truth and charity; it marks a great advance in Christian charity on the part of men whose doctrinal predecessors were—some of them, at least—extremely deficient in that virtue.

The Wesleys allowed their opponents to enjoy an undisturbed monopoly of rancour and abuse, but they attacked the predestinarian doctrines with unsparing severity: they regarded them as doing the greatest possible dishonour to the God of love. Charles Wesley found that the doctrine of reprobation, in particular, produced most unhappy effects upon the dispositions of many who held it. He prays:

'O God of love, lay to Thine hand,
And bruise him underneath our feet;
No longer let his doctrine stand,
But chase it to its native pit;
There, only, let the fiend declare,
And preach his *other* gospel there.'

The hymn which, in the original tract, immediately follows the above verse, must surely have been so

placed of set purpose: the strong contrast can scarcely be unintentional; it is number thirty-four in the Methodist Hymn-Book, and commences:

'Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind.'

The Calvinistic teaching concerning the final perseverance of the saints, is dealt with in a series of hymns, each of considerable length: a fine vein of irony runs through one of them, in which the great tempter of mankind is represented as advocating the doctrine in such terms as these:

'In part perhaps you may,
You cannot wholly fall,
Cannot become a castaway,
Like *non-elected* Paul.
* * * * * *
'If God the seed did sow,
He sowed it not in vain;
It cannot to perfection grow,
But it must still remain:

'Nor cares nor sins can choke,
Or make the grace depart;
Nor can it be by Satan took
Out of your careless heart.
* * * *
'If once the spirit unclean
Out of his house is gone,
He never more can enter in,
Or seize you for his own;

'You need not dread the fate
Of reprobates accurst,
Or tremble lest your last estate
Be worse than was the first.'

In the same strain the believer is assured that warnings and threatenings are for reprobates only:

'He only meant to warn
The damned, devoted race
Back from His ways, lest they should turn
Who never knew His ways.
* * * *
'From them he doth revoke
The grace they did not share,
And blots the names out of His book
That ne'er were written there.

'But you may rest secure,
And safely take your ease,
If you are once in grace, be sure
You always are in grace.
* * *
'Your griefs and fears reject,
My *other* gospel own,
Only believe yourself *elect*,
And all the work is done.'

Our quotations have been intended to exhibit Charles Wesley's power of satire and sarcasm, and are (as satire and sarcasm should always be) the exceptions, and not the rule. The poetical writings of this man of God resemble that religion of which they treat so powerfully, and are full of sacred tenderness; they have, as their author had, that true spirit of piety which is 'peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated: full of mercy and good works.' And the gifted poet of Methodism would have been among the first to own that, while wit and even irony may sometimes be 'set for the defence of the truth,' the great instrument for its diffusion must be holy love.

JERICHO: THE TWO VISITS.

(JOSHUA VI.; LUKE XVIII., XIX.)

BY THE REV. THOMAS M'CULLAGH.

THE city stood amid its groves of palm.
As seen, not long before, from Nebo's height,
By undimmed eye, when to the prophet's ear
No sound was borne afar, but in its frame
Of verdure, silent as a picture seemed;
So to another seer, though near its walls,
No sound was heard. The noise of revelry,
And din of traffic in the streets, were hushed.
As frost the brooklet's brawl makes mute in ice,
So fear arrested battle-song and shout.
Like deadly simoom, from the desert come,
Came dread invader, Jesus, son of Nun;

With solemn priests who bore the ark of God,
And pilgrims, harnessed all in warrior-gear,
The vanquishers of giant-kings and all
Their heathen hosts. With sounding horns of rams,
Around the walls, the strange procession marched.
The trembling city scarcely dared to breathe,
When, lo! a louder, dreader blast was blown,
And rang through palace, temple, tower, and mart;
Unblown by angel-trumpeters, and yet
To Jericho it was the blast of doom.
Crash! went proud ramparts and defiant walls!
Crash! crash! the vast environment around!
And then the shrieks of battle in the streets!
Amid the carnage trod the warrior-seer,
And heathen blood streamed round the son of Nun:
His sword he rested not till all were slain,
Except the few where hung the scarlet line.
O'er ruined masonry and heaps of dead
His voice the victor raised, and uttered forth
A prophet's malison 'gainst all who might
Presume to build again those walls accursed.
A grimmer silence o'er the ruins sat,
And in the blood-bespattered groves of palm,
Death, gloating, held his noiseless carnival.

The wearied centuries rolled on, and on,
And in Time's gloaming left behind the wastes
Where flit the shades of buried monarchies,
And Jericho, the fallen, rose again.
The city stood amid its groves of palm,
When Jesus, David's Son, passed through its streets
With twelve unsworded and unarmoured men.
O Jericho, rejoice, thy hour is come!
This Jesus sheds no blood, but gives His own
To bless, and save thee from thy guilt and sin.
As Spring, in passing by, breathes through thy groves,
And leaves behind, in verdure, fruits, and flowers,
And songs of birds, the beautiful and bright;
So David's Son, in vast benevolence,
In blessings rare and free, to rich and poor,
Leaves wondrous traces of His passing by.
The Friend of sinners sought in Jericho
And found the sinner and the publican.
O 'Zacchæus, come down;' the foliage
Of sycamores can't hide thee from the eye
That seeks the lost; thy wealth does not forbid
His wealth of love to make thee richer still;
He brings salvation to thy hated house.
'Twas paschal-tide, and festive pilgrims thronged
In crowds around the Father's Paschal-Lamb.
Bartimæus heard the tramping multitude,
And mercy asked and craved from David's Son.
Rejoice! thou son of Timæus, rejoice!
The rich man's Saviour saves the poor and blind.
The light of heaven shall pierce thy sightless orbs;
Thine eyes shall see the palms of Jericho,
And grand old Nebo, over Jordan's fords,
Thy father's face, thy mother's loving smile,
And Him Who calls thee to Himself, and saves.
To Him *we*, wearied sinners, come for rest.
The son of Nun gave not the people rest;
But David's Son and David's Lord, on earth
Gives rest from sin, and endless rest in heaven.

THE 'NEW' COMET.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, F.R.S., F.L.S., ETC.

THE comparatively imperfect knowledge at present possessed by physicists of the actual nature of comets, opens the way for much speculation, and allows the quickly-excited imagination of men who may, or may not,

possess astronomical and physical knowledge, to conjure up inexpressible dangers and calamities under *conceivable*, but certainly by no means verified, conditions. We were supposed to be in danger by the comet of 1880; it was, in fact, called the 'menacing comet' by some writers; and much imaginative writing, promising catastrophy on certain conditions, arose. This association of portents and calamity with comets is only a new development of an old terror; but we doubt the existence of any foundation for fear to-day, for what we know of comets has not only dispelled all notion of their being other than either solar or cosmic bodies subject to gravitation; but has convinced us on the whole that their very impact with the sun, or even the earth itself, *need* not bring any very dire results. There is an element of uncertainty, as there is a large deficiency in our knowledge of the whole physical condition of comets. But what we do know has not enlarged our sense of danger, even granting the conceivable probability of such a body plunging into the sun, or the less probable event of one coming into collision with the earth. Sylvester translates Du Bartas in 1621 as writing of a comet:

'There with long bloudy haire a blazing star
Threatens the world, with famine, plague and war:
To princes death: to kingdoms many crosses,
To all estates inevitable losses,
To heard-men rot; to plough-men haplesse seasons:
To saylers storms: to cities civil treasons.'

In this sense no doubt comets have ceased to be a terror—save at least to certain persons who still associate 'coming events' with 'heavenly signs.' But a new anxiety has arisen: a remote star was, as we pointed out at the time, seen some few years ago to blaze out suddenly into a star of great brilliance; to give evidence in the spectroscope that it was enveloped in flaming hydrogen. It was gradually seen then to lose its suddenly-attained lustre and to fall slowly back in magnitude.

From this it was inferred that a calamity had occurred in that sun; what might have been a cometic or wandering body, or what might have been a dependent body of that sun itself, was supposed to have fallen or been drawn into his flaming substance, causing a vast conflagration; and if dependent worlds revolved about this star-sun as about ours, such worlds, it was argued, if inhabited by living bodies like the inhabitants of this globe, must all have been destroyed by the awful accession of heat.

It is known that there is a vast number of comets of all dimensions moving in space; and it is known that many of these come very near the sun, and that others are, in all probability, constantly contracting their orbits, and that possibly there will be a catastrophe of a similar kind in relation to our sun and our solar system!

Now he would be a rash man who should affirm that this was impossible: but all that our increasing knowledge supplies to us leads us to say with some confidence that it is highly improbable—that is to say, from the bodies known as comets.

The matter is specially moving at present, since there is a comet of very considerable brilliance now visible in our heavens, to which some men, high in authority as astronomers, are attaching a very suspicious and threatening character. The comet is visible to the naked eye, in a clear atmosphere, about an hour before sunrise, and has been seen at successive periods all over Europe. It was seen at Bristol on Oct. 1, with a

nucleus nearly as bright as a first magnitude star, and a tail of ten degrees in length. It was first seen in England on September the 17th, and at the Cape of Good Hope on September the 11th.

Now what gives it intense interest to most astronomers, and to many others, is, that the elements of this comet's orbit bear a striking resemblance to those of the orbit of the comet of 1843 and 1880; and the astronomical writer in *Nature* plainly affirms that 'it hardly admits of a doubt that we have here a return of that body, which will have experienced a diminution of velocity at the point nearest the sun on January the 27th, 1883, sufficient to cause the last revolution to occupy only two years and eight months; and which if experienced again to the same extent on the 17th of last month, may bring the comet round *again* in October, 1883.'

Dr. Piazzi Smith is quite positively of opinion that this comet is identical with that of 1880 and 1843, and that it has, under some remarkable influence, been, ever since we have known it, quite erratic and unaccountable as to its motion.

According to such spectroscopic observations as have hitherto been made, it appears that there is a displacement of the lines towards the red end of the spectrum of the comet; which means that the comet is rapidly receding from us. To make sound illustrate this phenomenon of light, the same thing is happening to the luminous vibrations in the spectrum of the comet as happens to the 'pitch' of a railway whistle when the train is receding rapidly from the ear. Mr. Proctor points out that this need not be taken as proof that it is receding from the sun; but as its apparent distance from the sun is said to be increasing, this is highly probable. But, asks Dr. Piazzi Smith, What comet is this? In answer to this he says, that if a note from America concerning this comet be accurate, 'nothing so important to mankind has occurred before through eighteen hundred years at least of astronomical history.' That the report is true he thinks highly probable, since it is guaranteed by the name of Professor Lewis Boss, 'one of the most able and learned mathematical astronomers of the American Union.' He also concludes that this 'new' comet is that which visited us in 1880 and 1843. On each of those occasions the comet was recognised to have passed closer to the sun's surface than any other known comet. But it is pertinently asked, Why has it come back so soon?

In the observations made upon it in 1843, it appeared to be moving in an orbit which would take it one hundred and seventy years to travel, and yet it came back in 1880—that is, in only thirty-seven years! This was of course extremely remarkable, provided the identity were actually established; and it certainly seemed to indicate that astronomers did not make such observations on the paths of comets as would insure inevitable accuracy in their predictions; or else that there were conditions affecting comets which were not known.

But when it departed in 1880 the astronomical world had come to a unanimous conclusion that it would be away from our skies and the sun for thirty-seven years; but, say Professor Boss, Dr. P. Smith, and the astronomer on the staff of *Nature*, here is this comet again at the expiration of a couple of years!

But if this be so, and the comet be receding from the sun, who can say but that it will be back again in a few months? and if so, says Dr. Smith, may it, not only graze the solar surface and rush through its

flames of hydrogen, but actually fall into the sun? If the 'hold' which the sun has upon this comet's movements be such as are here stated, this seems a not improbable conjecture. But our astronomer wisely suppresses his own imagination and a possible tendency to haste, by telling us that before we conclude that this unforeseen and awful calamity will take place, we 'must be calm, patient, philosophical, judicial; for the calculations involved are excessively tedious and difficult, when much accuracy is required'; and then follows a well-stated reason why all the observations should be gathered together and confirmed by comparison, that in so momentous a matter there may be no error.

Mr. Proctor was, by an error of haste, led into a mistake on this matter, which he speedily corrected. He wrote: 'Whatever the comet seen on September the eighteenth may have been, it was not the comet of 1843 or of 1880.' Professor Boss, he thought, may be able as an astronomer, but he was not careful in his inferences. The same was feared of the Astronomer Royal of Scotland. Mr. Proctor's reason was thus stated: 'It may be shown that the comet of 1843 or 1880 could not in any part of its orbit be seen from the earth's place, on or about September the 18th, within two degrees of the position in which the comet near the sun was actually seen that day.' 'The whole orbit of the comet of 1843, seen from the place of the earth on September the 18th, would lie far north of the place' in which the new comet was seen on that day; but he, with his usual promptitude, saw and stated that his inference was based on an error. He now believes that Dr. P. Smith and Professor Boss and others are correct, and that the comet *is* the same as that of 1880 and 1843. But although there is a high probability that this comet may return again in six or eight months, and possibly plunge into the sun, yet it is the well-grounded opinion of the most accomplished Physicists and Astronomers that, although the comet will in that case have terminated its existence as such, yet no serious consequence need be apprehended by us. That it actually grazed the sun at this perihelion there can be no doubt, and Mr. Gill saw the comet glide up to the sun's limb on the 17th of September, until it suddenly disappeared in the splendour of the solar disc—being lost, of course, only through the greater brilliance of the sun's disc as it passed across it.

We can wait without much anxiety for the closer observations and more accurate results which in the course of a few months will be laid before us.

THE BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

AUTUMNAL SESSION, 1882.

THE Baptist Union this year held its autumnal session in Liverpool. This year is the jubilee of the Union. Over a thousand Churches are in connection with it.

The meeting of the Union was inaugurated by a 'reception' in St. George's Hall, on October 2nd. The spacious building was crowded with ministers, delegates and their friends. Various interesting objects were exhibited; among them a few rare copies of various editions of the Bible and other books. Mr. Best gave recitals on the organ. At the meeting in the concert hall, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown presided, and in a few appropriate remarks heartily welcomed the Union to Liverpool. An address of welcome, signed by more than seventy evangelical Nonconformist ministers, was read by the Rev. Thomas M'Cullagh, and supported by the Revs. R. H. Lundie, Samuel Pearson, and S. T. Forfar. The address was replied to by the President of the Union, the Rev. J. Jenkyn Brown. The President of the Wesleyan Conference delivered a stirring address

and appealed to the Baptists, the Established Church, and the Independents, to stand by the side of the Methodists in fighting the battle of intemperance. Dr. M'Fadyen, Chairman of the Congregational Union, came from Manchester to show his sympathy with his Baptist friends.

Next day a Missionary Service was held at seven o'clock in the morning, followed by a Breakfast Meeting, on behalf of the Congo and Western Missions. In the absence of Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, who has given such princely aid to various missions, Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., presided. Subscriptions to the amount of £1,100 were received, enabling the Baptists to found a mission station at Stanley Pool. At noon the Missionary Sermon was preached by Dr. Stanford, his text being: 'Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ' (Acts xv. 26). At the invitation of the Rev. H. S. Brown, the ministers and delegates enjoyed a sail on the Mersey in the afternoon. In the evening a crowded meeting on behalf of the Indian and Eastern Missions was held in the Philharmonic Hall. His Worshipful the Mayor presided. The proceedings were throughout very enthusiastic. The collection amounted to £137.

October the 4th was the day for the opening of the practical business of the session. The President delivered an address on *Practical Aspects of Church Life*. After briefly alluding to the early Church, he explained the advantage a Church-member enjoyed over one who is a Christian but an outsider. He said that there were 'no awful mysteries enshrouding' the Church. A convert has his name inscribed on the Church-roll, is permitted to attend a few select meetings, and 'the privilege of the franchise in certain cases' Many underrate the value of church-membership. They say that 'the sinners are within the Church, and the saints are without.' But 'all history, all experience contradict the assumption.' Those who stand aloof are letting opportunities for spiritual gain go by, and 'it is their sin and their loss' that they do so. Mr. Brown then treated in an able and suggestive manner several aspects of Church life. The subject of 'Rural Churches,' which has been exciting attention since the last autumnal session, was then discussed. The sum of £1,000 was asked for, and £900 was raised before the close of the meeting, the subscriptions coming in at the rate of £10 a minute. In the afternoon, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached in Hengler's Circus to about six thousand persons, many thousands more being unable to obtain admission. His remarks were chiefly on Prayer. The collection, which amounted to £157, was in aid of Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage.

Thursday was the last day of the session. After the reading of papers on *The Duties of Church-Members* and *Church Work in Large Towns*, Mr. Spurgeon moved a cordial vote of thanks to the citizens of Liverpool for their kind hospitality and hearty reception, and to the local committee for their excellent arrangements. His Worship the Mayor invited about five hundred ministers and delegates to an '*At Home*' in the afternoon. Among those present were—the Revs. the Chairman, and the Secretary of the Union, Dr. Maclaren, and Hugh Stowell Brown. In the evening, a Communion Service closed one of the most successful sessions the Baptist Union has ever held.

W. H. RICHMOND.

SELECT LITERARY NOTICES.

A Help for English Readers to understand Mistranslated Passages in our Bible: with Explanations and Corrections. By the Rev. J. H. Murray, B.A. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.—A really helpful book, many of its 'explanations and corrections' being luminous and valid. It is obviously the work of loving, earnest industry. We can well believe it to be the product of the study of more than a quarter of a century, although it is but a small octavo of 280 pages. It deserves the careful and respectful consideration of all Revisers of 'our Bible.' Several unfortunate mistranslations, which cater to an eager superficial unbelief, while they perplex an honest but unlearned faith, are here corrected. Mr. Murray is not the only student of the Hebrew Bible who thinks that 'the ancient, unpointed text gives more consistent readings, and more in agreement with the principles of the construction of the Hebrew, than the Masoretic or pointed text, which was invented at Tiberias in the sixteenth century, and has been in use ever since.' The exact verbal accuracy of the Septuagint has long been questioned by learned men, though its substantial agreement with the Hebrew is so well-attested and of so great importance.

Mr. Murray makes some judicious

and powerful observations on the Millennium; though he does not take a very wide or deep view of the varieties of more recent interpretation.

Some of our author's 'explanations,' however, are very clumsy and confused: and some of his 'corrections' are startlingly incorrect. The worst instance is the endeavour to remove the surface-difficulties in the narrative of David's encounter with Goliath, by pronouncing 1 Samuel xvii. 11-31 to be 'an interpolation produced from the fertile brain of some imaginative Rabbin.'—[? Some *imaginary* 'Rabbin' 'produced from the fertile brain of' a nineteenth century conjecturer!] This strikes us as one of the shallowest, crudest bits of criticism we have ever met with. The first reason given for conjuring up the 'imaginative Rabbin' is that the passage 'is *so natural*, and *so likely in all its incidents and details to have occurred*' (p. 76.) The canon of historical criticism underlying this statement is the most unnatural and unlikely one could easily imagine; namely, that the *more* 'likely' recorded incidents are 'to have occurred,' the *less* 'likely they are to have occurred.'

The second count of the indictment against the authenticity of the passage is that 'all the leading statements of these twenty-one verses *carry, on the face of them, the highest improbability that they ever happened*.' (p. 76.) Surely, these two mutually destructive reasons for rejecting a passage of Holy Writ themselves need explanation and correction. We are sorry that such a typical instance of the self-refuting inconsistency of subjective criticism, rightly calling itself '*internal* evidence,'—the internality of the evidence being in the mind of the critic himself,—should have found its way into a book which is, in the main, so well-reasoned, so sensible, and so *helpful* to the reader of the Scriptures.

The Work of the Holy Spirit in Man. By Pasteur G. Tophel, Geneva. Translated by Rev. T. J. Desprès. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.—There is an obvious appropriateness in the facts that this edifying tractate should be translated by a Methodist Minister, and that the translation should be dedicated to such an earnest evangelistic Minister as Thomas Champness. We have here the simple, downright Methodist doctrine on the Work of the Spirit; but as a production of the spiritualized intellect it is not to be compared with John Howe's noble tractate on the same subject. The aptness of the homely illustrations constitute one chief charm of the book; but the Pastor often rises and kindles with the inspiration of his theme.

Christianity and Modern Scepticism. By the Rev. A. G. Girdlestone, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton.—This remarkably fresh, healthy and manly book, deals with 'scepticism' in its three principal forms—popular, fashionable, and scientistic — as the author has himself encountered them at 'the University, in the metropolis, and in the Black Country.' It is directly addressed to Christians rather than to sceptics, under the conviction that scepticism is very much due to Christians themselves. We note in this book a wary courage, a firmness and elasticity of tread, and a breezy buoyancy worthy of the author of *The High Alps Without a Guide*. Chap. ii., on *Defects in our Methods of Presenting Truth*, contains some very sound and sensible remarks, well worth the attention of both preachers and private Christians. Chaps. iii., iv., and v., on *Defective Principles in Ascertaining and Teaching Religious Truth*, comprise some not altogether unjust strictures; though rather unguarded and overstated on some points, and therefore liable to misapprehension and misuse. In the short chapters (vi. and vii.) on *The Relations of Reason to Revelation* and the *Moral Character of Scepticism*, we find strong, ripe thinking and true principles; but, of course, they are far more suggestive than exhaustive. The three consecutive chapters (viii., ix., x.) on *Qualifications required for Dealing with Sceptics; Suggestions for Personal Dealings with Sceptics;* and *The Relation of Natural Science to the Subject*, form the most valuable part of the book.

Some of the axiomatic puttings are of great force: *e.g.*, 'The evidences on which most persons believe the teachings of science' are made up 'purely of authority.' 'The real issue with the scepticism of the day, whether scientific or not, lies, as it did in the disputes of the Reformers with Rome, in the preservation of common-sense in the world.'

The utility of the book is no little augmented by an Appendix containing some forty-seven objections made by a secularist lecturer, with the replies by which they were met. To say the least, the replies are vastly more powerful than the objections. In fine, this is a very serviceable and seasonable book to all who may have to fight either with their own doubts or those of other minds.

A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to

the Corinthians. By Joseph Agar Beet. London: Hodder and Stoughton. — A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By Joseph Agar Beet. Third Revised Edition, with New Appendix.— Mr. Beet's Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians more than sustains, it will decidedly enhance, his reputation as a master in exposition. The high qualities which we noted in his Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans reappear in this in a mellowed degree. Assuredly Mr. Beet has not mistaken his vocation as an exegete. He first of all, as 'a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven,' *gives the sense* of the words of Holy Scripture—a sense patiently and ploddingly ascertained. But he is no mere superficial verbal critic. He aims at the very heart of the matter. He shirks no difficulty; but frankly and manfully accepts the responsibilities of a commentator. Some highly-important passages of grave difficulty and extreme delicacy are dealt with in a spirit of judicious boldness; *e.g.*, 1 Corinthians vi.

As a specimen of high-class interpretation, we may instance the notes on 1 Corinthians vii. 14: 'For sanctified is the unbelieving husband in the wife, etc.' Mr. Beet throughout masters the Apostle's argument, and shows its jointing. He also traces the connection of these Epistles with that to the Romans. His style is suited to the strong British —we had almost written *Yorkshire*— sense which, in the main, marks his treatment of the text: his English being clear, stout and sturdy, yet withal pure and pliant. In this respect he reminds us more of Whitby than of any other commentator. The unlearned reader will find no discouraging parade of learning: this is a popular commentary. And there is an utter absence of homiletic rhetoric, though sometimes we are refreshed by a happy epigrammatic putting of a truth, as on 1 Corinthians vi. 12: 'All things are in my power; but over me nothing shall have power.'

Mr. Beet's remarks on baptism are soundly Scriptural; though he, too, somewhat underrates the significance and force of St. Paul's antithesis between Baptism and Preaching.

We regret to find a repetition of Mr. Beet's hypothesis as to the body being the source and seat of sin, a notion in our view utterly irreconcileable with Scripture or a sound psychology.

His translation is very helpful to students; and where he differs from the Revisers, he seems to us quite as frequently in the right as in the wrong. In the Appendix to the second edition of his *Epistle to the Romans*, he very sensibly apologizes for the uncouth literality of some of his renderings; on the ground that his translation is not, like the R.V., intended for popular and public use. Some of his renderings, however, go beyond the original: *e.g.* 'a soul-*governed* man,' 1 Corinthians ii. 14. His translation of 1 Corinthians i. 2, seems to us most unfortunate: 'all who call upon the name of our Lord Jesus Christ in *every place belonging to them and to us*.' Unless this be taken as implying that every place of Christian worship was the property of the entire Church, the rendering strikes us as most poverty-stricken and inane.

Some few of Mr. Beet's expressions are unguarded: *e.g.*, 'This conduct, like all sin, arose from ignorance' (p. 103). To reduce '*all* sin' to the category 'Sins of Ignorance,' is a rather summary process. On 1 Corinthians vi. 1—11, he seems to overlook the fact that there must have been from the first, courts of *Church discipline*; else how could a matter in dispute be told *to the Church* with a view to amicable settlement?

On 1 Corinthians vi. 12—20, he greatly overrates the light of nature as to one of the most 'deadly sins' of the present age.

Sometimes Mr. Beet makes a too stark and startling theological statement which he is obliged to subsequently tone down: *e.g.*, on 1 Corinthians viii. 6: 'Notice that even as compared with the Son, the Father is the *One God*.' True, in the sequel, he puts the doctrine rightly: 'The title *God* is specially appropriate to the Father even as distinguished from the Son, and the title Lord to the Son even as distinguished from the Father.' We submit that it would have been better to content himself with the accurate statement of the teaching of the text, which fixes the attention on 'the *title*;' and not to preface it with an unguarded and unskilful putting, which is, at best, utterly superfluous. In like manner in his exposition of chapter xv. 24, the doctrine of 'the absolute subordination of the Son' is first stated unguardedly and in an unworkmanly fashion, and *then* placed in a remarkably clear and Scriptural light.

Occasionally our acute expositor misses, we think, the true teaching of the text: as on 1 Corinthians x. 6: 'that we should not be desirers of bad things, as also they desired.' On which the note is: '*Bad-things*, refers only to the men of St. Paul's day, not to Numbers xi. 4: for flesh and vegetables were not in themselves bad.' But is not this one of the most in-

structive points of the text: namely, Things 'not in themselves bad' *physically*,—such as 'flesh and vegetables,'—become *spiritually* 'bad things,' when, being denied by Providence, they are yet hankeringly and complainingly desired by us? The best 'flesh and vegetables' are very '*bad things*,' if ordered 'without a probability of being able to pay for them.'

In our author's disquisition on the difference between 'soul' and 'spirit,' (1 Corinthians xv.) though he is, in the main, right, yet we miss his usual clearness, coherence and conclusiveness. We cannot think with him, that any one could retain membership in the Christian Church who 'denied a future life.' It seems far more probable that they held 'Plato's doctrine of a bodiless, but blessed life to come.'

On 1 Corinthians viii. 13, Mr. Beet marks out the true total abstinence position with skill, fairness and moderation.

In the Appendix to his third edition of the *Romans*, he calls attention to the numerous instances in which his own readings and renderings anticipated those of the R.V. He, in several instances, makes good his own translation where it differs from the R.V.: but in a few cases he frankly and justly admits the superiority of the R.V.'s reading to his own. His observations on the Revised Version are marked, on the whole, by sound and judicious reasoning. Appendix A, on Westcott and Hort's Greek Testament, quietly assumes the validity of the principles on which those eminent scholars have acted. Mr. Beet says indeed: 'This method enables the student to compare the correctness of contemporary MSS., of which possibly one was made from a copy very little older than itself, and another from a very ancient copy.' True, '*possibly*.' But the *possibility* is forthwith treated as a *certainty*. 'This "internal evidence" of documents *reveals*,' etc. But unfortunately, in other cases besides, as in Mr. Murray's hypothetic interpolation,* the *internality* of the evidence is too often internal to the critics themselves, and to their own too unhistoric theories.

The Hebrew Psalter; or, 'Book of Praises,' commonly called the Psalms of David. A new Metrical Translation by William Digby Seymour, Q.C., LL.D., Recorder of Newcastle-on-Tyne. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1882.—The 'Psalms of David' have ever presented at once an attractive and a difficult subject for translation into English verse: attractive, because of their wealth of imagery, their rhythm of thought, and their reflection of the deepest and most tender feelings of the human heart; difficult, by reason of their own unapproachable native perfectness. They tempt the rhymster by their exuberance of poetical language, and defy him by the grandeur of their lofty isolation from the common utterances of men; as the gentle Alpine slopes tempt the foot of the climber only to baffle him by their inaccessible heights. He who attempts to versify the psalms of David or of Asaph may not, if he could, add to the thought; and the thought that was not originally confined by the limits of artificial verse, cannot be compressed within those limits without some loss of native simplicity, for which the smoothly flowing wave of rhythmical cadence is but a poor compensation.

To crush into measured lines the great thoughts of seers, and the freest utterance of happy and exulting souls borne aloft and abroad as on eagles' wings; or to pour the wild, rushing lava-flood of feeling into a mould of given dimensions, is no easy task. But men must dare the impossible.

Another hindrance is presented by our materialistic modes of thought.

It is with thankfulness that we are led by so skilful and reverent a hand as that which has here turned its cunning from far other pursuits to transfuse into more modern forms these precious relics of a simpler past.

Amongst the excellencies of this volume may be named the simplicity and melodious flow of the language, heightened in its effect by a select archaic phraseology, reminding us of the better examples of our early English psalm-writers. The versification is often felicitous, with a pleasing variety of form without any vagaries of metre. Nor must we omit a reference to the titles prefixed to the psalms, most of them being happily expressed.

If 'a psalm may be defined as a hymn with an instrumental accompaniment,' these preserve the true character, for they are almost all adapted to be sung to tunes that express the musical taste of the present time.

One feature of this 'metrical translation' which may be specially noted, is the rigidly faithful preservation of the Hebrew sentiment, without the introduction of a single object which the psalmists themselves did not see. Here is no *interpretation*. Opinions will differ as to the propriety of unfolding, or failing to

* See page 875 of this number.

unfold, the Messianic element, although there need be little hesitancy in seeking diligently for all 'the things which,' *He* said, 'are written in the...Psalms concerning Me.' It was impossible to pass by Psalm ii. without the distinct recognition of its special application. It is entitled 'The Kingdom of God and of Messiah, to which Everything must Bow.' It was equally impossible to fail to see the reference of Ps. cx. to Messiah. It is thus given:

'Thus to my Lord Jehovah spake:
"Throned on My right be this Thy seat,
Until Thy vanquished foes I make
A stool on which to rest Thy feet."'

But there is no interpretation of Ps. lxii. in a Messianic sense. And even the word which 'David saith concerning *Him*,' is in no way distinguished as having special application to Him. Psalm (xvi.) is entitled 'Refuge in God, the highest Happiness in the presence of Distress and Death.' The verses quoted by Peter are rendered:

'For this my glad heart swells my voice,
For this my glory doth rejoice.
My flesh protected by Thy arm,
Shall dwell secure from every harm.
Thou wilt not leave my soul in gloom,
A tenant of the sunless tomb,
Nor shall—estranged from life and Thee—
Thy favoured one corruption see.'

And even Ps. xxii., entitled 'A Wail of Anguish, a Cry for Help, and a Vision of Hope,' is not distinguished by a single special application to Him in Whom these Scriptures were fulfilled.

Of the Psalms that reveal the best features of the book, we give verses, not specially selected, but a fair specimen of the whole—the xix:

'The heavens tell God's glory,
The firmament His skill;
Creation's wondrous story
Is written on them still.

'Day unto day repeateth
The wisdom of His plan;
Night after night completeth
The theme that morn began.

'No voice the silence breaking,
In solemn pomp they roll;
No sound—yet they are speaking
A language to the soul.

'Their strain mysterious reaches
As far as earth extends,
And one deep lesson teaches
The world's remotest ends.

'And there, well pleased to render
His work more perfect yet,
He hath in royal splendour
The sun's pavilion set.'

From Psalm cxxxi., entitled 'Childlike Resignation to God,' we quote one verse:

'My soul doth like a weanling rest;
I cease to weep;
So mother's lap, though dried her breast,
Can lull to sleep.'

In bearing in mind 'Lord Selborne's striking and exhaustive definition of a "good hymn,"' which ideal of hymnal composition this translation is an attempt to realize, Mr. Seymour has succeeded in producing a book singularly free from grave faults, and marked by peculiar excellencies.

The Speeches of the Holy Apostles. By Donald Fraser, D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.—This little volume is marked by much of the salience which characterizes Dr. Fraser's utterances; but, taken as a whole, it is scarcely up to his mark in originality and incisiveness. It is, however, homely and practical—*household bread* — and therefore not unsuitable for a place in *The Household Library of Exposition*. His views of baptism are not unscriptural, but not very clear or consistent. One rather wonders at the title '*Holy* Apostles,' in a Presbyterian publication.

Three Hundred Outlines of Sermons on the New Testament. Hodder & Stoughton.—This is vol. I. of *The Clerical Library*, which is intended to supply various useful materials to sermon-makers. It is to be hoped that succeeding volumes may be an improvement upon this. There is something almost saddening in this collection of 'skeletons,' which were once clothed with flesh, and animated by the eloquence of many of the greatest preachers of our time. If a companion volume of sermons on the Old Testament is to appear, it would be appropriately begun by an 'outline' of Ezekiel's vision of dry bones. The men who need such crutches must be very *lame*.

The Young Student; or, Happy Memories of Arthur B. Mather. London: T. Woolmer.—A mother's touching memorial of one whose life was full of promise, both for this world and the next. The story of early and happy consecration to God is told simply and forcefully, and will doubtless reach the heart and influence the life of the young people who read it. We cannot withhold our sympathetic personal testimony to the truthfulness of the portraiture.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM ASHCROFT was born in Liverpool, in 1817, and died there March 6th, 1881. He was a brave and tender Christian gentleman, and a cheerful and faithful friend. He was a good man, and led a busy life, amid all the activities of which, as well as in the home circle, his happy countenance declared, 'Every day will I bless Thee.' 'For his own profit and for the benefit of his children,' as he says, he, for a considerable period, kept a diary, the text at the commencement being, 'To do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.' Many of the recorded incidents are very remarkable; all are interesting.

'The first four years of my life,' he writes, 'I remember but little of, but one thing I *do* remember. A neighbour took me one Sabbath evening with him to the Methodist chapel, Pill Street, and I think spoke seriously to me. I paid great attention to the service; and feel assured that, even at that early period of my life, the Spirit of God was striving with me. When I returned home I was asked, as usual, what the text was. The words I have as fresh as if they were now sounding in my ears, "Behold the Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sin of the world;" and the remembrance of this incident urges me to impress upon my dear children the texts and doctrines of God's blessed Word.'

His father, Major Peter Ashcroft, of Prescot, the founder of the Prescot and Knowsley Volunteer Regiment, at the commencement of the present century, came to Liverpool a few years before the birth of William, who writes: 'When seven years old, my dear father was taken from me, and when eight, my mother likewise; however, when they forsook me the Lord took me up; and He Who feeds the birds of the air has declared that I am of "much more value than they."' He then went to live with his step-brother (who survives him), into whose employ he entered when twelve years of age.

In 1835 he made an engagement with the firm with whom and with whose successors he remained honourably associated and warmly attached until his death. He worked hard and conscientiously; and his familiar figure and original ways will be sadly missed by many who had learned to love and respect him. In 1837, after a serious accident, he sought and found the Saviour. Many a time, however, before this his conscience had troubled him, and he had in vain made good resolutions. Of a happy, lively disposition, he had been led away by giddy companions; and even now, though he had sincerely given himself to the Lord, 'having,' as he says, 'but a faint knowledge of the Scriptures, and being of but weak faith, the seed was, as it were, placed on the road-side; thus grain by grain disappeared.'

Thus the close of 1837 found him careless. This was the crisis of his life. He was practically without home restraints. Blessed be God, Who in His mercy interposed, dealing very tenderly with him! Just about this time he almost met with death by drowning in the Mersey, being 'wonderfully preserved.' This made him endeavour to mend his ways; he resolved, he struggled, yet was uneasy, lacking stability.

He married one whose loving, gentle, patient and cheerful disposition was the source of comfort to him during the many years they lived together. O, what a happy home theirs was! The atmosphere was pure, the influence was heavenly. The manly, cheerful voice of the father, and the gentle, loving smile of the mother, made their home bright and beautiful. Their children trusted them, and trusted each other. All were united. The restraint was the restraint of love; and obedience was ready and cheerful. For many years all the members of the family have been in the habit of meeting together once every week under the parental roof, and happy gatherings those have been. Mr. Ashcroft was happy in his home and settled in his business; yet his mind was 'greatly ruffled,' and his conscience—ever a tender one—troubled him, though he was a 'good moralist.' There were many dissensions in the Wesleyan-Methodist Body just then; yet after calm consideration he joined this people, and for forty years continued a member, mistrustful of himself, humble, earnest, faithful, willing, loving.

He describes his conversion in 1843: 'There was in town an American Minister (Mr. Caughey), and I had the advantage of hearing him often. When he was preaching on the words, "Who is on the Lord's side?" I was greatly smitten, and felt myself undone, and went home heavy in heart. I went again the next evening to hear him, and the word came home: "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we

have had our conversation in the world." I resolved to try hard for a release, and become the Lord's. After the sermon I put away all fear, and went to the Communion. I there poured out my whole soul before the Lord; for an hour I was in an agony, and viewed in my mind's eye "the strait gate," which to me was strait indeed. I finally made my way through, by faith with thanksgiving, leaving my load of guilt without the gate, and rose from my knees "a new creature," low, but glorious in spirit; and on going home I literally beat my breast for joy, and could have shouted praises under the open heaven. I "went on my way rejoicing," and the word of God became "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." The 25th of January (the day commemorating the conversion of the Apostle of the Gentiles) will ever be a memorable day for me, and I pray God to give me grace that I may continue faithful to the end.' That prayer was answered!

In 1845, and for many years afterwards, Mr. Ashcroft suffered great pain of body, yet was ever most active in business. His anxiety to train up his children in 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord'—anxiety which his dear partner always shared—is expressed in the entry on Christmas-day, 1849: 'To-day we were all in high spirits. While speaking of our blessings, and what we owe to the good Giver of them, and while I urged the necessity of being in God's favour, and receiving pardon for our sins, I felt the power of the Holy Spirit upon us; and during our reading, singing and prayer, the Lord was indeed present to bless and do us good. I was bathed in tears—not of sorrow; not without joy, hope and gratitude.'

His love for the Sabbath, the sanctuary and the Prayer-meeting was most striking, and continued to the end. At this period he was actively engaged as a Prayer-Leader at Mount Pleasant Chapel, and Absentee-Visitor in the old Jordan Street Sunday-school. His devotion to his family, his delight in the Class-meeting and the Love-feast, his gratitude to God and consecration to His service, are manifest in nearly every page of his diary. Whilst his experience was ripening, his time, thoughts, substance, prayers and abilities were devoted to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ. He was a faithful steward of the 'manifold grace of God.' He was an ardent Methodist; and in all Connexional matters took a warm interest. As a Trustee, he was active; as a Steward, thoughtful, willing and able; as a Class Leader, more a father than a teacher. His Class was to him a source of great anxiety, but also of much delight; whilst warmly attached to his members, he was wonderfully mistrustful of his own powers. He manifested great reluctance to speak in public; yet in his prayers, in public and at the family altar, he was very original and varied. The rich respected him; the poor loved him; the sick blessed him: all welcomed him. Of a happy disposition, he dearly loved children, and was beloved by them in return. He was full of humorous originality, as well as of self-sacrifice. It was his habit to converse freely on spiritual things. In heart he never grew old.

An esteemed Minister writes: 'I have not known many men like Mr. Ashcroft: so pure, so gentle, so lovable: every way "an Israelite indeed," in whom there was no "guile." He was a great peace-maker: never angry, never hasty, never a disputant. At peace within himself, he was a man of peace everywhere.'

Not many weeks before his death he gave expression to two wishes with reference to his departure from this life: that he might not have a lingering illness, and that he might die on a Sunday. 'For,' he said, 'how beautiful it would be to leave this world whilst full of Sabbath thoughts, to enter at once upon the joys of the Sabbath that never ends!' Both wishes were granted. His final illness was short and severe. He joined God's people on the morning of the Sabbath on which he died. In the singing he joined heartily: the last hymn sung contained the beautiful verses: 'But O when that last conflict's o'er!' etc. Little did he think *then* how soon—with him—'the holy to the holiest' would lead!

During his brief illness, he gave no indication of a belief that his end was approaching. A few hours before his death he begged to be allowed to get up; 'for,' said he, 'I *must* go to the Prayer-meeting.' After this, he gradually became weaker. A minute before he passed away, the thick film which covered the half-closed eyes cleared off, and a heavenly brightness shone over his face. A moment more, and he had gone to be 'for ever with the Lord.' J. A.

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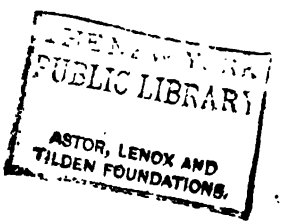
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WESLEYAN-METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1882.

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES:

THE CONDITIONS OF AN EFFICIENT PROFESSION OF PIETY.

BY THE REV. A. B. BRUCE, D.D.,

PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY, FREE CHURCH COLLEGE, GLASGOW.

'O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.'
—PSALM li. 15.

THE man who offers up this prayer regards the praise of God as the highest use that can be made of the faculty of speech. Nay, he accounts the praise of the lips the highest religious service which a human being can render to his Maker. He believes that God cares more for it than for slain victims. For, says he in the next sentence: 'Thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it.' He wishes to offer his best, and that he believes to be, not a bullock slain and offered on the altar, but a Psalm or Song of Praise.

David feels this service of praise to be high and difficult. It does not appear to him a thing which a man can do off-hand. It demands supernatural endowment. The tongue must be loosed; the mouth must be touched with a live coal; new gifts of language and of utterance must be communicated. Hence the Psalmist, desiring to praise, first prays for the power to do it. And his prayer is a real one, not a mere poetic invocation such as poets are wont to address to the Muses. David speaks as one who knows what it is to have the lips sealed, to be dumb, to have nothing to say; nothing at least worthy of the name of praise, nothing fitted to glorify God or edify man. He has passed through a dreary period of speechlessness, during which no devout thoughts arose in his mind, no gracious affections filled his heart, no melodious words crossed his lips; but unbroken silence reigned, the harp hung untouched, and the sweet singer held his peace 'even from good.' Therefore it is with very great earnestness that he prays: 'O Lord, open Thou my lips.' Utterly weary of the long, cheerless winter, he sighs for the time of the singing of birds. He desires to be once more a singing-bird himself; and with an appealing look he lifts his eyes to heaven and says: 'Lord, give me back my power of song.'

The prayer of this text, in its most general import, is a prayer for all the spiritual endowments necessary to an efficient profession of piety. The mouth represents all the means or instruments by which we may advance the Divine glory. And the truth to be stated on this topic is valid for all Christians. It is very specially applicable to preachers of the Gospel; but it concerns not them alone, but also their hearers.

There are three ways in which the prayer may be construed. It may be taken as meaning:

I. Give me something to say; or, as a prayer for *an enlightened mind.*

II. Give me the right to speak; or, as a prayer for *a good conscience.*

III. Give me the heart to speak; or, as a prayer for *religious joy.*

Let us consider the prayer under each of these aspects in succession.

I. As a prayer for *an enlightened mind.*

To some men it is not indispensable that they should have something to say when they speak. They can open their mouths and speak fluently, gracefully, and at length, almost without an idea, a belief, or an aim; and alas! often gain much favour from undiscerning hearers. But to a man of sincerity and gravity, who knows what the faculty of speech was given for, and who thinks it better to be silent than to talk at random, it is necessary that he have something to say; a thought to utter, and a thought learnt not from flesh and blood, but from the Father in Heaven. When such a man is to speak about God, it is absolutely indispensable that God should give him thoughts worthy of the theme, and words worthy of the thoughts. Therefore we may safely affirm that in uttering this petition David asks God, for one thing, to teach him what to say.

What to say, in the first place, concerning God Himself. Not that the Psalmist was altogether ignorant about God. He knew and had often said that God was righteous, and that He was merciful; for example, he knew these truths not by hearsay, but by personal observation and experience. But he felt that he might get a deeper insight into God's holiness and grace, and that even his recent tragic experience as a transgressor might be utilized as the means of enlarging his knowledge of the Divine character. Nay, he is conscious, even while he prays, that he has already received from that source enlargement of knowledge; and he prays for the power to give that new insight adequate, worthy expression for the glory of God and the good of men. He has learnt something new of God's holiness from the fire which dried up the very marrow of his bones, when he kept guileful silence concerning his guilt. He has also learned something new concerning God's ways in forgiving by getting his heinous sins covered after penitent confession. Probably it is God's ways as a Pardoning God that he more particularly desires to be able to speak about to transgressors with a view to their conversion—those ways whereof a prophet affirms that they are *not as our ways*, but rise above them as heaven rises above earth, in respect of the magnanimity of forgiving love. If you would know what the Psalmist means by getting his lips opened, just look at the first verse of the Psalm: 'Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness: according unto the *multitude* of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.' David knew before of God's mercy, possibly somewhat of its tenderness. But did he know before, as he knows now, of the *multitude* of God's mercies, and of their marvellous tenderness?

No. He learnt of these by the multitude of his own sins, and the magnitude of his guilt. He had been wicked, unrighteous, licentious, heartless, and God, in the words of the prophet, had *multiplied pardons;* and he now knew something of the riches of God's grace which he had not known before. Like Paul, he now perceived Divine love to be in length, breadth, height, and especially *depth*, immeasurable, unfathomable—a love passing comprehension. He has really got materials for a new song of praise to the God of salvation, and what he now asks is the power to sing worthily this new song. He is in the position of Augustine when he undertook the task of writing his *Confessions*, and felt it needful to begin by asking of God the power to praise Him by the story. These same *Confessions*, let me remark by the way, illustrate strikingly to what an extent a man may have his lips opened to show forth the praise of Divine grace. What an insight into sin is there; what a grand apprehension of God's mercy in Christ! That is what a man learns from God. For not otherwise, not from the theological schools, can a man get such lore. We are taught the doctrine of grace truly and thoroughly only by God using our own experience and guiding it to a happy issue. Not necessarily such an experience as Augustine's or David's: for a man may attain much insight into God's grace without being outwardly an exceptionally great sinner, as we see in the case of Luther; even as, on the other hand, a man may be a big transgressor—alas! how common the case—and never attain to any insight into either his own sin or God's mercy. What is insisted on is that God, not man, not books, not tradition, not the schools, must be the Teacher in the doctrine of grace, and indeed in all the essential truths of religion. Being 'taught of God' is the condition of power in all speech concerning these matters. There must be fresh, original intuition, in order to fresh, original utterance; in absence of that, speech will be commonplace, pointless. Every man can be original by aid of the fresh revelation; no man can be without it. Hence the unimpressiveness of much religious talk. God has not opened the speaker's lips. He is repeating hearsays, stealing God's words from other men. To the joy and the freedom and the power of fresh religious perceptions he is a stranger. 'Behold,' writes Jeremiah in Jehovah's name, 'behold, I am against the prophets....that steal My words every one from his neighbour.' It is a healthy sentiment to which all intelligent Christians, having the good of the Church and the world at heart, will say Amen. For the stealers of Divine truth, the echoers of hearsays, are of little service; the power lies with those whose lips God has opened, and who speak what He has given.

David may further be understood as asking something to say concerning *life*, that he may be able to give his brethren some wise counsel for the guidance of their conduct. Every good man desires to be useful in this way, and the desire was very strong in David. In another Psalm, the thirty-second, we find him actually engaged in the work of counselling his brethren. 'I will,' he says there, 'instruct thee and teach thee in the way

thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye. Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee. Many sorrows shall be to the wicked; but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.' In our text David asks God to give him the power to teach such wholesome lessons of wisdom. He desires to be made acquainted with wisdom 'in the hidden parts,' in the very marrow of his bones, so to speak, that he being truly wise may wisely teach his fellows. He desires the grace of wisdom, because he believes that unless a man be wise himself, he cannot teach wisdom; that unless, *e.g.*, a man be humble, he cannot teach humility; that a stubborn, self-willed man in vain exhorts others not to behave like an unbroken colt. He asks this grace of God because he is convinced that a man cannot make himself wise: that wisdom, like faith, cometh down from the Giver of all good things. And this is certainly true. No man attains to true wisdom who has not first acknowledged himself a fool, and called himself hard names, and who has not clearly seen that 'the way of man is not in himself;' that 'it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps;' and, conscious of his lack of wisdom, has not often and earnestly prayed, 'Lord, guide me in judgment; teach me Thy way.'

II. Let us next consider the text as a prayer for *the right to speak*, or for *a good conscience*. So understood the petition is a very important one. A man who would speak to others of spiritual things, must be entitled to do so in virtue of the consistency between his profession and his practice. The task he undertakes must become him: there must be a congruity between his speech and his character. The praise of God 'is comely' only in 'the upright.' Only the righteous may preach righteousness; only the temperate in all things may preach temperance. 'Unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare My statutes, or that thou shouldest take My covenant in thy mouth? Seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest My words behind thee.' Unto the unbelieving Jew, full of self-righteousness, Paul addresses this series of questions: 'Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege? thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law, dishonourest thou God?' The demand of consistency between profession and life could not be more strenuously enforced than in these texts.

But it may be objected: at this rate, every mouth must be stopped, for who has not sinned? But the question is not what a man has been, but what is he now? The right to speak does not require one never to have been a sinner, but only to be one who has truly and manifestly repented of sin. To show forth God's praise and to preach His righteousness, you do not need to be a Pharisee, claiming to be better than other men. Of all men a Pharisee is the least competent for the task. How can he praise the love

and grace of God who has not felt any need of grace? How can one sing of the multitude of God's tender mercies who has not seen his sins to be multitudinous? Or again, how can he show forth *God's* righteousness, who is constantly thinking of his own? A Pharisee is so conceited about his own good works, that he is indifferent to the Divine glory. There can be no cordiality in his praise of God's moral excellence; he is hearty only in praising himself.

Not Pharisees, therefore, but sinners penitent and renewed, washed from guilt and sanctified by the Spirit, are the men to show forth God's praise efficiently. Such an one David desired to be when he prayed: 'O Lord, open Thou my lips.' He meant to say: 'Lord, for a season my lips have been shut by grievous sin unrepented of, unconfessed, unforgiven. I once could speak of Thee, Thy glory, Thy holy law; but I forfeited my right to speak on these high themes by my follies and crimes. Restore to me my right, by bestowing on me the grace of true repentance, creating in me a clean heart, renewing in me a right spirit. Deliver me from the false shame and the pride which cause men to conceal their sins from Thee and from their fellows. Deliver me also from the dominion of unholy passion, and from that cruel selfishness which has killed all nobleness out of my soul, and led me to save my own reputation by sacrificing the life of an innocent man.'

How many professors of Christianity there are in whose mouths prayers something like this would be most appropriate! How many there are who cannot afford to speak of God's righteousness, because they are unrighteous, and who are silent in reference to transgressions of Divine Law, because they themselves are guilty of the same! How many are silent regarding prevailing evils in religion and in common life because their own hands are not clean, and their hearts are not pure! How few have not at least lowered their tone in speaking of abuses and immoralities, because they feared the reply, *et tu quoque*. And of those who speak out, how few have earned the right to do so—have got their lips opened in a legitimate way! The would-be faithful man is not seldom one who has a beam in his own eye while he cries aloud concerning the mote in his brother's eye; whose lips are not shut only because he is devoid of truth, modesty, and shame. Silence is certainly better than such speech. But there is a better way than either. On the one hand, be not silent concerning the interests of truth and righteousness; on the other hand, let not *impudence* open thy mouth, but go to thy knees and pray: 'O Lord, open *Thou* my lips; help me to repent of and forsake all known sin, and so to put it out of any man's power to say, "Thou, too, art guilty" in reference to the present; and make me willing to bear meekly the humiliation when reference is made to sins of the past, and superior to the fear of being reproached with offences which I have repented of and Thou hast forgiven.'

Thus far I have spoken of the importance of a good conscience as affecting liberty of speech in connection with matters of conduct. But it is not

less important in connection with the profession of faith. He who would hold fast a sound creed, must be careful to have 'a conscience void of offence.' Loose living undermines the foundations of faith. One who lives an ill life cannot afford to have a high-toned creed. He has an interest in getting all the doctrines of the creed made questionable, and all the sanctions of religion weakened. Libertines need to be free-thinkers. For their own comfort and peace of mind they must get rid of a Divine rule of faith and practice, a future judgment, and even a hereafter. Living a brutish life, they must believe in a brute's destiny, and be materialists and atheists in opinion as well as in practice. I do not affirm that all unbelievers are licentious, but I do affirm that all the licentious are tempted and have a tendency to become unbelievers. Therefore all have need to pray in this connection also the prayer of the text, meaning thereby, 'Help me to live a pure, holy life, that I may not be tempted to frame for myself, a loose, low religious belief, accommodated to an ignoble, ungodly practice.'

The prayer of the Psalmist for opened lips, under the aspect of a prayer for the right to speak, is applicable also to *spiritual experiences*. No man can speak with propriety of these except in so far as he is personally conversant with them. The blessedness of pardon, *e.g.*, is a suitable theme only for one who is partaker of it; a song of deliverance becomes him alone who has been delivered—lifted out of the pit and set upon the rock. Sincerity demands that speech and experience should correspond. This law has always been respected by godly men. It was specially respected by David. He did not sing his songs of deliverance till he was delivered, nor speak of the blessedness of pardon till he had been forgiven. It is idle to enquire, Would it have been wrong to have acted otherwise? Right or wrong, a man like David cannot act otherwise. He does not feel at liberty to speak of matters that are unrealities for him. He must be able to speak with his whole soul, or he would rather not speak at all; even if it were possible by half-hearted utterances to do good to others. Such sensitiveness may be allied to morbidity, but it is undoubtedly a fault that leans to virtue's side, if it be a fault at all; nor do I believe that the Church would suffer loss were such sensitiveness common, for what would it mean but this—that all who undertook to speak to their fellow-men on religion, had no liberty in doing so except in so far as God had supplied the materials? You might not then hear all men everywhere speaking about the same things in the same forms of language; but you would then hear everywhere something original, something coming straight from the heart, something to which you could not be indifferent, something that sounded in your ear as no tradition of flesh and blood, but a revelation from the Father in heaven.

III. Let us, lastly, take the prayer of our text as meaning: Give me the *heart* to *show forth thy praise;* or, as a prayer for *religious joy*. That this aspect was present to David's own mind, appears from the petition in the preceding verse: 'Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.' Inter-

preting our petition by that one, it means: 'Make me happy again, that I may have spirit to praise Thee as the God of salvation.'

This aspect of the prayer is by no means rendered superfluous by the other two aspects already considered. For there are things which a man knows, and which he is not only entitled but bound to speak, which nevertheless he has no heart to speak. Take, *e.g.*, the simple truth that *God is merciful.* Every man who has been forgiven knows that truth from personal experience, and while he lives he is bound to declare it. But suppose that he has been recently living not as becomes a justified man, but rather as he did before he was renewed, and that he has lost in consequence the sense of pardon and acceptance. How spiritlessly such an one must perform the *duty* of bearing witness to the Divine mercifulness! He has no heart for the work. Once he could sing that theme, but he cannot sing it now. The old song has lost its charm, and he will never be able to sing it again unless he gets a fresh experience of God's forgiving love, supplying materials for a new song of praise.

Such precisely was David's case. He had experienced the joy of God's salvation long before, and had often sung of His goodness and mercy. So far as mere knowledge was concerned, he was perfectly well qualified for the task of showing forth God's praise in that respect. But he had fallen under the power of sinful passion, and in consequence had lost all joy in God, and along with it all heart to sing God's songs. His own psalms, composed in happier days, were utterly distasteful to him. He could not sing them, he could not read them, he could not even look at them. He must get a new song celebrating a restored joy, or be for ever dumb.

How many may be silent from the same cause still; having nothing to say concerning the mercy of God, the love of Christ, the value of His Gospel, the beauty of His character, the incomparable excellence of His teaching, not because they know nothing of these things, except what they have learned at second hand, but because sinful indulgence has put their spirits out of tune! Sinful indulgence, I say, not meaning to assert that that is the only cause of joylessness; for I know that the Spirit of truth and holiness sometimes leads men into the wilderness to pass through experiences which, eventually rich in spiritual profit, are for the present the opposite of joyous. Indeed, joylessness is probably an experience awaiting every Christian in the course of his growth in grace, altogether apart from backsliding. It is one of the usual symptoms of the *Green Ear* in the Divine life. I speak here, however, of sinful indulgence because my text leads me to do so, and also because it is so frequent a cause of depression as to deserve emphatic mention. The men of closed lips are very often men who have sinned against the spirit of grace, and by their own acts brought gloom into their souls.

Some are joyless, and therefore dumb to all practical intents, who do not know it, or at least will not acknowledge it to themselves. They talk as

they were wont to do; repeating old phrases, using the language of warm feeling, when all emotion is dead within them; singing,

> 'Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
> Which before the cross I *spend*,'

when instead of *spend* they should say *spent*. I counsel all who are following this practice to give it up. It is very hardening to the hearts of those addicted to it, and very offensive to God, and to all discerning men. Of all dialects in use in this world, that which implies emotion where no emotion is, is the most frigid and the most freezing. Do not then keep singing old songs when you have ceased to feel their charm. Seek new songs from God. Do not attempt to live on old experience; seek a fresh experience of God's grace. No man *can* live on old experience. The bread of heaven serves only for the day; kept longer it becomes corrupt, unwholesome, even poisonous. The joy of salvation, the joy in the Holy Ghost, must be continuous and abiding. We cannot make ourselves happy by the remembrance of a joy that is dead. Ah, in the natural and in the spiritual sphere alike, we can only renew our grief by such recollections!

On a review of what has been said, it appears that high qualifications are necessary for showing forth God's praise, or for making an efficient profession of Christian piety. We need *a mind enlightened in the knowledge of God, a good conscience, and a heart ever rejoicing in God's love.* Some may regard these demands as Utopian; idealistic dreams having no relation to the every-day life of the Church. Idealist or not, they are the ideal with which Christianity started on its career. In the New Testament the Church is called a chosen generation, and is represented as being chosen for the express purpose of showing forth the praises, literally the 'virtues'—showing forth the praises by showing the virtues, of Him Who called her 'out of darkness into marvellous light.'

Others of better spirit may say: 'It is our duty, doubtless, to show forth God's praise, and the qualifications specified are necessary for the right performance of the task; but who is sufficient for the work? certainly not I.' It is well to feel so. Would that all so felt! It would be a blessed thing for the Church if all her members and office-bearers had a high ideal of Christian life and duty. Too many have no serious sense of obligation either to rejoice in God or to fear God, to believe in His mercy, or to keep His commandments. Happily not a few are otherwise minded, honestly acknowledging their chief end, but greatly discouraged, it may be, by a sense of inadequacy to its realization. What shall we say to them? This one thing. Make David's prayer your own; let it be a standing collect in connection with all the duties of the Christian calling. Pray earnestly and often: 'O Lord, open Thou my lips;' make me wise, make me holy, make me happy, that by word and deed, by my whole spirit and life, I may glorify Thee, my God and my Saviour. Amen.

MEMORIAL SKETCHES.

MR. AND MRS. ISRAEL ROBERTS, OF STANNINGLEY.

BY THE REV. J. OLPHERT.

THE West Riding of Yorkshire has been lavish in her gifts to Methodism of sturdy, energetic, generous laymen, and of vigorous, able and successful Preachers. This will not cause surprise when we remember that Methodism is the 'staple,' 'the warp and weft,' of multitudes of every grade, from the lowly godly labourer to the wealthy and equally godly manufacturer. Did our space permit, we could lovingly linger over the works and words of Hick, Dawson, Smith of Cudworth, Smith of Gledhow, of Simpson, of Punshon, and a host of others, 'who through faith . . . . wrought righteousness, obtained promises,' and 'waxed valiant in fight' for the Lord of Hosts.

Among the first and chiefest of the noble army of laymen, ISRAEL ROBERTS, of Stanningley, will take rank. He was born in 1827. His parents were shrewd, thrifty and pious. His home training was thorough. The responsibility of Christian nurture was not shirked, or thrown upon the Sunday-school; by suggestive piety and enforced precept his parents trained their offspring in the knowledge and love of God.

During his boyhood and youth, Israel Roberts cultivated his mind by instructive books and wise companionship. His knowledge of Shakespeare and other standard works was so extensive and accurate, that with ease he levied tributes from them whenever he had need. When twenty years of age, the Rev. Edward Jones (A) was the honoured instrument in leading him to decide for God. For some days he was wretched; the sins and errors of his life wrapped him in dense gloom; but by-and-by light broke through the heavy clouds, and he believed with his heart unto righteousness. During the rest of his life he continuously enjoyed the direct witness of the Holy Spirit assuring him of his acceptance 'in the Beloved.'

In the twenty-first year of his age he commenced business as a woollen manufacturer. His capital was less than a hundred pounds; but he possessed an immense reserve of energy and skill, and he maintained a firm trust in the guidance and control of God, Whom he acknowledged in all his ways. The struggles of the first few years were most severe, yet, quietly and firmly persevering, success at length crowned his endeavours. By degrees he became one of the largest and most respected employers of labour in the neighbourhood. To his honour be it told that he never treated his workpeople as so many 'hands.' He was a Boaz who greeted them with smiles and the blessing of God. The present writer has often seen him directing his work-people to Christ, and his face beamed with gladness when they 'found peace,' or when in Christian fellowship they spoke of God's power to save and to keep.

So deep was his interest in the spiritual welfare of those he employed, that occasionally the engine of his large mill was stopped half-an-hour before the usual time, in order that all might join together to worship God. It was a hallowed scene not easily forgotten, when himself, his partners, and their families united with six hundred of their operatives in a 'mill service.' A band was engaged to lead the singing, and the whole proceedings were most devout. The gracious results of those gatherings will be known only in eternity. The servants felt that the masters cared for their souls.

Amid the Connexional crash and turmoil of 1849, Mr. Roberts acquired an intelligent grasp of the question in dispute, and remained faithful to the Church of his choice. The 'Cause' at Stanningley was so reduced that the trustees decided to sell the chapel for a thousand pounds —the amount of debt upon it. Mr. Roberts immediately went to the acting trustee and said, 'It mustn't be sold. I'll pay the interest out of my own pocket, though I'm a poor man;' and pay it he did. His noble conduct inspired others with courage; the old place was retained; and to-day it is free from debt, has a large congregation, a vigorous Society, and a flourishing Sunday-school.

In 1851 he married Sarah, daughter of the late John and Hannah Harrison, of Stanningley. His married life was eminently happy. It was the present writer's pleasure to join in the celebration of their silver wedding-day in 1876, when, in addition to other deeds of charity, twenty poor widows of the congregation were hospitably entertained, and each presented with a souvenir in the form of a five-pound note. Mr. Roberts fully proved that 'a prudent wife is from the Lord.' Not only was she a godly matron ruling her own house well and honouring her husband, but she sustained him in all his most generous and noble deeds. Few knew how the quiet, retiring wife was ever his good angel, urging him to do and to give. The Bramley Circuit owes much to the large-heartedness and liberal gifts of the husband, but they often had their origin in the self-hiding but faithful wife, who was always an incentive to good.

Theirs was essentially a godly home, made bright and cheerful by their spiritually expressive life. It was not merely religious at times, as when Preachers were present; it was invariably so. Emmanuel — God with us—was the motto and the experience of that domestic circle. The blessed influence of the home-training is now seen in the courteous demeanour of the children to every Preacher—local or itinerant,— and also in the early ripening of the many Christian graces which now adorn their characters. Wealth and education do not detach them from their father's Church. No disrespectful word with reference to a Preacher was allowed in that home; and if such habits were fostered in all Methodist families, there would be fewer drifting away.

Mr. Roberts was most diligent in attendance at the Sunday-morning prayer-meeting, and frequently affirmed that it was a great help to his spiritual life. Whilst he was superintendent of the Sunday-school, the number of scholars was increased from five to more than four hundred. He greatly excelled as a Class Leader, and equally so as a Steward, whether of the Chapel, Society, or Circuit. In his support of the work he was systematic and liberal, and habitually gave away more than a tenth of his income. Aggressive Christian work was his delight. His voice was often heard in the open air as he led both prayer and praise. He was not ashamed of Christ, and religion was not put to the blush by his words or ways. He delighted in the public services of God's house: his rapt attention and beaming face were an inspiration to the Preacher. Those who saw him as he listened to 'the Word,' will remember how his countenance lit up. It is not too much to say that he knew the Bible and the old Hymn-Book by heart; hence when he prayed, his use of Scripture was apt, varied and devout. He filled his 'mouth with arguments.'

Though engaged in large commercial enterprises which demanded

constant attention, he made regular opportunities for private prayer and devotional reading. Nothing was allowed to encroach upon his seasons of communion with God; hence he was prepared to resist temptation, or to speak a word for the Master Whom he so dearly loved. During the last two years of his life he became more intensely spiritual, and dwelt in 'the secret place of the Most High.'

In 1874, when his eldest son died, he had to say: 'My purposes are broken off;' but he also said, 'Thy will be done'; and he evidently mellowed in experience, and comforted others 'by the comfort wherewith' he was 'comforted of God.'

His original and earnest speeches at the Headingley breakfasts, so roused the whole company that 'Praise God!' and 'Hallelujah!' burst from hearts moved with holy gratitude. For some time he gave a hundred pounds annually for Missions, and the work he so heartily loved is not forgotten in his will.

Twice he was elected to the Representative Conference. At each he spoke during the conversation upon 'the Work of God,' with a glow and a power which astonished all who did not know him intimately. He loved to *work* and to *give* for God; and he had little patience with mere talkers and idlers, who were always *going to* do something grand. Being thoroughly practical, he carried out his principles into every duty of life with remarkable force.

He loved to do good by stealth, and to make the resident Minister his almoner, telling him to come as often as he chose, but not to reveal the source of his supply. Scores of homes were made bright, and the inmates happy, by gifts from his open purse.

Although a 'self-made man,' he was perfectly free from the obtrusive and offensive egotism which is not uncommon in some men of that class, who are too ardent devotees at the shrine of their own importance. Israel Roberts was a Christian gentleman seven days in every week. His judgment was singularly correct, and for years he was 'standing counsel' to the Ministers and officers of his own Circuit, and to an ever enlarging circle of friends.

In May, 1881, he became very ill, and his 'sickness was unto death.' On the 12th of July he changed toil for triumph, faith for sight. During the weeks in which he lingered on the boundary line, it was the privilege of the present writer to visit him and converse on holy themes. It was indeed a blessed privilege to see the exceeding grace of God manifested by the patience and abounding joy of the sufferer. Each visitor declared it to be a means of grace. The passive virtues were as conspicuous in the season of tribulation as had been the active in his previous life.

He glorified God by his death. His noble sayings would fill many pages. None can forget how he exhorted every one to 'cleave' to God 'with purpose of heart,' and to work more earnestly in His cause. To one he said: 'I have been blessed in my family and home; I have been blessed in the Church; I have been prospered in business; I have had a *grand* life!' Just before he died, he said to his wife: 'Sarah, I'm nearly home; I'm ready-winged...It will be an *abundant* entrance.' With these words on his lips he passed into the presence and joy of his Lord. It was a fitting end to a consecrated life.

His funeral was attended by thousands from near and far. Scores of letters testify to the high esteem in which he was held as a Christian, an employer, a business man, a guardian of the poor, and a generous friend.

MRS. ROBERTS rejoined her husband April 11th, 1882. During the nine

months which elapsed between her husband's departure and her own, her character became, if possible, increasingly gentle and lovely, and her spirit seemed almost to dwell with that of her husband. When spoken to, she often seemed to awake as from a reverie in which her mind had been holding communication with persons and things unseen. By a strong effort she aroused herself to take a leading part in carrying out a bazaar scheme for the benefit of the chapel and school at Stanningley. Her public duty was discharged with no less diligence on account of her own private sorrow.

Her fatal illness commenced soon afterwards. She suffered accutely for months. Nevertheless her intense love for her children, and especially for her only living son, made her at times express a wish that her life might be prolonged. The wish to live for their sake contended with the earnest desire to depart and be with Christ, so that she was 'in a strait betwixt two.' Throughout her illness her simple, strong faith, and all the elements of her beautiful Christian character, shone out conspicuously; and when she was rapidly nearing her eternal home she had exultant trust joined with holy peace. She had been for months desiring to rise from the death of this earthly life to the true life which is immortal, and the Eastertide brought her what she longed for. Her death was quiet as the dawn of a summer morning, and as bright.

She was a true *sister of charity*, who with bright face, loving words, and Christ-like deeds, gladdened many weary hearts, and brightened many cheerless homes.

MRS. SYMM, OF OXFORD.

Mrs. Symm was born in 1803. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, were devoted servants of Christ and His Church, and endeavoured by personal teaching and godly living to train their daughter as an inheritor of all Christian privileges and a candidate for immortal happiness. Their prayerful efforts were owned by God in constant blessing.

At the age of thirteen she expressed an earnest and decisive wish to be a disciple and servant of Christ, and associated herself in Church-membership with the Wesleyan-Methodist Society in Great Queen Street, London, and afterwards in New Inn Hall Street, Oxford. This step was not taken under momentary influence, but, as her whole subsequent life proved, was the result of intelligent conviction and deliberate choice. In referring to the first Covenant Service she attended, she wrote some years afterwards: 'I have this evening renewed my covenant with the Lord in His house. I have hardly ever engaged in that solemn service but I have been thrown back to the period when, in 1817, I first vowed to be the Lord's, and my young and tender heart, in all the warmth of its first affections, sincerely responded to the words then uttered: that if He would accept me I would be His, to make me a "hewer of wood" or "drawer of water;" anything or nothing, so that I might be a vessel fit for the Master's service. Never can I forget that solemn and blessed season through all time; and I trust through all eternity I shall praise God for thus inducing me to decide for Him.'

From that date to her decease (a period of more than sixty years) her career was one of fervent, uniform

Christian devotion. She was naturally high-spirited and somewhat impulsive, but genial and judicious withal; and these qualities, combined with religious conscientiousness, proved advantageous when engaged in the activities of Christian life. As a tract-distributer, Sunday-school teacher, and Class Leader, she was highly esteemed, and made very useful. When first requested to take charge of a Society-class she expressed considerable hesitation and diffidence, but as soon as the responsibility was accepted, she gave herself to what was regarded as an onerous privilege and important duty. With fear and trembling she commenced the work, and as long as health permitted, she proved to be a painstaking, sympathetic and successful Leader. Her interest in the young was unremitting, discriminating and most kindly, and in many instances was rewarded with signal success.

As a wife and mother she was quite exemplary; and in more confidential or communicative moments of friendly intercourse, frequently gave expression to the feeling of grateful joy she had in her home. Affliction often cast its shadow over the household; but her Christian resignation, peace and fortitude never failed. Hers was a ministry of good to those around her, by passive as well as active piety.

The editor of this Magazine, who knew her well and long, and was for three years Superintendent of the Oxford Circuit, thus wrote on receiving intelligence of her death: 'For Mrs. Symm I had a profound esteem. It is about forty-five years since I first made her acquaintance, when I was a young tutor at Woodhouse-Grove, and my esteem has deepened with every renewal of our intercourse. Her Christian character seemed to me "entire, lacking nothing." Consistent with the Gospel and with itself throughout. She was a willing labourer in the Church, "always abounding in the work of the Lord." Every Superintendent of the Circuit has had his hands strengthened and his path smoothed by her influence and effort. Her Christianity shone as much in suffering as in serving. I feel it a privilege and responsibility to have known her. The junior Preachers always found in her a cheerful friend, receiving counsel and encouragement, which often became helpful to them in their ministerial work. Her Christian solicitude was also shown to undergraduates of Wesleyan parentage, especially to the sons of Methodist Preachers.'

In an unostentatious way she anticipated the Rev. W. Arthur's suggestion that social and religious gatherings would help to put Methodism in better and closer relationship with the University.

As a loyal Methodist she was an intelligent and catholic Christian. Her intense love for God's Cause made her a faithful ally in every 'work of faith and labour of love;' and scarcely any Society endeavouring to spread the Gospel of our common Saviour ever appealed to her without meeting with warm sympathy and ready support. As a friend she was devoted and faithful; and when her attachment was once fully given, no change of circumstances or vicissitudes of time or fortune affected her personal regard and confidence. There was a sunny steadfastness in her friendship which made it precious and a 'joy for ever.'

Her cup of happiness was mixed: sometimes heavy sorrows were appointed as her portion by a merciful but mysterious Providence; but no one ever heard a murmur escape her lips, or noticed any wavering of her simple faith in her Heavenly Father. On one occasion, when a

friend said (referring to the death of her only child, her most amiable and estimable daughter): 'You seem to have wave upon wave of trouble,' she replied very gently: 'Yes; but the waves have only driven me further into the cleft of the Rock of Ages.' Her life had no startling incidents or brilliant meteor flashes; no spasmodic zeal or ebullition of enthusiasm; but its private beautifulness and public consistency made up the harmony of that Christly living which reminded all observers that 'the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

For some years prior to the sad accident which rendered her completely prostrate and helpless, she suffered from great physical weakness, and seldom could attend public worship. This was one of her sorest trials, and she often longed for a Sabbath in the Courts of the Lord's House. Her soul thirsted for 'God, the living God.' This ardent attachment to the ordinances of religion brought a buoyant hopefulness which became a well-spring of peace and joy, enabling her to possess her soul in patience throughout great and protracted sufferings.

During the last twelve months of her life she proved the sufficiency of Divine grace in a remarkable degree, realizing all the fruition which comes from a life of prayerful obedience and implicit faith in the Divine Redeemer. The constant conscious presence of Jesus Christ, the real enjoyment of Scripture, and the pleasure given by a favourite hymn, remained to the last hour.

Her career closed as quietly and as triumphantly as could be desired. She experienced no rapture or painful struggle, but in the peace of a calm and victorious faith she passed away to eternal rest on the 28th of April, 1881.

MRS. ELIZA M'CORMICK, OF BLACKROCK, DUBLIN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GORMAN.

ELIZA, wife of Mr. John M'Cormick, fell asleep in Jesus February 6th, 1881. She was born in Mallow, in the year 1813. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, were earnest members of the Methodist Society, to which they maintained a devoted and tested loyalty throughout their lives. Its Ministers found a loving welcome in their house. Amidst hallowed associations she spent the morning of life, and thus her early home was the seed-plot of the deep religious convictions which matured in later years. Her married life, which commenced in 1838, was the unbroken harmony of congenial natures, between whom was a fellowship of absolute unreserve.

It is difficult to portray a character of such strength, and so lovely withal, without an aspect of exaggeration to those outside; but sympathetic discernment quickly saw, through the veil of simplicity, a life of rare forcefulness and beauty. It is scarce conceivable that sympathy could be more swift and tender than hers to all forms of distress. All subterfuge, all shades of carnal policy, were utterly abhorrent.

Gifted with a sagacity that quickly touched the core of any question, her counsels were sought and treasured by her entire circle. The unwonted combination of force of character with gentleness constituted a home-bond of rare strength. A loving allegiance, not once claimed, was always rendered by her children, who had never chafed under restraint

—some of them now heads of families, all of them independent and self-reliant; but to each she was to the closing hour '*mother*,' as intimately and tenderly as in the days of their early childhood. And hence, all unconsciously, the problem found solution of a home so full of the elements of enjoyment, that it was a trysting-place whose charms were never rivalled by external attractions.

'No one knowing her,' writes a former Pastor of hers, 'could fail to discern all the qualities that go to make up a thorough Christian life.' The Bible was her prayerful study, and her soul sought the Lord in the services of the sanctuary, whether special or ordinary, 'as the hart panteth after the water-brooks.'

One thing she lacked—a clear and joyous assurance of acceptance with God. Hers was the lot of those who, with sensitive temperament, high conscientiousness, and vivid perception of purity, must walk through life despondently, if they do not receive Jesus with the very *abandon* of unreserve. The qualities which gave such delicate texture to her character were permitted to intercept some of the most cheering rays of the Sun of Righteousness. It were vain to extenuate this, in the presence of a salvation 'to the uttermost,' and in the light of a Gospel which has an infinite subtlety of adaptation; and though the finer and nobler natures need to respond to the Evangel with more than common generosity in order to find perfect rest; and while their joy, even when realized, may have a pensive shading, which the less thoughtful are spared, still the warranty of Heaven's boundless and suffering love is so ample that every soul is absolutely without excuse.

And so our dear friend felt it to be. She vindicated her Lord and His wondrous mercy. In ready self-accusation, she tenderly aquitted all around her, saying, 'It was my own fault.' For years, there is no doubt, she sat beneath the Cross, and to her the brightness of the Divine purity, of which it is the sublime expression, caused it to cast the shadow of self-despair. But the hour was at hand when the 'Light of the World' should come. About a fortnight before her death, while her husband was pleading for the Spirit's testimony, it came; not as when the sun bursts through the rift of storm-cloud, instantly changing awfulness into beauty, but as when on some morning, when winter is past, the soft breath of spring floats in almost unexpected through the open casement, and nature, in quiet joy, seems to say: 'The time of the singing of birds is come.' For Jesus took His fearing, shrinking applicant by the hand, and said, 'Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole;..go in peace.'

Friday, January the 28th, will long remain a cherished memory in the bereaved household—a vivid instance of the triumph of the spirit over mortal weakness. Mastering the stupor which extreme enfeeblement now often induced, she seemed to gird herself for the accomplishment of life's latest task. Calling for her children, who were all, happily, near her, she addressed to them, one by one, her last loving counsels; and also summoning the servants, some of whom had been with her for many years, she kissed them, and bade them an affectionate farewell. It will long be remembered in the home with what energy she spoke, with what clearness, surpassing her best days, and with what accurate appreciation of each one's character and needs—how she counselled her sons to abide faithful to their father's Church, and

what a wealth of mother's love went with each one's benediction; the whole finding its full interpretation alone in the 'anointing' which 'teacheth all things.' And then, her earthly work being done, thought went forward to little children who were in heaven,—wondering 'if Bessie and Charlie would know her.'

'*I love Jesus, and Jesus loves me,*' were the words with which she hailed the opening morning of the following Lord's Day—an utterance which from those who had not known such travail of spirit, might have far less depth of meaning. From her—so reticent, so timid—it meant the pouring out of her treasures of trust and devotion at her Master's feet.

On Sunday, February 6th, 'the Bridegroom' came. The end was peace, befitting a nature so gentle. Her spirit passed away, while the body slept.

A FRENCH EDUCATIONIST:*

GLIMPSES AT THE LIFE AND WORK OF MADAME JULES MALLET

'As arrows in the hand of the giant,' says the Psalmist, 'so are the young children.' Under the keen eye and firm hand of the skilled marksman, what limit is there to the power of the smooth, sharp-pointed shaft with its delicately-adjusted feather? Yet how useless, how dangerous is it, in the grasp of a blunderer! Even so, the beauty and force of a nation's child-life may, on the one hand, be wasted or mischievously misdirected, or, on the other, may become, by wise direction towards a nobler end, an uplifter of the family, the city and the State.

There are times when a truth long hidden dawns upon society with an almost startling clearness. Such a period we find at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, when on the Continent and in Great Britain men awoke to the marvellous possibilities of infant life. Following each other in quick succession and labouring for a common end, we find the noble enthusiasts, Pestalozzi and Froebel, and the unwearied toiler, Pastor Oberlin; in our own country the patriarch of Infant Schools, Samuel Wilderspin, and his faithful wife, 'the infants' friend.' Nor is France less indebted to the skill and patience of Madame Guizot, Madame Pape Carpantier and Madame Jules Mallet.

More than a quarter of a century has passed since the active brain and eager hands of MADAME JULES MALLET ceased to work on behalf of the young children, the sick and the ignorant of her native land; but her name is still gratefully cherished, and her work is an abiding memorial. In England, however, her name is scarcely known; only within recent months has a modest account of her labours passed through the English press. Yet it is meet that amongst the biographies of godly French women whose lives illustrate every phase of religious fervour, from the contemplative devotion of Eugénie de Guérin to the 'knowing zeal' of Amelia de Lasaulx, a place should be accorded to a Protestant woman

* *A Christian Woman: Being the Life of Madame Jules Mallet.* By Madame de Witt, née Guizot. Translated by Mrs. H. N. Goodhart. London: Hurst and Blackett.

whose practical ability, Christian kindliness and winsome courtesy enabled her to work side by side in perfect harmony with the staunchest adherents and the highest dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church. 'There is such a sweetness in your writings,' said a canon of Nôtre Dame, 'that I think you must have dipped your pen in the most exquisite charity of Catholicism, that charity which has produced so many saints.' 'But,' was the apt response, 'is it not the Gospel which has inspired Catholicism with this very charity, and, therefore, is able to supply with the same inspirations all who draw from its fountains?'

Though, throughout her maturer life, the very name of infant school was to her as a magnet, Madame Mallet was not a woman of one idea. 'She took up in succession,' says her biographer, 'a crowd of benevolent enterprises. Eager always to accomplish the missions which God had placed before her, but equally careful not to render her own personality indispensable to their future working, she organized them always in such a manner that ultimately they could be carried on by others. The founding of the Salles d'Asile (Infant Schools) of Paris was the great work of her life; but at each step of her daily existence we come upon numerous institutions which are indebted to her not only for their origin, but for the rules and regulations now governing them. Endowed with a powerful faculty of organization and administration, she left everywhere behind her, long after her personal exertions had ceased, the traces of her good judgment and intellectual capacity.... Pre-eminent amongst the founders of enduring charities, she succeeded in the carefully-balanced union of public activity and benevolence with that domestic goodness, that hidden home-influence, which is the precious but common attribute of all women worthy of the name.'

We turn now to the details of the portrait thus broadly outlined.

During the stormy period of the Revolution, in 1794, Emilie Oberkamp first saw the light. Her father, a well-to-do manufacturer, contrived to maintain amidst all external changes the peaceful influence of a well-ordered home. At eighteen Emilie left its shelter to enter on the duties of married life. She was not left, like the majority of successful female philanthropists, free to follow her vocation. Henceforth she was to serve her generation amidst the manifold but, to her, never conflicting cares of a wife and mother. Not until after the loss of her parents, in 1816, when much of the brightness of her life seemed to have passed away, did the young wife begin in earnest to seek her father's God. In her own home there was no copy of the Bible, and such was the spiritual poverty of Paris, that not a single Bible could be furnished by its booksellers. Only by sending to Geneva could she procure this sacred treasure which was henceforth to become the very joy of her heart. She thus records the entrance into her soul of that word which giveth light:

'We must talk to God at every moment as we would to the dearest friend or most loving father. I remember that this was the first sign of grace given to me. It was before I was truly a Christian, in a time of deep sorrow, that I found myself speaking unceasingly to God, confiding to Him everything all day long, not in the form of a prayer, but as the unburdening of my heart. I no longer trouble myself about my earthly future. I enjoy the days which are granted to me, and am not anxious to see them ended, but am thinking continually of the eternal rest which awaits us in the

heavenly mansions.' Thus simply, and with unspeakable benefit, did she claim the gracious promise: 'I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My.. daughter, saith the Lord Almighty.'

In a few years we find Madame Mallet actively engaged, in conjunction with the Duchess de Broglie and others, in forming the Ladies' Auxiliary of the *Société Biblique*, an outcome of religious revival in France between the years 1820 and 1830. Shortly afterwards, through the perusal of some English Reports detailing the marvellous success of the first English Infant Schools, under the direction of Buchanan and Wilderspin, fell into her hands. They were immediately translated into French; a programme of the new project for the establishment of Infant Schools in Paris was drawn up by Madame Mallet; a Committee of ladies was formed, through whose energy and promptitude a small grant for the first year was obtained from the General Council of Hospitals; and the first city Infant School of France, largely modelled on the school carried on for fifty years by Louise Schoeppler, 'a servant, but above a servant,' of Pastor Oberlin, was established in a crowded street of Paris.

It is remarkable that, whereas England was slow to employ the energies of women in connection with her Infant Schools, in France these institutions were established entirely under feminine surveillance, a lady being deputed to inspect and report upon the English system. 'Our century,' says M. de Compyré, the able author of a *Critical History of Educational Doctrines in France*, 'has seen a large number of women-educators. A legion of eminent women have written on education, so that, by a remarkable contrast, women, whose education is less cared for than that of men, seem in our days to interest themselves more than the latter in the education of the young.'

In Paris the Infant Schools grew and prospered under the fostering care of their nursing-mothers. For a time, however, public attention was diverted from them by the political struggles of 1830, and by the terrible cholera visitation of 1832. Intensely interested in the aspect of national affairs, Madame Mallet had found relief from prolonged mental tension in a happy family reunion in the lovely valley of the Jouy. For a time her natural cheerfulness and energy appear to have deserted her; but, waiting upon God in her despondency, she heard from the stricken metropolis the call 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' At once she gave the eager, but humble response: 'Here am I; send me!' From her journal we extract some account of that critical time:

'April 5th, 1832. On the 26th of March the cholera was severe. I was then very weak and suffering, and I thought myself decidedly ill, but, directly I learned how God had manifested Himself in this terrible chastisement, I was sensible of an inward strength which enabled me to rouse and exert myself as much as I had before been crushed under my weakness and prostration. After having settled my last wishes concerning my children, and put in order all my papers and letters, I am conscious of such a wonderful calm that sometimes I wonder if I am dreaming. Who could have foretold to me six months ago that under such circumstances my soul would enjoy this experience? O! if all those who doubt could but gaze right down into the hearts of those who grasp the assurance and certainty of salvation through Christ!'

In another week, Madame Mallet was in the thick of the danger thus deliberately faced. Hundreds died daily during this awful pestilence, the the daily average of cases of cholera varying from a thousand and twenty to a thousand and fifty. A house

belonging to M. Mallet and his brother was cheerfully offered as a provisional hospital. Madame Mallet's days passed swiftly in soliciting donations and preparing for the reception of patients. The charge of the internal administration was committed to a Sister of Charity, under whose guidance Madame Mallet devoted herself to the care of the stricken inmates of the hospital, numbering, from first to last, two hundred and thirty-five.

'This life of a hospital sister's,' she writes, 'has an undefinable charm for me.' Doubtless the main charm to her lay in the opportunity thus afforded to speak to the dying of Christ, and to lead the convalescent to acknowledge the God of their life. Yet not only in the hospital, but in her frequent tours of help to the villages around, her spirit had to brace itself to witness scenes of revolting misery to which she had hitherto been a stranger.

'Every home contained its sick,' she writes. 'In one, husband and wife had been seized at the same time, and with no better nurse than a helpless old mother chained to her arm-chair by paralysis. Our last visit wrung our hearts. In a gloomy stable we found a man and woman lying on straw under a miserable coverlid. They had come from a neighbouring village to nurse a widowed daughter, who afterwards died with two of her children. Another married daughter came to fetch away the poor little orphan who survived, and carried off everything that the house contained, leaving her parents in this state. For a week they had been nursed only by a devoted son.'

When the sad summer closed, Madame Mallet, exhausted by the sight of numberless similar instances of physical and moral suffering, retired to pass the winter in weakness and solitude, but still in tranquil trust. When cut off from more active work, her ready pen was rarely idle. From her quiet chamber came forth in rapid succession, fresh efforts on behalf of her beloved Infant Schools,—reports of the labours of the ladies' committee, communications with the foremost Italian authorities on primary education, lessons in sacred history for the use of the little ones, and 'simple and graceful little songs which have been handed down by succeeding generations of children's voices.' She did not wait for 'some great thing' by which to show her zeal and love for the Master; her whole life was at His disposal no less in the brief intervals of mental power which marked a long sickness, than in the excitement of protracted public service. When rich in strength and opportunity, she 'cast in much' to the treasury of her Lord; but the contrast with past offerings did not restrain the gift of two mites to Him Who knew that at that moment it was 'all her living.'

Madame Mallet returned to the duties of active life to find that public sympathy with her Infant School projects had largely increased, and a desire that the work should be established on a securer basis than mere private benevolence began to be widely felt. In 1829 the finances of the schools had been placed under the control of the General Hospital Council, but the management of details still lay with the Ladies' Committee. During this provisional arrangement the schools rapidly multiplied, but the desire to include them in the general scheme of State education increased in proportion to their success. In 1837 the final steps were taken, and the last report of the Ladies' Committee was drawn up by Madame Mallet, who in a few pregnant sentences summarizes the work of the past eleven years, and gives expression to the unanimous feeling of the Committee on resigning into other hands their labour of love:

'For the ladies of the Committee, the Infant Schools had become a matter of family interest. What they regret is not the lost power with which originally they had found themselves invested, because they had not feared the responsibility of an undertaking from which the Administration had drawn back, but the privilege of continuing the mission of assiduous and kindly devotion towards the children of the poor. Experience has led them to the profound conviction of the entirely maternal and charitable nature of this institution: that its aim is not mere mental instruction, but also moral teaching and the exercise of charity. The Infant Schools are now formally declared "Schools for Young Children," and submitted to municipal and university authority. But is this any reason why their nature should be changed?

'The Ladies' Committee has accomplished its task, but in thought and sympathy is still interested in the well-being of the four thousand seven hundred children daily drawn together in its schools. If only the character of the institution be thoroughly understood, we shall be the first to rejoice over what is now a sincere regret.'

Substantial recognition of the administrative ability and high educational qualifications of the retiring Committee, and especially of its indefatigable Secretary, was shown by the selection of ladies from the former examining committee of Infant Schools to form a Commission appointed by the State to regulate the Examination of Infant School-mistresses throughout France, and the Governmental Code of the Schools. On this higher Committee Madame Mallet filled a position of indisputable authority; she also inaugurated a voluntary association for the home-visitation and relief of the children. Very simply she acknowledges the hand of God in her continued connection with the Infant Schools: 'This duty always finds me out even in my last entrenchments. What can I then conclude, my God, but that it is Thy will which gives me this especial work to carry through? Thy paternal hand opening up for me a career which Thou constrainest me to follow, is shedding daily over my path a more direct influence. O God, there can be no self-glorification in realizing what Thou doest for Thy feeble creatures!'

For many years Madame Mallet continued to occupy this responsible position, and to assist in editing the much-praised Children's Magazine entitled *The Friend of Infancy* (*L'ami de l'Enfance*); thus her interest in her favourite project was steadily maintained, although from time to time other enterprises of her busy life appear more prominently. Amongst these must be included an active share in the establishment in Paris of the Order of Protestant Sisters of Charity. This Society, still in operation, owes its existence to the visit to Paris in 1841 of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. Having examined and reported on the prison-system of France, she gathered together a number of earnest women, amongst whom was Madame Mallet, whose acquaintance she had made in England, who undertook to visit female prisoners, and on their discharge to receive them in a refuge, where they should be trained to habits of steady and honest labour. Nor were the child-criminals forgotten, for a school and an infirmary specially set apart for them were soon established in connection with this Prison Mission. With the working of such an institution we in England have been made happily familiar through the noble efforts of Mary Carpenter and Susannah Meredith.

Though constantly engaged in philanthropic enterprises, Madame Mallet did not lose, amidst the eager discussions of the committee-room or the daily contact with cases of distress, that rich bloom of graceful, sympathetic womanhood which too often gives place in 'pub-

lic women' to the hard shell of unredeemed utilitarianism. She never ceased to individualize in her charitable labours, and her sympathies were kept fresh and glowing by many claims of private friendship. 'The very sight of you is restful to me,' writes the Duchesse de Broglie. 'We all thought you charming; and although this is a frivolous word, do not despise it; God gives this charm as much as every other good thing.' God had given her, however, a rarer and more precious gift, 'The tongue of the learned,' heaven-taught, to speak a word in season to the weary. 'She breathed upon the dark clouds which I too often allowed to envelop my life, and they disappeared. She lived wholly in the presence of God; this accounts for all.' Such is the testimony of the younger Madame de Staël.

For thirty years words of hope and consolation were written almost daily to one whose ardent purposes of active work for God had been broken off by life-long sickness. Nor was there any assumption of superiority on the part of the writer; for the sufferer was lifted unconsciously out of herself, and relieved of that sense of uselessness which is a heavier burden than physical pain, by being made to feel that her sympathy and counsel were a perpetual stimulus to her friend's godly energy. One extract from the lengthy correspondence must suffice: 'You are suffering,' she writes, when the thought of death half-feared, half-hoped for, had filled her friend's mind with anxiety as to its consequences to those dear to her, 'but it is good; this uncertainty in which the Lord places us makes life easy and simple. I have read somewhere a comparison on this subject. Elias as he rose towards heaven allowed his mantle to pass from him. This action is represented as an emblem of our separation from all human things at the moment when God withdraws us from this world. This mantle ought to be so easy to unloose, that it can be dropped in an instant without tearing it. And to prepare for this ought to be a continual exercise, and, thanks be to God, it is the source of profound joy.' These words are noteworthy as expressing the habitual attitude of one who was called away in middle life, with no opportunity to set her house in order, or to bear a dying testimony for God. Swiftly and lightly as the lark soars from the lowly home-nest to the far-off heavens where his happy service lies, her spirit left the life of earth to enter on the never-ending song above.

'You can manage by yourselves, and I am needed elsewhere,' she would say, when from time to time she left to friendly hands the work she had inaugurated. Thus simply, and with quiet confidence that other workers would be found to take her place, did she contemplate the time when she should be 'needed elsewhere' than in fields of earthly toil.

The last ten years of her life were crowded with work more or less directly bearing on her Infant-School projects. In 1846 a College was opened for the training of Infant-School mistresses. Scarcely, however, was the Training School fairly in operation, when the work for which so much had been braved and sacrificed was threatened with extinction. Amongst the numerous charitable institutions swept away by the Revolutionists in the memorable year 1848, it was proposed to include the Infant Schools. Madame Mallet, undaunted by the danger and anarchy around, appeared in person at the Hôtel de Ville, to plead before the members of the Provisional Government the

cause so near her heart. Through her efforts, the schools established since the matter had been given in charge to the central authority were maintained intact.

During the dark days of the Revolution, when distress and crime were rife in Paris, whose streets were filled with the wounded or the dying—victims of party rage, a number of the clergy, aided by a band of devoted women, attempted to stem the torrent of misery and crime by the inauguration of a 'crusade of charity,' or an association for supplying all possible relief to the helpless and destitute. In this crusade Madame de Bastide, Madame Mallet, and the Abbé de Guerry, who was shortly to meet his death in a new outburst of popular fury, were the leading spirits. Through dark and tortuous alleys reeking with misery and disease, the voluntary workers made their way, distributing soup, rescuing garments and bedding from the pawnbrokers, establishing national workshops for women, even, in some cases, persuading and equipping distressed artisans to emigrate to Algeria.

The political sympathies of Madame Mallet were with the exiled royal family. From time to time she received from them expressions of sympathy and gratitude; the Duchess d'Orléans thanking her especially for her little book of family prayers—published years before—which had proved a great solace in the time of expatriation and distress.

At the close of that terrible year, fruitful in painful proofs of the neglected condition of the poor and in evidences of the inability of the Government, in its present harassed condition, to cope with the question of the education of the little waifs and strays of Paris, Madame Mallet, weary of besieging the authorities, resolved single-handed to undertake the weighty responsibility. 'I did this,' she writes, 'in the spirit of sacrifice, praying the Lord to guide me in all things. Last year the contact with so much human misery wore me out in my vain efforts to relieve it, and I never lost the feeling as of struggling to lift some huge rock. In December, 1848, I determined to work alone, relying on my own capabilities and means.'

In the ten years during which the Infant Schools had been under Governmental supervision, but little had been accomplished; in this case, at least, private and gratuitous effort had proved itself superior to State control. Madame Mallet would heartily endorse the recent utterances of the Abbé Martin in regard to public charities in France:

> 'It is obvious that people cease to take interest in matters for which they are no longer answerable. They say to themselves that if the State likes to manage everything, it is better to leave the State alone to do so. Individual enterprise, therefore, ceases; private benevolence diminishes; and at last the State has to provide for all expenses. In no country is there more reluctance to contribute to public charities, because in no other country is the action of private philanthropy so decidedly kept in check. And all this while the State is being far from energetic. The most trivial improvement takes so long to bring about, that years may elapse before any great reformation, however essential, is effected.'

By funds supplied from her private means, largely aided by the brothers Mallet, she succeeded in establishing various new schools, which when once in working order, were surrendered to the care of the municipal authorities, who, unwilling themselves to inaugurate schools, knew how to enter with graceful condescension 'into other men's labours.' 'I am most thankful, most content,' writes Madame Mallet after having surrendered her

charge; 'but, nevertheless, I feel as if some one had wrenched asunder some tiny fibres of my heart.'

As in 1830, the revolutionary tempest had scarcely abated before the pestilential scourge visited the French metropolis, spreading with terrible rapidity throughout France, and reaching England also. The Infant-school established by Madame Mallet in the Rue Pascal, quickly succumbed, three of the directresses and many of the children being smitten. With characteristic disregard of personal danger, Madame Mallet took up her abode in the stricken house. Many of the children were suddenly bereft of both parents. Out of the necessity of providing for these helpless orphans, grew naturally and simply the last great enterprise of Madame Mallet's life: the founding of an Infant Orphan Asylum. On the 7th of June, 1849, eight orphans were received; before the end of the month two hundred had been admitted. Such an institution was greatly needed, for a stringent rule of all existing French asylums was: that no communication should be allowed between the orphan and its surviving parent. Father or mother must abandon their little one absolutely to the care of the authorities, or it could not receive the benefits of the institution. In Madame Mallet's *Refuge* the little ones could be freely visited by their relatives.

Sixty-eight convalescent children were sent for three months to a country house at Jouy: this experiment was repeated a year or two later, but this time one hundred and sixty-eight children enjoyed the fresh mountain air; half of them working in the village-school, and half remaining in their temporary asylum. To these city children the gardens, grass and flowers were an inexhaustible source of delight. In the interim the work had progressed wondrously: large monetary grants had been made by the Bank of France, the Minister of the Interior, and various public companies. The schools had been examined by the Archbishop of Paris, and favourably reported on, and also by the Director General of Public Assistance. The asylum had been formally separated from the school in connection with which it was first opened. A few months later the organization of the asylum was completed. The internal arrangements were placed under the direction of Rosalie Rendu, a devoted member of the order of St. Vincent de Paul. A committee of management was also appointed, and Madame Mallet's way was made plain for retirement from the active supervision.

'I must decrease,' was ever the motto of her work; and nothing so gratified her practical humility as the knowledge that all would go on well when her personal influence was withdrawn. Frequently she had to encounter friendly but strenuous opposition to her views in this respect. With regard to the Orphanage of Providence, she says: 'I had need to keep my mind firmly fixed on God, not to allow myself to be shaken with indecision into accepting the management of our humble institution.' The event, however, justified her choice; for she was needed to help a struggling Protestant Mission in the densely-peopled suburb of St. Marcel. The Mission aimed at establishing normal schools, building a school-room and chapel, and training young girls as infant-school mistresses.

'Madame Mallet,' says the report on the foundation of the Mission, 'associated herself completely with the work which we were striving to establish. In conjunction with a venerable Sister whose life has been devoted to our poor, she superintended all that we wished to do for the girls' education. At the same time she took as energetic a part in the

buildings we were constructing. She drew out the plans, superintended the progress, solved our difficulties at a glance, and when these difficulties were those of poverty, solved them also with a prompt and simple generosity which we have never seen equalled elsewhere. We might say that there is not a single spot in our establishment where she has not left the trace of her goodwill. All this seemed little to her, for it was but the rough outline of what she desired to accomplish: she would have liked to have given full expansion to her theories touching the education of the young girls of the lower classes, from the Infant School to the Normal College, from earliest infancy to the age of the mother of a family. Her wish would have been to create a house of succour, where should be gathered together all that Christian beneficence has the power to offer to the sad and suffering.'

Seldom, however, is it given to an enthusiast to see his ideal in all its details realized on earth. To Madame Mallet, as to many another earnest soul all aglow with the fire of a gracious purpose, came the Divine words of mingled approval and restraint: 'Thou didst well that it was in thine heart. Nevertheless thou shalt not.' 'Her strength,' says her biographer, 'began to play traitor to her will.' Moreover, the serious illness of the husband to whom she had devoted herself for more than forty years, called forth all her enfeebled energies. Her own and her sister's children were all married, and the children of the third generation were growing up around her, and by them her tender, motherly influence was highly prized. For a year or two she lived in comparative retirement, whose tranquillity was only broken by the sudden summons to the death-bed of Sister Rosalie, the venerable Superior of her Orphan Home. Madame Mallet was deeply affected by the sight of the calm form and peaceful face of the dead; for when she arrived all was over. Scarcely seven months passed before the two faithful workers and watchers for their Lord were re-united in His presence.

Resting with her family in a beautiful retreat in the Pyrenees, drinking in with delight the glories of the scenery, Madame Mallet had pencilled in her album a few simple lines at sight of the setting sun. The concluding lines are touching as the last recorded words of one who had worn herself out in the service of God and man:

> 'Desired and hoped for long,
> Falls the calm even-song;
> The weary day has passed,
> And I can rest at last.'

A few hours after this was written, life's long day had ended for her: a rapid fever, the effect of undue exposure to cold, was the messenger to call her to eternal rest. Delirium left no opportunity for parting messages; but her lips murmured unconsciously the words which told the secret of her strong life of service. She died as she had lived, 'in peace.'

'NATURAL RELIGION.'*

BY THE REV. J. ROBINSON GREGORY.

A BOOK by the author of *Ecce Homo* could not but attract a large share of the attention of the reading public. Periodicals of all grades, from the Quarterlies to the daily newspapers, have noticed *Natural Religion*. The standpoint occupied by *Ecce Homo*, midway between evangelical Christianity and scientific unbelief, excited expectation not unmingled with curiosity. Could that position be maintained? Was

* *Natural Religion*. By the author of *Ecce Homo*. Second Edition. London: nillan & Co., 1882.

it solid rock or shifting quicksand? The title of the book suggested an endeavour to ascertain the amount and character of the religion demanded by man's nature, or the evidence for religion to be drawn from nature, giving the latter word its widest scope. Such an enquiry by such an enquirer could scarcely fail to be both interesting and valuable. The author of *Ecce Homo*, too, is distinctly a representative man: from him we can learn the direction in which the thought of an influential section of our fellow-countrymen is trending. Add the charm of the author's cultured style, the felicity of his illustrations, and his capacity for original work, and it was easy to see that his volume must make its mark as soon as it was issued.

But the contrast between the receptions accorded to *Ecce Homo* and to *Natural Religion* is very striking. Believers in the true divinity of our blessed Saviour perceived, with the intelligence that is born of love, the real drift of the former book; but there were not wanting stout defenders of its orthodoxy; and the outside world hailed it with something more than delight. Except from the band of the bitterest opponents of Christianity, scarcely a voice has been raised in gratitude for or support of the later volume. Spite of the great and undisputed powers of its author, the almost instinctive judgment of thinking men has pronounced the work practically useless.

The ablest critics have confessed a difficulty in deciding what is the aim and purpose of the book. An elaborate argument, conducted with consummate cleverness, leads us—whither? Bluntly contradictory answers have been returned to this question. The writer rejects supernatural Christianity altogether, and endeavours to find a religion which can take its rapidly-emptying place: so some have said. The writer designs to show the worthlessness of every substitute that has been proposed for Christianity, and to make men cling to supernaturalism with the more tenacious grasp as they understand its absolute necessity for our well-being even in the present world: so others have fancied. Others, again, imagine that the book has been published in the interests of the pessimism which its author categorically disclaims. Yet others deem it a genuine attempt to discover ground which Christianity, Science and Art might hold in common, and to draft the outlines of a treaty of amity between these rivals. The *Preface to the Second Edition* seeks to solve these doubts; to leave this bewilderment without excuse. Certainly it fulfils its task so far as the author's purpose is concerned: it declares that definitely enough. It does not, however, alter the actual effect of the book one whit; it merely adds another inconsistency to the diametrical opposition in which the beginning and the end of the volume stand. With this *Preface* for our guide, let us note the author's intentions; this done, we will try to form an estimate of his success in carrying out his own designs, and of the work he has in fact accomplished.

The *Preface* opens with a surprised complaint that the scope of the book has not been 'clearly understood.' The author reaffirms that he purposes 'not to try the question between religion and science, but simply to measure how much ground is common to both.' He adds that he 'meant the enquiry to be serious.' [The reader will please note that one of the ablest living masters of English is compelled to explain the main object of his writing, to assert his own serious-

ness!] Taking 'the scientific view frankly at its worst,' and 'admitting freely, for argument's sake,' all its negative conclusions, the author maintains 'that the total effect of them is not to destroy theology or religion, or even Christianity, but in some respects to revive and purify all three;' for 'the essential nature of religion is popularly misconceived, and..an accident of it, viz., supernaturalism, is mistaken for its essence.' Again: 'I have written what may be called an essay on the province of religion.' Nevertheless the author does not 'personally abandon all that the extreme school call in question;' though he has 'no great respect for the traditional science of theology.' He believes that his 'ideas are Christian;' and adds, 'I may say in one word, that my ideas are *Biblical*, that they are drawn from the Bible at first-hand, and that what fascinates me in the Bible is not a passage here and there, not something which only a scholar or antiquarian can detect in it, but the Bible as a whole, its great plan and unity, and principally the grand poetic anticipation I find in it of modern views concerning history.'

It will be convenient to keep these three points in our minds, though the method of *Natural Religion* does not allow us to discuss them, quite distinctly from each other: I. What ground is common to both science and religion? II. What *is* religion—its nature and province? III. What is the relation of Christianity and the Bible to this brand-new religion of nature? Answering these questions, we shall be confronted with the gist of our author's argument; and for space' sake we must leave almost all but the principal positions untouched.

Religion and Science, it is argued, agree in this, that both manifest contempt for *human wisdom*, and each asserts that it possesses the only real and valuable knowledge. Both scorn philosophy, and for closely allied, if not identical, reasons; for philosophy consists of human elements, which have no corresponding reality. Here the two can join hands; they have a common hatred—of that which is worthless and self-deceptive, and a common love—of truth, of that which actually is. Unfortunately, however, each declares that the truth taught by its rival is either no truth at all, or one that is not worth the knowing.

Doubtless the reconciliation between Religion and Science must be sought in their common love of truth: but each desires rather conquest than simple friendship. Religion hopes to compel Science to acknowledge her claims; Science hopes to persuade Religion that she has trusted in a fable. The difference of the attitude which each assumes towards the other seems to have escaped our author's observation. Science contends that God is unknowable, or at best, that the knowledge of Him is unimportant; it declares Religion intrinsically worthless. Religion insists only upon the comparative triviality of other knowledge than her own. Science proclaims the applicability of its methods to every species of knowledge. Religion admits the authority of Science within its proper sphere; but vindicates the existence of facts of which Science can take no cognisance. One would think, therefore, that harmony must issue from mutual courteous and frank acknowledgment of each other's rights. But no: according to our author, Religion must divest herself of her dignity, of all that men have held dear in or peculiar to her, on condition of being allowed to retain her name and some shadowy vestiges of her influence.

It will be retorted that this criti-

sm mistakes the accidents of reli-
on for its essence; and that these
adowy vestiges are in verity more
bstantial than that which is sacri-
ced. This is the clear issue that
ust be tested.

The author of *Natural Religion*
ms up the current 'theological
iew of the Universe' in 'the three
ropositions: that a Personal Will
the cause of the Universe; that
at Will is perfectly benevolent;
at that Will has sometimes inter-
ered by miracles with the order of
e Universe.' He contends that
eligion can yield all three of these
roppositions and remain religion
till. As to the perfect benevolence
f God, 'many nations have be-
ieved in gods of mixed or positively
alignant character...It may even
e said that the Bible and Chris-
ianity itself have not uniformly
epresented God as perfectly bene-
olent.' It may be conceded at
nce that if religion consists of fear
nd homage, the case is so far made
ut. Nevertheless the remark may
e made that theology does not
epresent God as exclusively bene-
olent: it sets forth a God of per-
ect righteousness, which includes,
ut is not identical with, benevolence.
As to miracles, in *thought*, Religion
ould exist without them; whether
t would be practically influential
r sufficiently evidenced is quite a
ifferent matter. To dispense with
Personal God would be to destroy
Religion, or to deprive it of all that
nakes it valuable. The volume
nder discussion was written
hiefly to maintain the contrary.
It will be necessary to give a brief
ketch of its argument.

'Science opposes to God, Nature.... [Even the Christian must allow that] the laws of Nature are among the laws of God.....that Nature, too, is a revelation of God. But if, on the one hand, the study of Nature be one part of the study of God, is it not true, on the other, that he who believes only in Nature is a theist, and has a theology? Men slide easily from the most momentous controversies into the most contemptible logomachies. If we will look at things and not merely at words, we shall soon see that the scientific man has a theology and a God, a most impressive theology, a most awful and glorious God. I say that man believes in a God who feels himself in the presence of a Power which is not himself and is immeasurably above himself, a Power in the contemplation of which he is absorbed, in the knowledge of which he finds safety and happiness. And such now is Nature to the scientific man. I do not now say that it is good or satisfying to worship such a God, but I say that no class of men since the world began have ever more truly believed in a God, or more ardently, or with more conviction, worshipped Him.....But it is not merely because he realizes a stupendous Power that I call the scientific man a theist. A true theist should recognise his Deity as giving him the law to which his life ought to be conformed. Now here it is that the resemblance of modern science to theology comes out most manifestly. There is no stronger conviction in this age than the conviction of the scientific man, that all happiness depends upon knowledge of the laws of Nature, and the careful adaptation of human life to them.'

The author anticipates the objection that 'awe and an anxious desire to avoid a collision with' Power 'do not constitute worship; worship implies admiration, and something which may be called love.' Well: 'Nature, even if we hesitate to call it good, is infinitely interesting, infinitely beautiful;' and the study of it produces 'endless delight,' which is certainly admiration, and may be no mean substitute for love. But 'there is one more feeling which a worshipper should have for his Deity, a sense of personal connection, and, as it were, relationship. ....This feeling, too, the worshipper of nature has. He cannot separate himself from that which he contemplates. Though he has the power of gazing upon it as something outside himself, yet he knows himself to be a part of it.'

If we may substitute 'Nature' for

God, it follows that the atheist is he who disbelieves in 'Nature. 'Atheism is disbelief in the *existence* of God—that is, a disbelief in *any* regularity in the universe to which a man must conform himself.' The science of Nature is of course—according to our author's hypothesis—theology. But lest Nature should be considered 'pitiless,' and thus the growth of religious emotions be checked, we must understand 'Nature to include humanity, ... all the pity that belongs to the entire human family, and all the pity that they have accumulated and, as it were, capitalised in institutions, political, social, and ecclesiastical, through countless generations.'

This Nature-God, we are told, rewards virtue and punishes vice, as the proverb, 'Honesty is the best policy,' sufficiently testifies. Abandon the supernatural, and still 'three kinds of religion' are left us. There is the worship of visible things, sublimated and refined; that is to say, a species of Pantheism; there is the worship of beauty—a modified Paganism; there is the worship of humanity—closely akin to Christianity, which is regarded as a revolt against the exclusive worship of Deity. The new religion of nature can absorb all three, combining them into one whole, or permitting each votary to choose his special *cultus*. The writer's meaning and method of reasoning cannot easily be rendered intelligible without an illustrative extract. Perhaps the following will serve the purpose; it explains the secret of the system:

'When natural objects have had their due, when virtue and duty have been fully reverenced, is there not a further and greater object of reverence, whose existence we must recognise, even though we believe in nothing supernatural, even though we indulge in no subtle psychological analysis? It is certain that the thought of a Supreme Being, which is so natural to man, is not excited only by occasional suspensions of law, nor only by secret, unaccountable monitions felt in the conscience. It is excited at least as much by law itself as by the suspension of law; it is excited quite as much by looking around as by looking within. It is quite distinct also—this is no less certain—from the thought of ideal humanity. Linnæus fell on his knees when he saw the gorse in blossom; Goethe, gazing from the Brocken, said, "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Kant felt the same awe on looking at the starry heaven as in considering the moral principle; Wordsworth is inspired rather among mountains than among human beings; in solitude Byron felt the rapture which "purified from self." It is a paradox which will convince few that "the heavens declare no glory but that of Kepler and of Newton." Who is there that is not conscious of a feeling of awe when he realizes the greatness of the Universe? When from thinking of this thing and that thing he rises to the thought of the sum and system of things.

* * * * *

'Why should our feeling towards universal nature vary with our theories about it, any more than our feeling towards human nature? The Man, like the Universe, is a highly complex phenomenon, which we conceive as a unity. About the Man, as about the Universe, there are two theories. Has he a soul, which dwells in his body as an inmate until it is expelled by death? Or is this but a hypothesis and a useless one? Few questions can be more important. Nevertheless, we do not find that those who reject the hypothesis are as if they did not believe in the human being at all..... It is, in fact, neither the separable soul of a man, nor yet the body of a man, that excites our feelings of respect or dislike, friendship or enmity; it is the man himself, in other words, it is the unity of all the organs composing him, the single total to which we give that name. Not otherwise is it with the Universe. When we realize it as one we utter the name God, and in doing so we do not pledge ourselves to the doctrine that God is the Universe, nor yet to the doctrine that He is distinct from it.'

The first part of the volume concludes with a chapter on *Natural Religion in Practice*, the principal examples being Goethe and Wordsworth, the one as the typical priest

ıe other the typical saint of Natural Religion.

The second part is entitled *Natural Religion Applied.* For Preface it has two pages of italics, stating possible objections to the novel religion. *But has all this any practical bearing?*' is its commencing question, and the author faces this and kindred questions fairly and seriously. We must content ourselves with a very short outline of the course he follows. The Apostle John regards the *World* as the sum of the forces hostile to the religion of Jesus Christ. The great conflict of the new religion is with the World. The World means *Conventionalism*, life without an ideal, the realization of which must be striven for, without enthusiasm. 'Without some ardent condition of the feelings, religion is not to be conceived, and it has been defined here as habitual and regulated admiration; if the object of such admiration be unworthy, we have a religion positively bad and false; if it be not the highest object, we have an inadequate religion; but irreligion consists in the absence of such habitual admiration, and in a state of the feelings not ardent, but cold and torpid.'

At present, the most successful rival of Religion is Culture. But Culture has sworn with Natural Religion eternal friendship, if indeed the allies do not hide but one face under two masks. 'Ecclesiastical Christianity' has identified itself too closely with morality: Culture 'is concerned more with art and science than with charity.' Still, even 'the German Gospel' inculcates the worship of Duty as one member of a Trinity in which Beauty and Truth are its consorts. Hence it is possible to construct a Natural Christianity which will accept the Christian morality, only without its supernatural law and its future sanctions. Instead of 'the morality that simply keeps on the windy side of the law,' we shall see a morality inspired by the enthusiasm of Humanity. The Bible itself fixes men's thoughts on the life that now is; its revelations of a life to come form a minor, almost an accidental, part of its teaching.

The thoughts and hopes of the human race being turned from the future to the present, they will deify the State; and patriotism will be to the Englishman what it was to the Jew, and London will become as sacred as was Zion. The chapter on *Religion and the Church* endeavours to show how the new religion might utilize the Church, and how its ministers might accept the new creed and retain their old positions, as the Queen does not abdicate because men have ceased to believe in the Divine Right of kings. The subjoined curious, but suggestive passage must be given in the original words:

'Why should we delay [thus to employ the Church] while we puzzle ourselves with the question, "Are we really members of the Church or not? Can we conscientiously call ourselves Christian? Is the Christian religion true? Is it not necessary, before we can act, to invent a new religion?" The *truth* of a religion is a phrase without meaning. You may speak of the truth of a philosophy, of a theory, of a proposition, but not of a religion, which is a condition of the feelings. Nor ought we to speak about joining or leaving a church, as if a church were a philosophic school or a political party. A church is the social organism into which a man is born; his membership in it, like his membership in a State, is not a matter of opinion or belief, nor is it to be put on or off at pleasure. And as to the Christian Church, it is simply the spiritual side of the great organism of civilized society throughout the Western world.'

Of necessity our survey has been brief and sketchy, but I think it fairly represents the drift of the argument. The few observations I have to make will relate solely to that general drift.

Grant, for one moment, that the author of *Natural Religion* has

proved his entire case—what then? So far as Christians and Christianity are concerned, the whole matter remains exactly where it was before he commenced. Distinguishing carefully between the pleas put forward and the conclusions contended for, we could admit every one of the latter without scruple and without danger. Suppose a clever and scholarly book were written to prove that idolatry is worship, we might admire the intellectual qualities displayed, but we should wonder that so much toil and skill had been spent in proving so little; and we should not view with any less horror the prospect of the return of the human race to idolatry. So when our author lavishes his strength of mind and wealth of culture in demonstrating that that to which a man *devotes* himself becomes, whether he own it or no, his god; that his devotion is worship, and that worship implies religion,—we smile to hear one of the familiar commonplaces of the pulpit announced as a great discovery and expounded with elaborate art. The miser worships his gold: therefore the worship of gold is his religion.

But, we are told, religion connotes enthusiasm. If any one will study the face of the Man with the Muckrake, in Sir Noel Paton's picture, as he clutches at the already bursting bubble, he will not need cunningly-marshalled reasons to convince him that the love of money may be an overmastering passion which carries its victim out of himself. Every such absorbing devotion is religion in the sense in which our author employs the term. Or we may reach the same estimate of the worth of the book by another route. Let it be granted that religion is 'habitual and regulated admiration.' [I confess that I can attach no clear signification to the second of the two epithets that qualify 'admiration.' *Regulated*—by what? Admiration 'that follows certain rules,'—laid down by whom? *Regulating* appears more appropriate in this connection than *regulated*.] It is easy to show that we habitually admire much besides a Personal God. This is literally all that the author of *Natural Religion* has proved.

Obviously, however, he means more than this, though he nowhere seems to claim to have proved more. In reality he intends that, having yielded a personal God and every vestige of the supernatural, we can retain the feelings with which we regard God and the supernatural, and transfer them to some other objects; and that these other objects are fitted to call them forth. At first sound one is inclined to reject the proposition as incredible, and to speculate about the way in which it could have been attained by a man of even ordinary intelligence and knowledge. Here our last small-type quotation comes to our help. According to it, 'the truth of a religion is a phrase without meaning;' religion is purely 'a condition of the feelings;' belief has nothing to do with church-membership. Certain postulates being allowed, it is quite possible to defend this assertion as a mere exercise in logomachy. If emotion is the solitary constituent of religion, 'true' and 'false' are inappropriate adjectives except as they mean sincere and insincere. Nevertheless, in preceding pages of this book, we often read of false religion, where 'false' denotes the opposite of 'true.' This inconsistency illustrates the fact that religion cannot be regarded as mere matter of the feelings. Reason concerns itself very closely with religion. The emotions issue from belief or conviction; destroy the latter and you dissipate the former. It is impossible to con-

ceive—at any rate in the nineteenth century—a man setting himself seriously to cultivate admiration, awe, love, for their own sole sake, irrespective of the subject on which they are spent. Christianity, our author thinks or fears, cannot be accepted as the religion of men of science and culture. But why not? *Because they are not persuaded that Christianity is true.* Why does he not suggest that in the stead of Christ we should enthrone some Juggernaut or Goddess of Reason of our own? Because he knows that the education and the common sense of the country would alike reject them because they represent that which is not true. Not only would the Æstheticism of the land be mortally offended, but its Intelligence would also indignantly refuse to bear the yoke.

There is no need to argue further that, whether the truth of a religion be a strictly correct phrase or not, religion must be founded upon truth, or what is held to be such. Forgetfulness of this fact induces an initial error in the book before us, and accounts for much of the confused and turbid thought that clothes itself in so pellucid English. The author has pondered the subjective phase of religion until he has persuaded himself that religion is self-evolved and self-sustained; that it requires only an external object of which it can lay hold; that, like the tentacula of certain sea-creatures, it can fasten itself upon anything with which it comes into contact.

The denial of personality to God would have an incalculable, if not a fatal, effect upon our emotions Godward. The author of *Natural Religion* appeals, as we have seen, to an ingenious analogy between our feelings about man and our feelings about God. Materialistic views of human nature, it is urged, do not affect appreciably the sentiments or the conduct of those who hold them towards their fellow-men. If this be so, the cause must be sought in the impossibility of accepting these opinions with the consent of the whole being. To the most sceptical and rigidly logical scientist, his wife and children are more than mere ephemeral bundles of sensations. He cannot, if he would, rid himself of the influences and methods of treatment which have grown up during the centuries in which other ideas of human nature have been prevalent. What would be the result of a general and long-continued prevalence of materialistic theories, is, thank God! an experiment which has not been tried. But even were we to yield this point, still the analogy would break down. For materialism does not deny the personality and the intelligence of human beings. The comparison fails just where it should be most exact. The question is, not whether a change of theory as to the constitution of living beings necessitates a change of sentiment toward them; but whether you can feel towards conscious existences and unconscious existences in precisely the same fashion. Between the God Whose 'eyes are over the righteous' and Whose 'ears are open to their cry,' and the God Who is blind and deaf to the needs and supplications of His worshippers, there is so vast a difference that it insults our intelligence to tell us that the substitution of one for the other will affect our emotions, in degree perhaps, but not in kind!

But, it may be replied, you have forgotten that Nature includes Humanity; you 'must read His [Nature's] character in the compassion that we feel for one another ...not merely in the social evils that fill our towns with misery and cover our frontiers with war, but in the St. Francis that makes himself the

brother of the miserable, and in the Fox and Penn that proclaim the principles of peace.' This does not mend the case much. It cannot be said that pity felt by individuals is pity felt by Nature, any more than requests made to individuals constitute prayer addressed to Nature. The author, however, does not intend this. He means, if I apprehend him rightly, that that Nature cannot be altogether pitiless which has produced pitiful men. Be it so; but pity is an emotion which some one must *feel;* and Nature is (on this hypothesis) unconscious. We must endow Nature with intelligence, or we cannot credit it with pity. Or perhaps the suggestion is that pity goes to make up Nature. If so, we must scrutinize a little more closely the structure of this composite god.

'Nature including Humanity would be our God.' Would that the writer of this most perplexing and indefinite sentence had condescended to explain it! The only clear idea I can get from it is that the new God is a compound being, an abstraction including an abstraction. What is *Nature?* what is *Humanity?* Does the latter word denote the human race as a whole? or the entire of the qualities which man possesses? But the crucial difficulty connects itself with 'Nature.' It boots little to inform us that Nature is 'a Power not ourselves and immeasurably above us.' This vague definition applies equally to an impersonal abstraction and a Personal God. The only other explication of 'Nature' the volume contains calls it 'the Unity in the Universe.' Even this phrase manifests characteristic vagueness. It may signify the sum total of all things, visible and invisible, thoughts and emotions past and present (and future?), as well as physical existences and forces. When we read of Nature as 'the sum and system of things'; as including Humanity, capitalised and accumulated pity, the life-boat and Grace Darling, etc., etc., this denotation seems the more suitable. But surely we are not asked to adore an enormous mass recommended by its bigness and heterogeneity, and formed by individual mental arithmetic. The phrase, 'the Unity of the Universe,' may indicate a belief that the Universe is the work of some one force, to which all other forces are subordinate and subservient; or, if you will, of all these forces regarded as one. In this case, the unity of the universe (how different the words look written without the capitals!) is simply a conception of our own minds. It has no external existence, and we are bidden to worship the product of our own thought, personified by a couple of initial capitals! Unity involves a Uniting *Power*, the unity of laws a Uniting *Mind*. Let us fall down before the *Uniter* of the Universe, Who must be greater than the unity. We shall then find that we are kneeling before either a personal self or a Personal God. But, objects the author of *Natural Religion*, 'Personality involves a body.' He does not stop to demonstrate this assertion. *Human* personality, as we at present know it, *includes* a body. But *Divine* Personality may well differ from human in this respect.

Hitherto we have been occupied with the God of this new religion. It lies in the direct line of our thought to show that if we accept this God, with all the attributes with which the author of *Natural Religion* endues him, the less would be worshipped of the greater. In any sense of the word 'Nature,' which would fit the author's argument, the individual man is himself *supernatural*. Therefore he must have a supernatural object of worship; and

religion without the supernatural is impossible. We, moreover, dispute the statement that 'Science opposes to God Nature.' The science that robs us of God does not vouchsafe to provide a substitute. It leaves the space He filled in yawning emptiness. But we must turn our attention to the feelings of which this 'Natural Religion' is composed.

To put my observations with that brief, and I fear blunt, plainness which my rapidly-diminishing space demands—some of these alleged feelings do not exist, and others are not religious. The scientist, our author reasons, has a strong conviction that 'all happiness depends upon our knowledge of the laws of nature and the careful adaptation of human life to them.' In another place 'safety' is joined to happiness. As to safety, the assertion seems a tremendous exaggeration. A very small proportion of the laws the scientist discovers are concerned with safety. What the safer am I for knowing of the existence of protoplasm in the nettle or of iron in the sun? Knowledge of the laws of nature assures me of the possibility that a comet might rush into the sun and burn up the earth with the resultant heat; but this knowledge does not help. At the best, acquaintance with the laws of nature ensures but physical safety. Nor does happiness depend upon a knowledge of these laws. Many of the happiest men have been supremely ignorant of them. The pleasure which the man of science derives from the study of them differs in nothing except its refinement from that which comes from success in any other absorbing pursuit. This attempt to construct a religion out of knowledge of the laws of nature borders upon the ludicrous. I know that if I eat unripe gooseberries I shall suffer from indigestion; and I carefully conform my life to this law; and to a certain extent my safety and my happiness depend upon obedience; but abstinence from sour fruit is scarcely an act of religion!

The title-page bears the motto from Wordsworth, 'We live by admiration.' The legend is aptly chosen. The religion of Nature consists in good part of admiration, mingled with awe, and frequently producing delight. But the admiration which Nature excites in the scientific denier of a supernatural God, is not religious. The sceptical astronomer lifts up his eyes to the midnight sky; he calls to mind the complicated machinery wherewith worlds upon worlds are regulated; he calculates the immense distances which separate him from the heavenly bodies, and these bodies from one another. He is deeply interested, he is absorbed; the conception of infinite space overwhelms his intellect, the sense of his loneliness perhaps sinks into his soul. These emotions are not religion: they 'bind him neither to his fellows nor to the Power which is not himself.' To feel solitary, to be conscious of that which exceeds our intellectual comprehension, is not religion, even according to the constituents of religion our author has enumerated. Admiration gives place, we will suppose, to awe and unutterable yearning.

Now the sceptical scientist trembles upon the verge of religion, he makes it plain that he has not forfeited his capacity for religion by his unbelief. Let him adore and trust and love, and he will find that, spite of his intellectual conviction, he has assumed the existence of a Person in Whom inhere the attributes which have called forth these sentiments. He has personified Nature so successfully that the device is forgotten in the result. Properly speaking, he cannot love Nature, however deliciously he may revel in the contemplation of it.

And to feel one's self a part of Nature, obviously does not imply personal relation to it. For here 'Nature' can signify only the sum total of things: I am not a part of the *unity* of the universe; I am but a very small part of the universe itself.

Beyond this we cannot pursue our examination. I must leave unnoticed the alleged examples of Nature-worship. So far as they are real, they are not pertinent. The worshippers (*e.g.*, Linnæus and Wordsworth) bowed before a Personal God. Nor can I stay to point out the practical uselessness and feebleness of this Religion of Nature, and its incompetence to account for the genesis and domination of the idea of Duty. We have seen that the efforts to naturalize God and to deify Nature alike fail.

Of the three queries we started with, we can answer one with an approach to definiteness. Religion and Science have *no* common ground on which the unsubstantial idol projected by the latter can stand to receive the half-despairing, half-mocking homage of the former. To the second question we can return a partial reply. Religion, to be effective, must include the supernatural in its province. By its very nature it cries aloud for a Personal God. The convictions and emotions called 'Religion' by our author may, some of them, receive the name by courtesy, and others by strict technical right, but in either case theirs is but a shadowy dignity, and their sovereignty a parade empty of power. To the third enquiry—about the relation of Christianity and the Bible * to this Religion of Nature—our limits will not permit an answer at present. Yet it might be proved that this Religion proffers no benefit which Christianity does not bestow, and that Christianity remains the one refuge from the despair and hypocrisy of pessimism. And the sad, but not surprising change of position from *Ecce Homo* to *Natural Religion* manifests the insecurity of the anchorage of those who forsake the ancient faith concerning the Person and Work of Jesus Christ.

MODERN CONVENT LIFE.†

It is customary with modern writers against the Church of Rome to take her to task for the sins of the past. Their accusations of her system are the confessor's rack and the martyr's stake. They write of her as of a vast volcano, now long quiescent and harmless, but whose eruptions in times past brought ruin on innocent myriads. But Miss O'Gorman's book challenges the Rome of to-day. She testifies that the volcanic roar in the Church's heart is still terrible; that the molten lava still scathes, and the fumes still suffocate, she having lately 'walked through the midst of the burning, fiery furnace.' She shows that the Romish Church, fair of face, is a masked tyrant. The Churches that have shaken themselves free from her servitude have obliged her to sheathe her sword and lower her menacing tone towards them, but she is not thus to be baulked of victims to her lust of power. Her weapons are now turned against her own children. *Convent Life Unveiled* is a revelation of the discipline of cruelty to which the women in her sisterhoods and the children in her orphanages are subjected. It may be urged

* How seriously the author of *Natural Religion* has misinterpreted the Bible the reader must judge.

† *Convent Life Unveiled*. By EDITH O'GORMAN. Lile and Fawcett.

that Miss O'Gorman's experience has been exceptionally unfortunate; that the state of things in other convents is very different from what she describes as prevailing in New Jersey. We sincerely hope it is. But it must be borne in mind that Miss O'Gorman has had experience not of one convent only, but of many; and further—that convent scandals are no new tale. For the truth of her disclosures she offers all possible proof. She furnishes names and dates in support of her statements, and publicly challenges contradiction. On several occasions, at her public lectures, women and girls with whom she had been brought into contact in the orphanages, voluntarily came forward and testified to the simple truthfulness of what she alleged.

Miss O'Gorman's name betrays her descent. She is by birth an Irishwoman. The first eight years of her life were spent in Ireland; she then emigrated with her parents to America. The traces of the double nationality thus acquired are very evident in her character. The impulsive ardour, the tender sensitiveness, of the Irish lady, are well balanced by the American resolution and endurance. The Irish character at home is too like a mollusk without a shell; when any happy fate transports it 'across the pond,' it generates for itself a coat of mail to meet the exigencies of that hardier clime.

Edith O'Gorman was born in 1842, of respectable parents, and was the eldest of their eight children. Although the daughter of devoted Romanists, she was educated at Protestant schools. The love of truth and justice which afterwards asserted itself as such a strong force in her life, was no doubt fostered by these early years of residence in a Protestant atmosphere. As a child she had always been religious, and at nineteen, while visiting at Newport, Rhode Island, she became painfully discontented with the gay world in which she found herself. She entered upon a course of asceticism, taking delight in denying herself of food and of every natural gratification. She spent her days in prayer, and saw visions and dreamed dreams, which her confessor assured her were evidences of the high vocation with which God had honoured her. He advised her to enter a convent, and devote herself entirely to the cultivation of sanctity. Disgusted with the pettiness of fashionable life, persuaded that it rested with herself to make atonement for her sins, she opened her heart to his counsels. Her spirit was fired by the sublime joy of sacrifice, for she had been taught that her Lord required her to leave her father and mother. Above all, she was captivated by the belief that on entering a convent she would become 'the bride of Christ.' She spent a year in prayer and meditation before taking the momentous step, and then severed herself from her family, to whom she was devotedly attached, and entered upon her probationate at St. Elizabeth's Convent of Sisters of Charity, near Madison.

Into the scenes of her sufferings, which cover the next six years, we shall not follow her. The details with which her thrilling little book abounds are exceedingly painful to read; many people would call them coarse; but they *ought* to be read by men, and still more by women who are ignorant of the system and practices of convent life. The unutterable degradation of the priesthood, the envy, hatred and malice that govern the sisters in their relation to one another, the brutalities practised on the miserable orphans, combine under Miss O'Gorman's pen into a dark, sad, terrible picture.

It is as strange as it is deplorable, that so many women who embraced convent-life in their search after sanctity, should, after a short term of seclusion, have been metamorphosed into tyrants. The most natural explanation of the mystery seems to be that the degrading slavery to which they were subjected on entrance embittered all the sweetness of their nature, and prepared them, when their period of rule came round, to exact from fresh victims the compensation for the cruelties they had themselves endured. It may be, too, that the unnatural life they led disturbed their mental balance. Here contrast throws an incidental light on the nobleness of Miss O'Gorman's character. In her, gentleness was ever in the ascendant. She had no longing for retaliation; all her desire was to save and shield the sufferers from the hands of the tormentors. That she should have come forth from her imprisonment so white-souled, so tender, so womanly, is no small wonder. She is one of the very few units, among the unnumbered thousands entering the convent with a pure purpose, who had the courage and the will to snap her fetters when she found that her trust had been betrayed.

The case of the little children placed in the convent orphanage is still more pitiful than that of the sisters. The little victims were of necessity helpless, whereas the women, if they had had it in them, might have saved themselves as Edith O'Gorman did. Many who would fly from the foul, impure moral atmosphere that suffocates them, are held back by the dread of breaking their irrevocable vow. That irrevocable vow is at once the bitterest curse and the strongest repressive force of conventualism.

Methodist readers cannot fail to be interested in Miss O'Gorman's record of those struggles of mind and conscience which accompanied her awakening to the falsity of Romish teaching. Her vow of obedience to her superiors compelled her to regard their mandates as the voice of God. Yet their commands were sometimes contrary to God's laws, and even to her other vows. The Church, God's mouthpiece, was at variance with God's written Word; where, then, should she look for truth? For a time all her way was dark about her; the tortures of doubt gave way to the coma of hopelessness; despair laid its paralysing touch on her soul; faith in God and man perished within her. At length, one night after she had left the convent, and was staying at a friend's house, the light shone into her heart and filled her with rapturous joy. She thus describes the supreme event of her life and its immediate effect upon her:

'A dazzling light seemed to fill the room, and a clear voice rang through my soul, distinctly saying, "Daughter of sorrow, arise and shine. Thy sins are forgiven thee. Go forth and teach the world the lesson you have been taught!" .... I felt like a new creature. I could scarcely refrain from crying out with the joy that was in my heart — that heart which had so long been acquainted only with sorrow and grief—that heart which had been blindly sacrificed on the altar of self-immolation to procure this heavenly peace, which, by the grace and mercy of God, had at last filled it. O, the unspeakable rapture, the glorious ecstasies of my new-born soul!'

'Never the exquisite pain; Then never the exquisite bliss--
For the heart that is dull to that, Can never be strung to this'—

wrote Miss Havergal: and Will Carlton flung forth the same thought in rougher garb—

'But one thing's settled with me: To appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have Some fifteen minutes of hell.'

The tears of the night glorify the joy of the morning. Miss O'Gorman's bliss was proportionate to the anguish of her bygone terror and perplexity. She was baptized in a Baptist Church in 1869, and was married in the following year to Professor Auffrey, formerly a candidate for the Romish priesthood, now a member of a Protestant communion.

After her conversion, it became clear to Miss O'Gorman that it was her duty to expose the errors of Romanism by delivering lectures on the working of the system 'behind the scenes.' Professor Emerson encouraged her in her project, and foretold the success that has followed her in her work. With characteristic bravery she lectured in Jersey City, the scene of a considerable period of her convent life. She was enthusiastically received in various other American towns, and attracted considerable notice in London. This prophetess of denunciation has met with the treatment that is generally given to prophets who have unpalatable truths to utter. Her lectures are frequently interrupted by hostile demonstrations, and several attempts have been made on her life.

Since the main object of the present paper is to induce the reading of Miss O'Gorman's book, any *précis* of the leading incidents which could spoil the interest of *Convent Life Unveiled*, or be considered in any way equivalent to a perusal of it, has purposely been withheld. Her design in publishing her thrilling little volume is to expose the miserable delusion that the definition of a convent is—*the abode of purity and peace.* Visitors, she says, are incapable of judging whether convent life is happy or not, because the nun with whom they may converse is never really alone with them; there is always a sister outside the door acting as a spy. Any disclosure unfavourable to the establishment is certain to be reported to the superior, and the unhappy nun who has indulged in it is punished by severe penance.

Miss O'Gorman appeals to Protestant and Romish parents alike, not to send their children to convent schools; and she appeals to Christendom at large to insist that conventual institutions should, like all other prisons and asylums, be submitted to Government inspection.

L. F.

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MISSION.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

(CONCLUDING PAPER.)

MUCH valuable work was done by the native converts: those who were found to be discreet, prayerful, active, and intelligent were stationed at important posts, with instructions to hold prayer-meetings, to conduct Sabbath-schools, to visit the sick, gather in the children, to seek out the wretched and wandering, and bring them to the house of God, and generally to watch over the people. By their influence many of the wildest were tamed and softened, and induced to abandon their evil ways and turn to God. Active members of the Church were selected and sent forth, two and two, into every village to preach the Word. They climbed the mountains, traversed the forests, and explored the

glens, to seek the outcast sons of Hawaii. None were neglected. In the letter from which I have already quoted,* Mr. Coan says:

'The aged and infirm, the blind, halt and withered, have been sought out, and the Gospel has been preached to them by the way-side and in their houses. Many of the sufferers have been led by the hand; others have been brought in litters or on the backs of their friends to the place of worship. On my tours through Hilo and Puna, multitudes of this poor and afflicted class are brought from their scattered homes in the glens, and laid by the way-side that they may get an interview with the Missionary as he passes, and obtain a little balm, not only for the soul, but also for the body.'

He made a point of always carrying medicines with him for this purpose: no easy matter, considering the nature of the ground over which he travelled.

On all his tours he held protracted meetings at every village, and was in the habit of preaching from twenty to thirty times a week, in addition to holding frequent conversation with individuals. At the close of one such long and fatiguing day, a friend asked him if he did not feel utterly exhausted? His reply was, 'A little leg-weary.' He was happily endowed with a throat and lungs which knew no weariness. During one of his tours he preached no fewer than forty-three times in eight days. Sometimes he commenced preaching at daybreak, and held three distinct services before he could find leisure so much as to eat. He could not cross the threshold of any house where he might halt, without being thronged by people from all quarters. They stationed themselves in small companies by the way-side, and some followed him for days from village to village to hear the Gospel. It was like the early days of preaching in Judea.

The saying, that 'the appetite doth grow with that it feeds upon,' was certainly true in this case, for the people having tasted of the Water of Life, thirsted for deeper draughts, nor could they rest satisfied with a periodical visit from a native teacher who, till very recently, had been as ignorant as themselves. So they poured down to Hilo in vast companies, and there built for themselves simple grass-thatched huts, that they might be at hand and lose no chance of hearing the Word of God.

The village, which hitherto had numbered a population of about a thousand, now increased tenfold, yet no difficulties arose, all was quiet and orderly. Their one wish was to learn, and for two years this great camp-meeting was continued, a ceaseless round of classes and services. Of course necessary work was not neglected, and all worked busily at their gardens or their fishing, to supply food for so great a multitude.

The village already possessed a native-built church capable of accommodating six thousand persons. The new-comers built a second, large enough to contain three thousand, and at any hour, from the earliest glimmer of dawn onward, it needed but a blast on the trumpet-shell, which acted the part of church bell, and a congregation assembled large enough to fill both buildings, the people sitting compactly on the bare floor. One might walk *over* them, but to walk *among* them was often impossible; and hundreds remained outside who could not find room to enter, but crowded near, trying to hear the word spoken within. Here is an account of one of these newly-gathered congregations:

'It is a sea of heads with eyes like stars. They are far from being still: there is a strange mingling of the new interest and the old wildness, and the heated mass seethes like a caldron. An effort to sing a hymn is then made—to our ears, a rude, inharmonious song, but

* See page 825 of this Magazine.

an honest attempt, such as God accepts as praise. Prayer is offered, and then comes the sermon. The preacher feels as though he were bound by an electric chord to the restless mass of human beings packed before him; he preaches the grand old truths, and puts them as simply and as plainly as he possibly can, does not try to excite the people, yet soon many tremble and weep, and some cry aloud for mercy.'

Many of the rudest were so overwrought by their feelings that they fell down swooning. When this was reported to the brethren in other districts, they assumed that the Preacher had been endeavouring to get up a false excitement, and they bade him check all such manifestations of overwhelming interest.

Mr. Coan's reply was characteristic:

'How could I put this down? I didn't get it up; I didn't believe the devil would set men to praying, confessing, and breaking off their sins by righteousness. These were the times when thieves brought back what they had stolen. Lost things reappeared, and quarrels were reconciled. The lazy became industrious; drunkards stopped drinking; thousands broke their pipes and gave up tobacco (which was used as an intoxicant); adulteries ceased, and murderers confessed their crimes. Neither the devil, nor all the men in the world, could have got this up. Why should I put it down? In the Old Testament days there were times when the weeping of the people was heard afar. I always told the natives that such demonstrations were of no account, no evidence of conversion. I advised to quietness. I said, if they were sorry for their sins, God knew it; if they were forgiven, they need not continue to weep. And I especially tried to keep them from hypocrisy. Many a time have I blushed, and felt like hiding my face in the dust, when I have witnessed the earnest wrestlings of these natives, and have seen how, like princes, they have had power with God and have prevailed. They take Him at His word; and with a simple and child-like faith, unspoiled by tradition or vain philosophy, they go with boldness to the throne of grace. With tears, with soul-working fervour, and with that earnest importunity which takes no denial, they often plead the promises, and receive what appear to be the most direct and unequivocal answers to their prayers.'

Naturally, these earnest hearers soon craved to be admitted into the visible Church, and here arose Mr. Coan's chief difficulty. His brethren had strongly insisted on the terms of probation extending over years. He pleaded the example of the Apostles, and the thousands whom they baptized so soon as the converts declared their faith in the Lord Jesus—though many of these afterwards fell into sin, and some even apostatized. He urged the danger of delay and its folly, when the work was so unmistakably a holy inspiration. So he resolved to break through the custom of the Mission, and to receive all those of whose sincerity he was well assured, after from six months to a year of careful instruction and personal care bestowed day by day and week by week.

The minuteness and order with which this was accomplished seem almost incredible. In all those crowds there was not one with whom Mr. Coan did not make himself personally acquainted, and whose name was not recorded in his private note-book, with such particulars as might keep the individual vividly before his mind. Every time he journeyed through his great parish, all the candidates for baptism were called up by name, and he conversed with each individually—warning, exhorting, or encouraging, as the case seemed to require. Thus the location, life and feelings of every member of this great flock became a matter of personal knowledge to its Pastor, who, week by week, noted the progress of each, while friends and enemies were publicly desired to testify if they knew any just cause or impediment why these persons should not be received into the Church. Mr. Coan himself baptized twelve thousand adults and four thousand infants. But brethren

who would have deemed it blasphemy to question the wisdom of St. Peter in baptizing three thousand persons on the day of Pentecost, or of Philip in suffering the Ethiopian eunuch to stop his chariot that he might straightway receive baptism in the nearest pool, were greatly disturbed on hearing of these innovations, and deemed that all Church discipline was endangered.

Again Mr. Coan had to stand on his defence:

'I can see no good reason,' he says, 'why, when I had baptized one hundred converts, who by the confessions of my most discreet brethren ought to come into the Church, I should not consistently baptize one hundred more, of equally unexceptionable qualifications. When our Church numbered from twenty to fifty cold, halting, doubting professors—when our congregation was less than a thousand on Sabbath mornings, and barely four hundred in the afternoon; when the annual addition to our Church-members was five or ten, and the thousands around us were going down to the grave in unbroken columns, there was no alarm. Whence, then, the present fears? I suppose the great numbers added to our Churches is what staggers the faith of many; in fact, a letter received from one deeply interested in the work, says in so many words, "If there were only a few hundreds we could believe, but there are so many it spoils it all!"'

Like many who read the predictions and promises of the Bible with a kind of romantic rapture, so long as they are supposed to refer only to far distant glories, these brethren fully believed in the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in apostolic days, and looked for His universal influence on 'young men and maidens, old men and children,' in some unknown future. But that they should believe in it as a present reality was a different matter; and that the people thus favoured should be a race of ignorant, despised, half-naked islanders proved a stumbling-block and an offence to many.

Those who were working on the spot saw it in a very different light. Again I quote from Mr. Coan:

'I have seen a glorious and overwhelming work of God going on without abatement in Hilo and Puna for more than two years. Some of the precious evidences that God has wrought a good and glorious work among our people may be seen in their breaking off from old and cherished sins; in their present quiet and peaceable lives; in their searching for the Word of God; in their readiness to receive instruction; in the spirit of grace and supplication poured upon them; in their anxious efforts to save sinners, and their cheerful liberality in good works. Our congregation on the Sabbath averages four thousand, and is nearly as large in the afternoon as in the morning. On such special occasions as the celebration of the Lord's Supper, the concourse of people has swelled to seven thousand or more. Hitherto all the healthy and strong of the flock have assembled periodically at Hilo for this sacrament, while for the comfort and edification of the feeble, the sick and the aged, I have administered this holy rite in different places in distant parts of the isle. The number of communicants who assemble at Hilo is now so great, that we have to divide them into two companies, one half celebrating the Holy Supper in the morning, the other in the afternoon.'

One day in the summer of 1838—a day never to be forgotten in the history of Missions—the first-fruits of this great awakening were gathered into the Church. Upwards of one thousand seven hundred candidates for baptism assembled in the Church. All had been resident at the station for many weeks, and no pains had been spared, no tests left untried, to prove that each candidate was a true penitent. Once more all joined in prayer and singing, and once again a clear explanation was given, lest any should trust in the mere external rite.

Then, as they sat or knelt in long rows on the matted floor, Mr. Coan and Mr. Lyman passed reverently to and fro among the silent multitude, bearing a bowl, from which they sprinkled on each head the sacred symbolic waters, after

which to all collectively were addressed the words, to us familiar from our cradles, to them so new and so full of awe: 'I baptize you all into the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

Then the Holy Communion was celebrated, and the newly-baptized were admitted to the holy rite, two thousand four hundred communicants being present.

'It seemed,' said Mr. Coan, 'like one of the crowds gathered by the Saviour, and over which He pronounced the words of healing. It was a company in which were numbered the old and decrepit, the lame and the blind, the withered, the paralytic, those who through their own sins or the sins of their fathers were afflicted with divers diseases and torments: the depraved and loathsome came hobbling on their staves, led or carried by their friends, and sat down at the table of the Lord. Among them were to be seen the hoary priest of idolatry, with hands but recently washed from the blood of native victims; together with those till recently known as thieves, adulterers, sorcerers, robbers, murderers, and the mothers (no! the monsters) whose hands have reeked with the blood of their own children.....These are the lost whom the Son of Man came to seek and to save. And in very deed He is here present.'

It was a company of which there was reason to believe that each had 'truly and earnestly repented of their sins, and steadfastly purposed to lead a new life. There was a hush upon the vast crowd without, who pressed about the doors and windows. The candidates and the congregation were all in tears, and the overshadowing presence of God was felt in every heart.'

This great gathering of the people afforded Mrs. Coan and Mrs. Lyman a grand opportunity of specially instructing the women, and they made right good use of it. Being the only two white women in Hilo, and tied to their home duties and the care of their little ones, they could never have visited their brown sisters in the scattered villages. But now that ten thousand persons had assembled round their very doors, they laboured night and day to teach them useful domestic arts, such as sewing and plaiting, which resulted in the manufacture of the Holuku, (the loose flowing robe of coloured calico), and in the plaiting and making up of the neat little hats which to this day form the national dress of the Hawaiian (as of all Tahitian) women.

Nor were the children forgotten. Much care was bestowed on them to teach them nice habits of neatness and of decency. Mr. Coan himself conducted a Sunday-school, at which an average of five hundred little ones attended, and besides, there was a weekly lecture for the children, and various classes for their instruction. There was good reason to believe that many of these babes had become Christians in heart and in life.

Of the 'cheerful liberality' of the people as an evidence of their being in earnest, Mr. Coan says: 'They are poor—distressingly poor; and not a few of them are themselves the objects of deep commiseration; yet at the monthly offertory, all stand ready with their "two mites," often given out of the deepest poverty. Among these humble gifts you will see one bring a bunch of hemp, another a piece of wood for fuel, a mat, a *malo* (a narrow strip of bark cloth), a little salt, a few ears of corn, a fish, a fowl, a taro, a potato, a cabbage, a little arrowroot, a few eggs. The old and feeble, and those who have nothing else to give, gather grass wherewith to cover and enrich the soil. Each gives according to his ability, and shuns to approach empty-handed.'

During the four years of the great awakening, seven thousand five hundred and fifty-seven persons were received into the Church at

Hilo—about three-fourths of the entire adult population. After this they returned to their own homes, and the one huge congregation was divided into seven local Churches. These established fifteen places of worship at the principal villages in the district, each of which continued to be a centre of Christian work.

The building of these churches was a very serious undertaking. It was no light task to be left to hirelings, but a labour of love in which each individual contributed his own work. If it was to be a native building of timber and thatch, the men went off to the mountains and sought out the finest trees in the forest. Although native stone adzes had been replaced by iron, still axes were scarce, and it was not always easy to get them sharpened, so the felling a large tree involved tough work. When this was accomplished, there remained the toil of dragging the huge log to the village, a distance probably of at least a dozen miles. This had to be done by human strength; for horses and cattle were unfit for this work, because of the deep gulches and precipitous ravines which had to be crossed. Sometimes as many as a hundred and fifty men and women harnessed themselves by strong ropes to the fallen timber, and dragged it by main force across the rough lava beds, through the tangled brushwood, and over the difficult ground, which is so wearisome even to walk on. And as they toiled the livelong day, they chanted wild choruses to inspirit one another on their way. Meanwhile, the feebler women and children were busy collecting grass or reeds for thatching, and plaiting elaborate fibre string with which to bind the rafters, or weaving mats for the floor.

If they were ambitious and wished to build a stone church, such as the foreign teachers recommended, then far greater labour was involved. If there were any old heathen temples in the neighbourhood, they were saved the work of preparing the stones, but had to carry them on their shoulders for long distances. In order to obtain lime they had to go to the coral reef and dive ten or even twenty feet below the surface. Then when they had succeeded in detaching a mass, they fastened a rope to it and drew it up to their canoe, and then dived for another piece. If they lived inland, they must either carry the coral several miles up-hill, or else carry down fuel from the mountains to burn the coral on the beach, and then carry up the lime in aprons of bark cloth, or in calabashes or empty gourds. And when they had accumulated many barrels of lime, then they had to collect as much sand, and even water had sometimes to be brought from long distances.

If there were no heathen temples near, and the people were resolved to have a stone church, then they engaged native masons and carpenters. On the little island of Molokai, for instance, the women subscribed two hundred dollars which they had earned by making mats, each woman earning only fourpence a week. And the men's contribution was raised by transporting firewood by canoe a distance of twenty miles. Each canoe-load sold for about two shillings. So, directly or indirectly, every individual of the congregation took an active part in the building of their village sanctuary. Such churches as the great stone church at Honolulu and the large church at Hilo were naturally considered triumphs of architectural skill. The former was erected at a cost of thirty thousand dollars in money, besides much gratuitous labour. It was completed in 1859, and was built to replace the original big church, which suddenly

fell after a heavy rain-storm, the wooden posts having become decayed, and unable to support the weight of soaking thatch.

When once a church was completed, there was no danger of lacking a congregation. No matter how stormy the weather, the people assembled from far and near, many travelling distances of several miles by rugged and precipitous mountain tracks, in the pouring, pitiless tropical rain, their scanty cotton garment and their flowing hair alike drenched. And as we may safely assume that their accustomed coating of oil was omitted when the cotton dress came into fashion, it is evident that such soakings must rank among the many causes which have tended so sadly to depopulate the isles.

However, all proves that the people were in earnest; and so outwardly, but more especially inwardly, the great work went on, and at the close of 1843 it was found that in the course of six years twenty-seven thousand people had been received as members of the Christian Church. Out of so vast a number, it was not to be supposed that some would not fall away, but the proportion was exceedingly small. After some years it was found that those who had come under Church censure were but in the average of one in sixty; and yet a most strict and careful supervision of the converts was maintained, and the majority of cases of Church discipline were called forth by such offences as smoking to excess—a vice which it was particularly necessary to discourage in Hawaii, as the manner of smoking was such as to produce a form of intoxication, and temperance in all forms was an essential qualification for Church-membership.

Nor was it only in the comparative seclusion of their own isles that these men stood firm. Many of them found their way to Oregon and California, and, at the time of the great gold rush, a considerable number had to seek their fortunes at the diggings; but so far from bringing discredit on their Church-profession, they were noted among the roughs of all nations as men who would not drink or gamble or profane the Sabbath.

In 1868 it was computed that about fifty thousand persons had joined the Church since the commencement of the Mission in 1820. Wonderful indeed was the change wrought in forty-eight years. A race of most thievish, naked savages had been transformed into a singularly honest, decently-clothed community. Throughout the isles there was not a cottage which did not possess its Bible and hymn-book, and in which daily family prayer and the custom of thanksgiving at every meal were not invariably observed. It would have been hard to find any person who could not read and write, and who had not some knowledge of arithmetic and geography. This fact is the more remarkable as showing how well the natives had profited by their opportunities in comparison with the whites with whom they had come in contact. Of all the business documents in the possession of the Hawaiian government, accumulated in their intercourse with foreigners, one-half bear the *marks* of the latter, who could not even sign their own name.

Now every village had its own church and school, built by the people at their own cost; and besides four hundred common schools, there were several of a higher class, both for men and women; also a theological and general training college at Lahaina-Luna, which had already sent forth about eight hundred trained men, the majority of whom were scattered as teachers all over the isles, thirty were ordained

ministers, and a considerable number had gone forth as Missionaries to distant groups. Some were fairly started in secular professions, as surveyors, lawyers, and even judges.

Such were the wonderfully rapid changes which, within half a century, transformed the Hawaiian Isles from a group torn by ceaseless, bloody war, and enslaved by debasing idolatry, to a united kingdom, governed by Christian laws, whose people had, almost without exception, embraced the Faith.

Within fifty years from the day when the first Mission band left Boston, doubting 'whether one of them would live to witness the fall of idolatry,' the isles were so Christianized that Hawaii was no longer reckoned as a Mission-field. The parent Society ruled that the legitimate work of a Missionary Society was accomplished when it had raised up a self-governing, self-sustaining Christian community imbued with so much spiritual life as would ensure the prosecution of its own Home Missions, and also such an aggressive tendency as would lead to the prosecution of Missions in lands still heathen.

It has been said that zeal for Foreign Missions, or indifference towards them, affords 'a pulse-like index to the spiritual health of the Church.' According to this standard the young Hawaiian Church must be in a truly vigorous state. Not only is it entirely self-supporting and self-governed, but one-fourth of the total number of Hawaiians who have been ordained to the ministry are now working as Missionaries in various parts of Micronesia and in the Marquesas.

The Hawaiian Society for Foreign Missions was formed at Honolulu in 1850, and two years later three Missionaries from Boston, Messrs. Snow, Gulick and Sturges, arrived, with their wives, on their way to commence work in the utterly savage isles near the Equator. The nearest of those was two thousand miles distant from the Sandwich Isles, and the people were known to be fierce and cruel; but seven Hawaiian teachers volunteered to join the Mission party. It was only deemed advisable to allow two men, with their wives, to accompany this pioneer party, but others followed at short intervals. Their first station was Strong's Island, the easternmost of the Caroline group. The second station was Ascension Island, one of the same cluster, which is described as a little paradise, where many plants 'pleasant to the eye and good for food,' flourish among noble forest trees; while varieties of birds give life to the scene. For those who love the tropics the climate is delightful, the thermometer only ranging seventeen degrees in three years. Everything is most attractive, with the usual exception, 'only man is vile;' and very vile he proved here.

However, when the vessel anchored, the king came on board, welcomed the strangers, and said it would be 'good for them to stop.' So they disembarked and discovered a population of about five thousand, whose leaf huts were hidden among the overhanging forests. Here Messrs. Sturges and Gulick, Kaakaula and their wives, began to work, while Mr. Snow and Opunui settled on Kusaie, where the population, numbering about one thousand five hundred, proved singularly attractive. Strange to say, polygamy was unknown, and the manufacture of intoxicating drinks was strictly prohibited. The new comers and their message were alike kindly received: and no distractions from the outer world came to interfere with their work. So isolated is the isle, that two years elapsed ere a letter reached them from America.

The good seed took root quickly; but no care could check the strange, sad mortality among the people. In 1869 the report from Kusaie stated the population to be only six hundred natives, and not one white man (Mr. Snow having gone to a new post). But a native pastor was in charge of the isle, and the people had built for themselves four churches, in which they regularly assembled for worship; in each case conducted by an ordained native minister.

The work at Ponape proved more difficult. In the first six months fifteen vessels called; and though in most cases the captains proved friendly, some were the reverse, and made considerable trouble, while the influence of the sailors was, as usual, most pernicious. One of these vessels brought the small-pox, which carried off a multitude of the inhabitants, and produced a general recklessness and bitterness of feeling. Wicked foreigners who had settled on the isle, told the natives that the Missionaries had introduced and were spreading the disease. Hostilities arose among the tribes, robberies and murders. Mr. Sturge's house was burnt, and he and his family driven into the woods.

Still the Mission party toiled in hope. In four years' time they had printed portions of the Scriptures and hymns in the native tongue, and assembling the people in schools, persuaded them to learn. After eight years they had the joy of securing three converts, shortly afterwards followed by eight more. Persecution ensued, with the usual result of an increase of converts. At length a little chapel was built in the mountains; others followed; the king, after long vibrating between good and evil, now professed himself a Christian. In 1867 religious services were held regularly at twelve principal places; the Church numbered a hundred and sixty communicants, and many were waiting to be admitted to baptism.

Meanwhile, the Hawaiian Mission extended its operations to other groups. In 1857 a vessel was sent from America for this especial service. She was called *The Morning Star*, and was emphatically *The Children's Ship*, built by the contributions of the New England Sunday-schools. She brought Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, and Kanakaole and his wife. Dr. Pierson and Mr. Doane and their wives had preceded them, accompanied by Hawaiian teachers. Their object was to establish Missions on the Gilbert group and the Marshall Isles—miserable, low coral isles, scarcely raised above the water-level. The Gilbert Isles lie on the Equator, which implies a climate almost unendurable to a white man. One language, greatly resembling that of Hawaii, is spoken throughout the group by a population of about forty thousand. It appeared to be a field in which the Hawaiian teachers would work at considerable advantage.

But there were many hardships to face, chiefly the scarcity of food. The only vegetable cultivated is a very inferior kind of taro, and the staple of life is the cocoa-nut, eked out with coarse flour, like sawdust, prepared from the woody fruit of the pandanus, or screw-pine. Fish is to be had, but there is no wood for fuel, so it must be eaten raw. The cocoa-palm furnishes meat and drink; but it makes a dull meal, even when its unwilling sap has been tormented into yielding molasses and rum. In these isles it furnishes the only timber for house-building, while its leaves supply thatch, clothing, mats and cords. A very narrow girdle for men, and a mat for women, is the approved dress, supplemented by very elaborate tattooing. The people are

polygamists; and their religion is a vague spirit-worship, without priest, idol, or temple.

In these isles, Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, with several Hawaiian assistants, have toiled for many years, and still account it to be but seed-time. Up to the year 1870, they could only count fifty hopeful converts. But much preparatory work has been done at the Apaiang printing-press, where all the translations made for the use of this Micronesian Mission are printed.

The Marshall Isles produce bread-fruit and bananas. At the time when the Mission was commenced, the population was estimated at twelve thousand, speaking several different dialects, very unlike Hawaiian. The people bore a character for extreme ferocity, which caused the isles to be shunned by foreign vessels. This to the Missionaries was a strong point of advantage in beginning work, though the alleged ferocity was a drawback. The latter was most strangely and providentially overcome.

As *The Morning Star* set sail for this group, the party were warned, by old sea-captains, of the dangers they were about to incur; and as they neared Ebon Isle, the captain put up his boarding-nettings, stationed his men fore and aft, and anxiously awaited the issue. Fifteen canoes came out to meet the vessel, all crowded with men. In the prow of the foremost stood a powerful savage, with huge rings in his ears, and his head wreathed with flowers. As the canoes drew near, Dr. Pierson called to the people in their own language, and in another moment he and their leader recognised one another as old friends; and the savage sprang on board shouting, 'Doctor! Doctor!' in ecstatic delight. The news flew along the canoes, and the joyous shout was re-echoed by all. The wondering captain learnt that in the previous year five canoes, having ninety men on board, had been driven by a tempest from the Marshall Isles, and after fifteen days at sea, reached Kusaie, where, according to the laws of savages, small hospitality would have awaited them, had not the Missionaries rescued them, given them food and medicine, and shown them great kindness.

When the favouring monsoon set in, they returned in safety to their own homes, where now they in their turn welcomed the Mission party; and when these returned a few days later, to disembark, they were received by crowds shouting, singing, and dancing for joy, and the king's sister, a venerable chiefess, came out, and taking Dr. Pierson by both hands, led him to her house with all possible honour. Thus was the way made smooth for beginning the Mission-work among a race of reputed cannibals.

Though progress has not been very rapid, it has been steady, and in 1870, Christianity was considered to have fairly taken root.

But perhaps the most remarkable work of the Hawaiian Mission has been in the Marquesan Isles,* from which in 1797 the London Mission were so quickly driven by the exceeding fierceness of the cannibal inhabitants, and where the American Mission proved equally unsuccessful in 1833.

But in 1853 a Marquesan chief came to the Sandwich Isles, and requested that teachers should be sent to his people. Mr. Bicknell, an English layman, agreed to return with him, accompanied by four Hawaiian teachers and their wives.

It was found that the jealous policy of France, which made the

* See *A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War*. By C. F. Gordon-Cumming, Vol. II., p. 106-125.

position of foreign Missionaries untenable, was less inimical to the Hawaiian teachers; so, notwithstanding the opposition of the Roman Catholic priests, who endeavoured to have them sent away, their number was shortly increased, and in 1864 there were eighteen male and female Hawaiian teachers in the Marquesas; and so bravely have they stood by their colours (enduring all manner of hardships and trials at the hands of white men and brown), that the Christian Church is now fairly established in the Marquesas.*

CHRISTMAS.

THE joy of Christmas morn will never fade,
Though ages roll along, though kingdoms rise
And fall, though knowledge grow apace,
And though the sceptic, wise in self-conceit,
Declare the angel-story but a myth;
The truth, the glad, strong truth, will hold its way,
Supreme, majestic as the sun in heaven.
Each year, as Yule comes round, the clear sweet tones
Of angel-voices echo in our ears,
Telling of greatest gladness, greatest good,—
A Saviour born!

O glorious Christmas-tide! We thank thee, Lord,
The while we sorrow for the sin which made
The Life thus joined with ours a life of woe.
Help us, O Lord! throughout the hallowed year
To hold the Christmas joy within our hearts.
O keep us free and pure by thought of Thee,
And that high destiny which may be ours;
Since Thou has deigned to be our Brother-Friend,
Part of ourselves, while we have part in Thee.

MARY.

GENNESARET.

TINTS lingering where the sun was set
Had faded from the sky,
And mirrored in Gennesaret
Gleamed bright'ning stars on high:
Peace reigned around, the soft winds moan,
Sad sighing o'er the lake,
And plash of oar were heard alone
The dreamy calm to break.

A boat stole from the rock-screened shore
Into the moonlight pale,
And fishers silent dipt the oar,
Or spread the listless sail;
And oft a gaze devout they bent
Where, fanned by whispering wind,
One with the long day's labour spent,
In weariness reclined.

The Master sleeps, His sorrows now
Forgot in transient rest,
A moment hushed the throbbing brow,
And soothed the burdened breast;
It may be through yon starry dome
His soul, in vision bright,
Has soared on joyous pinion Home,
His Father's home of light!

While thus they pensive vigils kept,
Dark clouds the heavens o'ercast,
And sudden from the mountain swept
A storm-portending blast:
Now, shrieking as a spirit cursed,
Loosed from hell's dungeons dark,
The unrestrained tempest burst
Upon the sacred barque.

'Neath pouring skies that blackly frowned,
With shivered mast she sped,
High threatening billows leapt around,
And thunder crashed o'erhead;
Then rose a cry of wild despair
Above the surging wave—
'O Thou that sleepest, hear our prayer,
Thy helpless children save!'

Responsive to the voice of woe,
Uprose the Saviour's form;
He stands, revealed in lightning's glow,
Majestic in the storm.
'Be still!' He speaks, and at His word
Re-echoing thunders cease,
And o'er the crouching waves unstirred,
Sweet zephyrs murmur 'Peace!'

HORACE D. WOOLLEY.

* For full particulars of the Sandwich Isles, their Volcanoes and the Story of the Mission, see *Fire Fountains*. C. F. Gordon-Cumming. 25*s*. Illustrated. London: Messrs. Blackwood and Sons.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

THE Methodist Church of Canada has only existed in its present form since 1874. Prior to that time there were two Conferences known as Wesleyan and one as the Methodist New Connexion. These three, however, happily became one, and the one was divided into six annual and one General Conference; the former altogether confined to routine business, the latter is the only Legislative Body, and is constituted of an equal number of Ministers and Laymen. Hopes are entertained that before long other branches of the Methodist family will amalgamate with this, which would be a grand consummation, as thereby Methodism would be more potent for good, not only in the Dominion of Canada, but also in the 'regions beyond.'

The Conference of this year was the third Quadrennial Conference which has been held. The two former met in Toronto and Montreal respectively; this year Hamilton was chosen as the place of meeting. Hamilton is about forty-five miles from Toronto, and easily accessible both by land and water. It has increased very rapidly of late years. Not a few of its citizens are merchant princes. Great enterprises are undertaken, and a stranger cannot fail to see that 'go-aheadativeness' is the characteristic of its people generally. Almost every nationality is represented there, though English, Scotch, Irish, American and German largely preponderate.

Methodism has long held an important position in this city. The first preaching-place was the house of a German who had been converted at Niagara, at the beginning of the present century. The first church was built in 1822, the site of which is now occupied by a more elegant structure. Methodism now occupies a prominent position among the churches of Hamilton. It has six places of worship, most of which are elegant and commodious structures. There are one thousand one hundred and nine Church-members, and one thousand nine hundred and six Sabbath-school scholars.

Some of the Methodists of Hamilton have been among the most munificent in the Dominion. The late Edward Jackson, Esq., and his sainted wife, built the Jackson Hall, and endowed a Theological Chair in connection with Victoria University, Cobourg; and only last year, Dennis Moore, Esq., a former apprentice of Mr. Jackson, endowed another Chair in the same University. Largely by the liberality of the sainted Jacksons, the Ladies' College was established in Hamilton, which was the first of the kind founded in the Province of Ontario: its career has been eminently successful.

Hamilton was therefore a suitable place for the third Quadrennial Conference of the Methodist Church to meet in. The number of ministerial and lay delegates was limited to one hundred each; there are more than one thousand Ministers in the various Conferences. Among the lay delegates were to be found various classes of society—the bronzed son of toil, with his shrewd commonsense, strongly expressed in plain and homely words; the accomplished judge, sheriff, and lawyer, giving with keen insight their judgments on knotty constitutional questions; the successful merchant, who has left his invoices and bills of lading; the skilled physician, and the learned professor or college president; and among the number are some half-

dozen who have the affix 'Honourable' to their name, one of whom is an officer of high rank in the Government. So it will be seen how that Methodism utilizes all kinds of talent.

Many of the laity take their full share in the business that comes before them, and a good position in the discussions, for which their parliamentary experience has so eminently qualified them; and they are even more conservative than many of the Ministerial representatives. The laity of Canadian Methodism love the old landmarks of the Church, and are ready to shoulder burdens—financial and otherwise.

The arrangements for the General Conference were never more complete than on this occasion. Another ecclesiastical gathering just closed the day before ours met, and another was to meet a few days subsequently; and before the benediction was pronounced, the Central Fair commenced, so that the hospitality of the city was largely taxed. The beautiful sanctuary in which the Conference assembled was erected in the centenary year of Methodism in America. It has a church parlour, a 'board-room,' and various Class-rooms, all of which were utilized by the several Committees. There was a line of telegraph and a telephone in an adjoining room. The outside world took great interest in the proceedings of Conference. The daily papers of Hamilton and Toronto had their reporters present; and on no former occasion were better reports of the proceedings published.

The Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., President for the past four years, occupied the chair until his successor was appointed; but he did not deliver any formal address giving a review of the proceedings of the Church during his incumbency, illness rendering this duty impracticable. Dr. Douglas, when a Missionary in Bermuda, laid the foundation of the illness from which he has been a severe sufferer throughout his subsequent life. He is nearly blind, both his hands are paralyzed; he has scarcely any use of his limbs; and yet his mental faculties retain all their pristine energy, so that when he can stand in the pulpit or on the platform or the floor of the Conference, the first sentence of his grand, ringing voice awakens the deepest interest, and he is heard with breathless attention until he resumes his seat. He is greatly beloved by all classes.

Considerable interest was felt in the election of the Conference officers. After balloting five times, the Rev. Samuel Dwight Rice, D.D., was elected to the Presidency. When the old Canada Conference met for the last time, it was in this Centenary Church, and Dr. Rice was President. At that time the union of three Methodist Bodies was effected; and now, when Dr. Rice is again in the Chair, there is every probability that a further union of the Methodism of Canada will be effected. He has done good service in the Methodist Church, and has occupied some of the most important positions in different parts of the Dominion; and it is hoped that during the years of his Presidency, when he is to travel at large, he may witness a grand extension of the work of God.

The Rev. J. A. Williams, D.D., was elected Vice-President, and the Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., was re-elected Secretary.

The Nominating Committee was appointed at an early session; and during the Conference at least twenty-five other Committees were designated for facilitating the business of Conference. Memorials, special resolutions, and notices of motion, amounting to more than one hundred, were presented during the first two weeks of Conference.

Several fraternal delegates and visitors were presented during the Conference. It was a matter of universal regret that there was no delegate from the Parent Body in England. At the former General Conferences, the Revs. Gervase Smith, D.D., and Samuel Coley, were with us. From both sections of the great Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, Representatives were present; the Rev. Dr. Studley from the North, and Bishop McTyiere from the South. The latter gentleman, it will be remembered, attended the Œcumenical Conference in London. The Rev. Dr. Stone represented the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, and the Rev. T. Griffith and J. C. Antliff, B.D., M.A., bore the Christian greetings of the Primitive Methodists. A fraternal letter was received from the General Conference of the Wesleyan-Methodist Church in Australasia.

The General Conference not only responded to all those Churches by letter, but also appointed the following delegates to attend the Conferences above named: The Rev. S. D. Rice, D.D., President, the Wesleyan Conference, England; Rev. Dr. Nelles, the Methodist Episcopal Church, United States; the Rev. W. Briggs, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; the Rev. J. Wakefield, the Methodist Episcopal Church, Canada; the Rev. J. Shaw, the Primitive Methodist Church; and the Rev. W. Hansford, the Bible Christian Church.

Among the visitors were Bishop Carman and the Rev. T. Lounsbury, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Canada; the Revs. F. W. Briggs, M.A., England; H. Pickard, D.D., New Brunswick; W. Cather, Ireland; and J. C. Richardson, Wesleyan Missionary, the Bahamas. A memorable incident occurred in connection with the introduction of the Rev. W. Cather. The Rev. R. Boyle, of the Primitive Methodist Church, came to the platform, and with tears streaming down his face, said that near fifty years ago he was converted from Popery by the instrumentality of Mr. Cather, whom he had not seen for more than forty years until that moment, when he grasped him by the hands, and told him how that he had called one of his boys by the name of 'William Cather.' Both Ministers were deeply affected.

Probably the most important Committee in connection with the Conference, was that to which the subject of Union was referred. For several weeks past the atmosphere had been filled with union sentiment. A periodical had been published for the purpose of promoting this object. All branches of the Great Methodist family at their respective Conferences had affirmed the principle of union, and had appointed committees to confer together on the subject. The joint Committees met in Hamilton during the second week of the Conference, and the Rev. W. Williams, Chairman of the Committee, introduced to the Conference the sixty-two members of the Methodist Episcopal, Primitive Methodist, and Bible Christian Churches.

It was the privilege of the present writer to attend some of the meetings of the joint Committee, and to witness the brotherly feeling that prevailed. All appeared to be resolved to do their utmost to accomplish the end which had called them together. A matter of so grave importance cannot be precipitated; but seeing that lay delegation in the Annual Conferences and an Itinerant General Superintendency are the only subjects on which there was any difference of opinion, and seeing that the General Conference has conceded both those principles, there seems to be every probability that at an early day there will be a union of the

forces of Methodism in Canada. The joint Committees are to meet again, to see if they can agree in respect to details, and if so, the basis of union as agreed upon will be submitted to the various Quarterly Official Meetings, and thence to the Conferences; and if approved, then a special meeting of the General Conference is to be called for the purpose of accomplishing the Union.

No department of Church-work gave more satisfaction in the review than the Book-Room and publishing interests. The reports of the houses in Toronto and Halifax were most cordially received. Of the former it may truly be said there is prosperity in every department. The eight periodicals have all had an increased circulation, so that the number of pages printed per day amount to 43,482½; while for books the number was 106,871½, making 150,354 pages of printed matter issued by the house during every working day in the past four years. Well may it be said, 'the moral influence of such a continuous stream of religious literature is beyond calculation.'

The Book-Room at Halifax has had to labour under many disadvantages, but the location is now changed, and the receipts are largely in excess of the former quadrennial. The assets largely exceed the liabilities. The circulation of the *Wesleyan* is increasing.

The election of the Book-Stewards and Editors is necessarily an interesting part of Conference proceedings. On this occasion both Book-Stewards were elected by acclamation. The Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D., was re-elected editor of the *Christian Guardian;* the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., was re-elected editor of the *Methodist Magazine* and Sunday School publications; the Rev. T. W. Smith, of the *Wesleyan*, was elected by acclamation. Dr. Dewart has held the office of editor of the *Christian Guardian* fourteen years, a much longer term than any of his predecessors, and now enters upon another quadrennial. Dr. Withrow also enters upon another quadrennial. The Magazine is increasing in favour, and gives assurance of being a permanent periodical in the Church. All who have had experience with similar periodicals know how difficult it is to make them a success. The Rev. T. Watson Smith is the historian of Methodism in Eastern British America, and in entering upon the quadrennium as editor of the *Wesleyan*, he has the prospect of making his weekly sheet a great power in the Church.

There are two funds in Canada for the benefit of Superannuated Ministers: one called the *Supernumerary*, and the other the *Superannuated* Ministers' Fund. The former is connected with the Conferences in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland, and the latter with the Western Conferences. The first-named is in the better financial condition: for twenty-five years it has met all its claims, giving each annuitant ten dollars per year for every year of effective labour. The amount of the Ministers' subscriptions is ten dollars a year.

For some years past, the Superannuated Ministers and widows in the Western Conferences have not received their claims by about seventy thousand dollars. It was agreed that an assessment should be made *pro ratâ* on the income of all Circuits to meet the deficiency which would exist after all the available income had been received. The Ministers' subscriptions are also to be increased to twelve dollars a year, and a graduated scale of allowance to claimants was adopted. The highest scale of payment in future is only to be ten dollars per year for each

year of their respective husbands' effective labour. No member can become a permanent claimant who has rendered less than twenty years' effective service; so it is to be hoped there will be no need of further diminution of the small claims paid to annuitants. The Rev. E. Morrow, M.A., in addition to other liberal gifts to various Church funds, has bequeathed five thousand dollars to this fund. May others be inspired by his noble example.

We have educational institutions at Cobourg, Montreal, Sackville, and Stanstead; besides Ladies' Colleges at Hamilton and Whitby; there are also Ladies' Departments at Sackville and Stanstead. The Colleges at Cobourg and Sackville can confer degrees as Universities. The reports presented from all those institutions were in many respects exceedingly gratifying. The number of pupils in attendance, and the number who have graduated, is far in excess of all former periods. The graduates are filling honourable positions in all the professions, both in the Dominion and elsewhere. While the General Conference was in session, intelligence was received that the Gilchrist Scholarship for 1882 had been taken by Mr. William Tweedie, a graduate of Mount Allison, Sackville. The scholarship gives the holder one hundred pounds annually for three years, conditional on taking a degree at the University of London or Edinburgh.

The endowment of Victoria University is being increased. The Ryerson Chair has received promises which exceed 21,000 dollars. John Macdonald, Esq., has promised 10,000 dollars towards the endowment of 200,000 dollars. In Montreal, buildings for College purposes are being erected, to cost 31,000 dollars, every cent of which is subscribed, while there is an endowment also of 33,000 dollars. At Sackville recently a conflagration destroyed the Male Academy; but nothing dispirited, the friends are rebuilding, and have also secured an endowment of 50,000 dollars. It is a noteworthy fact that the Ladies' Colleges, so far, are less encumbered than the others. That in Hamilton is free from debt; twelve hundred young ladies have been residents there, one hundred and sixty-seven of whom have received diplomas. The Ladies' Department at Sackville has a surplus of 1,000 dollars; and as this is the centenary year of Methodism in New Brunswick, the friends intend to establish a Chair in the Theological department, to bear the honoured name of *John Black*, who laid the foundation of Methodism there.

The Methodist Church has always been Missionary in its character, and the section of the Church in Canada has ever been true to its origin. Four years ago the Missionary Society was burdened with a heavy debt, which has now been happily liquidated, and a gratifying increase of income has taken place during the last few years. The work is extending so rapidly in the North-West, that a new Conference has been formed, to be known as the Manitoba and North-Western Conference; the Rev. George Young, D.D., has been appointed General Superintendent of Missions, and the first President of the said Conference. Dr. Young was the founder of Methodism in Winnipeg, then a small hamlet, and now a flourishing city. He also established Methodism in the town of Emerson, which is now the head of a District. When he went to Manitoba, there were but five Missionaries, now there are nearly fifty, and at least twelve others are to be sent—all this accomplished in fourteen years!

The numerical increase of the members of the Church has not been so great as was anticipated. The

tide of emigration to the prairie Province, Manitoba, has been very great, and no doubt hundreds have thus been lost from the Church records; hundreds of others have died; still there is a net increase of nearly three thousand. The reports in the Sunday-school department exhibit an advance all along the line; but owing to the defective manner in which one Conference had made its returns, the true statistics of the Church cannot be published.

From intimations that had been given, it was anticipated that numerous changes would be made in the discipline of the Church, but though an important Committee held several meetings, and examined every part of the Book of Discipline, but few changes were made. Some were desirous that there should be an extension of the term of a Minister's stay on a Circuit from three to five years, but the Conference decided 'No change.' The law has hitherto been that a Minister might return to a Circuit after three years' absence, but now six years' must expire before a return. Some also wanted attendance at the Class-meeting to be no longer regarded as a condition of membership, but again the Conference determined 'No change.'

The first religious services included a sermon by the Vice-President, followed by the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The sermons on two Sabbaths by the Representatives from the United States were fine specimens of evangelical preaching; and the public meetings held on behalf of Education, Temperance and Missions were most enthusiastic.

The most prominent of the absent were the Revs. Dr. Ryerson and Dr. Green, who had been the two oldest Ministers in Canada. The General Conference of 1882 has, it is believed, given an impetus to Methodism in Canada.

THE MODERN EGYPTIANS.

BY THE REV. JOHN HUTCHEON, M.A.

EGYPT! The very word possesses a magic spell. Colonized about 2188 B.C., it rose to the highest civilization and the greatest dignity among the ancient empires of the world. It became the source of knowledge, of literature, of science, of art, and of enterprise to Europe for ages. The great Pharaohs stand out as colossal figures in the dim past; their mighty dynasties fill up the kingly records of many centuries; and the vast Pyramids, the most permanent works of man, have looked down upon the ruins of successive kingdoms.

Egypt in Bible story occupies a place next in importance to the Holy Land itself. 'The house of bondage' will always be the chosen type of the sinner's condition. The grand old Nile will ever be associated with the beautiful foundling boy, cast upon its waters, who became the greatest man — except the God-man—the world ever saw.

Egypt became a slave kingdom under the Mamelukes in 1250 A.D.; for three centuries it was a scene of strife, confusion and blood; and was in 1517 conquered by Selim I., and made a dependency of the Turkish Empire, which it has been ever since.

Egypt has lately attracted the eye and attention of the world, and has stirred the heart of the whole British empire. Alexandria has

undergone another of its many conflagrations; and the real spirit of Islâm and the character of the Bedouin have once more been illustrated. The English army and navy have just crushed a formidable military rebellion by one of the most wisely-planned and successfully-executed campaigns of ancient or modern times. The Khedive is again on his throne; and Egypt has begun to write a new chapter of her history. How to guide her to a new national life is a difficult political problem; and how to lead her to Christ will be a still more difficult Christian enterprise. Hence the 'Modern Egyptians' demand our most careful study. Mr. Edward William Lane, by his faithful and minute *Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, has laid travellers, students, historians and statesmen under great obligations for so much valuable information. He gives us a peep at the personal characteristics of the Mussulman Egyptians; a digest of their religion and laws; a description of their government, their domestic life, their languages, literature, science, superstitions, modes of industry, public amusements, and religious festivals. He thus lays before us a full view of the principles and customs which have moulded their social, religious and national life.

The limits of this paper will only permit us to call attention to a few of the many topics of interest which the 'Modern Egyptians' present. Mr. Lane gives the population at two and a half millions; but the census of the Egyptian Government makes it about four and a half millions. In ancient times the population is said to have been six or seven millions. The area of cultivation was then much larger than it is now. The valley through which the canal flowed from the Nile to the Red Sea was covered with fields and gardens; and the Gulf of Suez came much further north than it does at present.

There are about ten thousand Turks in Egypt. Since the Conquest of Selim, these have been the ruling class in the country, and hold the chief places of influence and power. There are also many thousands of Syrians, Greeks, Armenians and Jews in Cairo and Alexandria, but the bulk of the inhabitants is made up of Christian Copts and Moslem Arabs, the *fellaheen*, or peasants, and townspeople. Of the Copts there are about one hundred and fifty thousand. These are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. The subjugation of Egypt by Caliph Omar, introduced a flood of Moslem Arabs; and they now form seven-eighths of the entire population. They have carried on, at successive periods, a system of cruel persecution against the Copts, and many of the latter have submitted to the faith of Islâm. Hence the pure Arabs have intermarried with the Moslem Copts, and the fellaheen are composed of this mixed race. The many ruined convents in different parts of Egypt prove that the Christian Copts were at a former period far more numerous than at present.

The Arabs have 'changed the language, laws and general manners' of Egypt, and have made Cairo the chief seat of Arabian power, learning and art. The ancient Coptic language early fell into disuse, and has been little spoken for eight hundred years. In fact, it is now a dead language, little known by the Copts themselves. True, their Scriptures are read and their prayers are chanted in Coptic; but it is 'an unknown tongue.' Arabic is now the general language of Egypt.

Since Egypt became a Turkish province, it has never enjoyed a steady government. Each Pasha has ruled the country with a view

to enrich himself. A large portion of the nation has perished, and the remainder have been reduced to the most abject poverty by cruel oppression. Hence the condition of the 'Modern Egyptians' and the state of their industry bear a sad contrast to their former prosperity and glory. Their ancient manufactures displayed a variety, an elegance and an exquisite finish which called forth the admiration of all nations. Many of the Egyptians in the times of Moses lived in refined luxury. They were dressed in fine linen and other most delicate and costly fabrics; and many articles of their furniture have served as the highest models for our modern saloons. But 'how is the most fine gold changed!' Their pottery is now of the rudest kind. Their linen, cotton and woollen cloths are coarse and of the poorest quality. Their modes of agriculture are the most primitive. Selim, the Turkish Sultan, is said to have carried away into Turkey the masters of fifty manual arts pursued in Egypt, and these forms of industry have disappeared ever since. The Koran has forbidden all sculpture and painting, and destroyed the very taste for the fine arts. God is as munificent in His gifts as ever; the Valley of the Nile and the Delta are capable of as high cultivation as in days of yore; the Nile still bears on her bosom the fertilizing floods which fed the millions and enriched the times of the Pharaohs; and the same wheat, maize, rice, cotton, flax and indigo which nourished and adorned imperial Rome, may yet be produced. Why, then, this melancholy contrast and aggravated poverty? The two chief causes are, a false religion and a corrupt, oppressive and unjust government.

Christianity was introduced into Egypt by St. Mark, and for a time it spread rapidly over the country; but Alexandria became at an early period the centre of many forms of anti-Christian error; and the Coptic and Abyssinian Christians became corrupted by the Jacobite heresy. Hence the Coptic Church has departed as far from orthodox Christianity as the Latin and Greek Churches. They celebrate baptism, circumcision, pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and long fasts like the Moslem. Their worship, we have seen, is conducted principally in a dead language. They are governed by a Patriarch, who is chosen from the unmarried monks of the Convent of St. Anthony in the Eastern Desert of Egypt. They have also the orders of Bishops, priests, deacons, and monks. Their religion has degenerated into superstition, Pharisaism and Ritualism; and their priesthood has become like that of Rome. The Copts, a despised and persecuted people, are bigoted, sullen in temper, intensely exclusive, cringing, ignorant, deceitful, and very sensual. They possess no elements of quickening, healing, and new national life for Egypt.

The religion of the Egyptian Arabs is Islâm. The Moslem of Cairo and Arabia are Sheeahs; and they consider that they possess the purest form of the Mohammedan faith, as well as enjoy the nearest national relations to their great prophet. The Arabs have many noble qualities of character, and high mental abilities, such as grasp of mind, quickness of apprehension, ready wit, and amazing powers of memory. During the golden days of the Caliphs of Bagdad, many of the Arab writers rose to great eminence in poetry, mathematics, philosophy, astronomy and other sciences. The Arabian architecture reached a high perfection. The Taj-Mahal at Agra, and many of the mosques and mausoleums of India, and some of the mosques, houses and palaces

of Cairo, are exquisite in style and beauty. The Arabs, too, are affable, cheerful, temperate, given to hospitality, and very independent.

The great doctrines of Islâm are too well known to need recapitulation here. They believe in a hell, with eternal punishment for the infidels, but only a limited punishment for the wicked believer. Friday is their Sabbath, because, they say, Adam was created and died on that day, and because the resurrection will take place on the same day.

The chief parts of the Mohammedan Ritual are four. Prayer must be offered five times every day. These are generally performed in public with great ostentation. They consist in the utterance of a few verses of the Koran, and a series of prostrations. Almsgiving is another important duty. This is done as a work of merit, not as the outcome of benevolent motive and desire. It has opened a wide door to Fakeers, Darvashees, and every class and grade of religious beggars. Most of these 'saints' are fanatics, idiots, or impostors. They form a source of public annoyance in every Mohammedan country. Fasting possesses special merit. This is practised from sunrise to sunset in the month of Ramadán. At least one pilgrimage in a life-time must be made to Meccah, either in person or by deputy. No duty is so sacred as to kiss the *Kaabah*, or black stone, and pray at the tomb of the prophet.

A great deal of the worship of the Moslem consists in fulsome adulations of Mohammed. They invoke his intercession, and sometimes pay him really idolatrous adoration. In many of the mosques, on great days, the Moslem priests, after chanting the prescribed prayers and portions of the Koran, often deliver exhortations or sermons. The following is one of the best samples. It was preached the first Friday of the Arab year, and translated by Mr. Lane:

'Praise be to God, the Renewer of years, and the Multiplier of favours, and the Creator of months and days, according to the most perfect wisdom and most admirable regulation; who hath dignified the months of the Arabs above all other months, and pronounced that among the more excellent of them is El-Moharram the Sacred, and commenced with it the year, as He hath closed it with Zu-l-Heggeh. How propitious is the beginning, and how good is the end! [I extol] His perfection, exempting Him from the association of any other deity with Him. He hath well considered what He hath formed, and established what He hath contrived, and He alone hath the power to create and annihilate. I praise Him, extolling His perfection, and exalting His name, for the knowledge and inspiration which He hath graciously vouchsafed; and I testify that there is no deity but God alone; He hath no companion; He is the most Holy King the [God of] peace: and I testify that our lord and our Prophet and our friend Mohammad is His servant and His apostle and His elect and His friend, the guide of the way, and the lamp of the dark. O God, bless and save and beatify this noble Prophet, and chief and excellent apostle, the merciful-hearted, our lord Mohammad, and his family, and his companions, and his wives, and his posterity, and the people of his house, the noble persons, and grant them ample salvation.—O servants of God, your lives have been gradually curtailed, and year after year hath passed away, and ye are sleeping on the bed of indolence and on the pillow of iniquity. Ye pass by the tombs of your predecessors, and fear not the assault of destiny and destruction, as if others departed from the world and ye must of necessity remain in it. Ye rejoice at the arrival of new years, as if they brought an increase to the term of life, and swim in the seas of desires, and enlarge your hopes, and in every way exceed other people [in presumption], and ye are sluggish in doing good. O how great a calamity is this! God teacheth by an allegory. Know ye not that in the curtailment of time by indolence and sleep there is very great trouble? Know ye not that in the cutting short of lives by the termination of years is a very great warning? Know ye not that the night and day divide the

lives of numerous souls? Know ye not that health and capacity are two blessings coveted by many men? But the truth hath become manifest to him who hath eyes. Ye are now between two years: one year hath passed away, and come to an end, with its evils; and ye have entered upon another year, in which, if it please God, mankind shall be relieved. Is any of you determining upon diligence [in doing good] in the year to come? or repenting of his failings in the times that are passed? The happy is he who maketh amends for the time passed in the time to come; and the miserable is he whose days pass away and he is careless of his time. This new year hath arrived, and the sacred month of God hath come with blessings to you, the first of the months of the year, and of the four sacred months, ...and the most worthy of preference and honour and reverence. Its fast is the most excellent of fasts after that which is obligatory, and the doing of good in it is among the most excellent of the objects of desire. Whosoever desireth to reap advantage from it, let him fast the ninth and tenth days, looking for aid. Abstain not from this fast through indolence, and esteeming it a hardship; but comply with it in the best manner, and honour it with the best of honours, and improve your time by the worship of God morning and evening. Turn unto God with repentance, before the assault of death: He is the God who accepteth repentance of His servants, and pardoneth sins. — The *Tradition*. The Apostle of God (God bless and save him!) hath said, "The most excellent prayer, after the prescribed, is the prayer that is said in the last third of the night; and the most excellent fast, after Ramadân, is that of the month of God."'

The Arabs have always been famous for superstition, which is largely mixed up with their religion. They are much alarmed at *genii*,— evil, powerful and malicious spirits, believed to be created from fire, and to dwell in rivers, wells, ruined houses, tombs, and to be incarnate in cats, dogs, and other animals; and to cause whirlwinds and all kinds of calamities. The Arab will utter his charm from the Koran to deliver him from the spirit of the storm. A meteor is a dart from God to destroy these genii.

Charms are used to a very great extent. A small copy of the Koran in a case, a scroll with certain verses upon it, and the *ninety-nine* names and epithets of God, written on paper and worn on the person, are employed to preserve the individual from disease, enchantment and the evil-eye. Other charms are believed to secure success in any enterprise.

The Mussulman Arabs are also greatly influenced by omens. To meet a widow, to see a cat, a fox, or a serpent crossing the road, will prevent an important journey, a pressing business transaction, or a marriage negotiation on the day on which it occurs. But to meet a musician, a person with flowers, or to observe two birds of omen crossing the road several times, will give new inspiration to the traveller or merchant.

Astrology has always exercised an amazing influence over all the races of the East. The Chinese have practised it for three thousand years, and rank it as equal in importance with agriculture and medicine. It was a favourite study and a mighty power in the hands of the Egyptian priests, when Thebes and Heliopolis were in all their glory. The Jews learnt the art from the Chaldeans, and were much addicted to it for ages; and some of the most famous astrologers in the days of the greatest Mussulman Caliphs were Jews, such as Solomon Joachin and Moses Ben Maimon. As astrology is founded on the notion that all human acts are fixed and necessary, it found a ready reception by all the followers of Mohammed. Their doctrines of absolute predestination have made Mussulmans of all countries and ages the slaves of this false system. The proper conjunctions of the twenty-seven principal stars of the constellations of the zodiac, and the doctrines and predictions of the

astrologer, have had more influence among the Moslem Arabs in fixing lucky days, in pointing out prosperous nativities, in securing hopeful marriages, in guiding to promising business speculations and grand victories, than the prayers of the priest and the services of the Mosque.

We should like to follow Mr. Lane in his revelation of the secrets of the harem; study the peculiar dress of the veiled Moslem and Coptic ladies riding on thin, tall asses; watch the indolent Arab or Turk wasting his time in the Turkish bazaar, smoking, talking, lying and haggling over the smallest bargain; listen to Arabic music—a compound of Grecian, Persian and Indian harmonies, with its tones divided into *thirds*, giving it a great number of sounds, and producing by its delicate gradations a singular plaintiveness; and to see with what enthusiasm the Modern Egyptian of the greatest Arab city can throw himself into his public feasts and amusements; but our limits forbid.

The moral condition of Egypt, as of the whole Moslem world, is of the saddest. The religion of the Arabian prophet was in many respects superior to the gross idolatry of Asia, when it began its career. As a great religio-military system it gained the most rapid and magnificent conquests in the three then known Continents. For ages it stirred and drew to its standards some of the greatest intellects of the world, and during its palmy days produced some of the ablest monarchs and statesmen, the boldest warriors, the ripest scholars, who have graced the pages of history, as well as left its footprints and the monuments of its wealth and its splendid architecture from the Pillars of Hercules to the mouth of the Ganges. But Islâm has outlived the conditions which rendered it potent. Its fancied perfection, its non-progressive character, its fatalism, and its supreme pride and exclusiveness, have destroyed its life, and rendered its revival impossible. It is worn out. Its doctrines, laws and government are out of harmony with the principles of human progress. The god of Islâm has falsified the character of Jehovah, 'our Father in heaven.' Islâm has no evidence to support its proud pretensions; no atonement as a refuge for the guilty; no noble example to guide to purity; no spiritual power to lift man above himself; and no heaven worthy of man's immortality. Its religious and political institutions are effete. The ruling classes among the Mussulmans have, by luxury, indolence, sensuality, injustice and tyranny, become corrupt to the lowest degree. The Moslem Arab is the incarnation of deceit, cupidity, envy, quarrelsomeness, sensuality, and supreme contempt for all but his co-religionists.

By the providence of God we have been sent to take the sword out of the hands of the Mohammedan population of India; and although many of them are still living on the glories of a faded past, yet we are gradually preparing them to join in the march of Christian progress. This appears to be the only way to secure religious and political liberty, healthy education, and a just and liberal government among the Moslem. We trust the new connection of English life just formed with Egypt may be so directed as to help the 'modern Egyptians' to a brighter future.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE:

SIMON JASPER.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER XIV.—SUNSET.

I HAD called on my old friend Simon and his wife, to say good-bye, for I was about to leave the neighbourhood. We talked together of many things, until there came the subject of my going away, and then the memorable words which have enriched and hallowed that Autumn evening to my own heart with a tender sacredness.

'So you'm going away, maister,' Simon began. 'Well, the ould dear and me shall very often think about you, and pray for 'e, tew.'

'Simon hath quite come to look for your calling in,' said the old dear; 'and I shall miss 'e too, Sir.'

We sat in silence for a little while. The door was open and the light of the sun came streaming into the little kitchen, and across to the flowers in the window, falling upon the brown, uneven wall, and throwing into quite a brilliant prominence the gaily-coloured pictures of John Wesley and his strange companions.

Presently old Simon looked up and went on in his happiest strain. 'Well, there—life is all a *going-away* if yew do come to think about it—but 'tis all a *going home*, tew; going on and on till you do come to the Father's House. *And then 'tis rest.*

'I do often think about it. Seeming to me that the Lord rested in Paradise because His love couldn't find anything more to do for His children. *It was all very good.* Ah! but He hath never been able to rest since then. He must wait till He hath got His children all home there to the Father's House, and then when He hath done so much for them as ever He can, and 'tis all very good again—He will rest once more, and we shall, too.'

Then came another pause—a holy hush. There sat the old man, his face aglow with quiet gladness, his hands clasped before him, and his lips moving as if in prayer. His wife was leaning at his side, with her hand resting lightly upon his. In a tone of rather more solemnity, he began again.

'The ould dear and me is getting near to it—very near. Sometimes us do a'most look in through the gates, and then do turn back wondering whatever it will be like.'

The old dear tightened her hold of the folded hands. 'Us be willing to go, ben't us?' and he turned tenderly to his wife.

She only sighed, and said as if to herself, 'Well, I do hope I be.'

'Iss, maister,' said old Simon more cheerily—'her and me is both alike—we 'm *willing*; but us ben't *wishing*, for all that. I have a-thought about it sometimes when I been gathering in the apples. There is some that do want ever so much twisting and pulling, but the Maister cometh along and He do only take them that is ready to fall off in His hand to the leastest little touch. The Lord do get us ready for going, bless His dear Name!'

Then the tone grew to its cheeriest as the old man turned to me. 'But there, maister, I do like to think of Heaven coming down to meet us a long time before we do go up to Heaven; and it doth make anybody's heart sing for to think about it. When I been going to work sometimes, and I've a-seen the break of day ever so long

before the sun come up, I've said to myself, "Bless the Lord, Heaven do meet anybody 'pon the road, a long time before they do get there." And fine and often I have a-thought about it when I been coming home, and you 'm tired out with your work, and the wind is right in your teeth, and the rain is lashing down—then is the time that it doth anybody good for to think about home, and it do seem like as if it come to meet anybody 'pon the road. You do know how that the ould dear is looking out for 'e, and there is the fire all so bright and blinking, like as if it was glad to see 'e, and the kettle is singing a kind of welcome, and the bit of supper is all ready and waiting. Ah! that doth make a lonely road cheerful and a long way short, and a rough night pleasant, maister. And so 'tis 'long with the Father's house on high.

'I used to think about it like as if it was a kind of a glorious Palace, all so dreadfully grand and proper that I couldn't help wondering if the ould dear and me wouldn't be a'most afeared to go inside the gate—in there with so much light and glory, and all the Lord's Kings and Priests a-walking about listening to the lovely music. And I been afraid sometimes that after all the ould dear and me should be a-wishing ourselves back to our quiet little place again. But, bless His dear name, I do know now that it isn't a bit like that—not a bit.

'Seeming to me, maister, I do find more of Heaven in them words of the Lord's—*I go to prepare a place for you*, than I do in all the rest of the Bible. When our eldest maid was going away to service, in there to Plymouth, a neighbour woman that come from there brought in a picture of it, and her began to tell up about the fine streets and the beautiful buildings and the great ships. But the little maid her saith—"I don't want to know what the place is like—*what kind of folks is the maister and missis?*"'

A new light seemed to glow upon the old man's face as he spoke: 'I can't tell what the place is like, and I don't want to—but bless His dear name, I do know what He is like! *I go to prepare a place for you.*—Ah! *that* doth make it heaven. And seeming to me, that isn't a bit like we should have done it. Why, we should have prepared it all before we come down to earth; and then we should have told the people that it was all ready and waiting, and that they must make haste and come up there. Ah, I be fine and glad that He didn't! *I go to prepare a place for you.* 'Tis like as if He do say to us: "Fear not, poor soul,—now that I have lived down here with you just like you are living, I do know what you do want, and how nice home is and all that—and I am going to prepare a place for you."'

For a moment the old man's voice was hushed; then he brushed away the tears of gladness, and went on again in the same cheery tone.

'Of course it will be all grand and glorious, there with the golden streets and the splendid palaces, and the angels a-riding about in the chariots of God; but Christ's own presence is what will make it Heaven. No, it never would be Heaven without *that*. I have a-thought sometimes about them poor folks that the Lord healed,—the blind beggars, and the poor woman whose sins He forgave, and how they did long for to see Him honoured and worshipped like He ought to be. They were all so poor, and they wanted Him to be a King. They had only got one voice a-piece, and they wanted ten thousand for to be praising Him. And then one day they are going along up to Jerusalem, and there is a tremendous shouting, and crowds of

people are all strewing the way with their things. And when these poor folks come forth, there is the blessed Lord Jesus right in the midst, and everybody is praising Him. Ah! that was a taste of Heaven for them, poor dears. That *will* be Heaven, maister, and no mistake—to see HIM 'pon the throne, there with all the dazzling splendour, and all the great folks a-bowing down before HIM, and to hear every voice in heaven and earth singing the new song unto our JESUS—that will be the Heaven of Heavens.'

Again the tears of holy joy filled the old man's eyes, and the lips moved in silent adoration for a minute or two.

'But for all that, maister, I can't help thinking that there will be sure to be some quiet little places where the ould dear and me can feel it all home like, and where the blessed Lord Jesus will be a-coming in to see us sometimes, like as if we might have Him all to ourselves for a little while, like Mary and Martha did up there to Bethany.'

'Then you think we shall know each other, do you, Simon?' I asked, but instantly wished that I could recall the question. The old dear turned with a troubled face to her husband. He laid his hand gently on her shoulder:

'If us don't, I don't want to go. It won't be Heaven to me. No, no, maister—us sha'n't be bigger fools in Heaven than we are down here 'pon earth. Why there—I can't think whoever could be so foolish as to doubt it. Says the preacher—"*Behold, I and the children which God hath given me*—only since I come up here I don't know which they are and where they'm to." And they that have won most souls will have the most for to lose, and the most to fret over. A starry crown and a white gown is poor comfort for a mother that have lost sight of her little ones. A pretty kind of a Father's house where the brothers and sisters don't know each other, but keep a-saying to themselves—"I wonder who you are then, and where you do come from!"'

Simon turned to his wife and drew her toward himself as he went on—'To know that the ould dear and me was up there somewhere, and us didn't know each other! Her would be a-going about all the time looking for me, and I should do nothing else but keep looking for her! Why there—one day I had to go into the railway station there to Dunheved for to meet a gentleman that was coming out to our place to preach. I didn't know him, only that his name was Smith, so I had to stop everybody that come out. "You Mr. Smith, are you, please?" I kept on saying. So at last I come to one:

'"Iss," saith he, "I be called Smith."

'"Then will you please for to come along with me—you'm come to preach, ben't you?"

'He burst out laughing. "No," saith he, "that isn't in my line—I be a horse-jockey."

'Think of me going on like that up in Heaven, for I shouldn't rest till I found the ould dear. Why, I should be stopping every angel I come to, and I should keep interrupting the singers day and night—"Wull 'e please to stop for a minute. Is there anybody yere that do belong to Simon Jasper, is there—from down there to Penwinnard church-town?"'

Then the old dear leaned against her husband again, and her face lost its frightened look. Again all was silent for so long that I began to think of rising and leaving for home, when Simon put up his hand and took from the blackened shelf above the fire-place a little bit of rough

carving. 'There, maister, do you know what that is?' and he held it toward me.

I turned the bit of wood over, wondering what it was. The edges of it were roughly cut out in a pattern as if to represent a frame, and in the centre were some carved letters, which I saw were intended to make up the sacred monogram I. H. S.

'I reckon there isn't money enough in the world for to buy that, maister,' said Simon; 'you ask the ould dear.'

I could find in it no signs of any worth—neither beauty nor skill nor anything else had enriched it, so far as I could see.

'No, the ould dear wouldn't take any money for it,' Simon repeated.

'What makes it so valuable?' I asked.

It was the old dear who answered, putting out her hand and taking it from me tenderly: 'You see, Sir, the little angel made it, and it doth mind us of him.'

'That be all, maister,' said old Simon; 'the dear boy's hand hath handled it, and now to the ould dear here 'tis richer than gold could make it, and fine and lovely. Ah! it have preached me many a sermon: I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU—that is Heaven. HIS hand have touched the crown, the Hand that was nailed to the cross for me—then that do make it finer gold than earth have ever looked upon, and where those blessed fingers rested it is all shining diamonds. His feet—His pierced feet—have stept 'pon the foundations—no wonder they are "all manner of precious stones." He sits upon the throne—no wonder 'tis a blinding blaze of glory!'

Once more Simon sat hushed, with lips that moved in silent prayer, and with clasped hands on which the old lady rested one of hers.

At last I rose to go. They both rose and came with me to the door. 'The ould dear and me shall look out for 'e, maister, home to the Father's House. Us shall know 'e right enough.'

'Good-bye,' I said sadly, trying to make the really painful parting as short as I could. 'You have done me good, and I shall always feel thankful that I knew you.' And so I hurried away.

As I reached the brow of the hill I turned a moment and looked back. There stood the happy couple, she leaning against him and he with his arm lightly resting upon her shoulder. The setting sun threw its ruddy glow over the dear old lovers. They never seemed to me to look so beautiful, or happier in each other. I lingered a moment, then waved my hand again, and saw them no more.

So I came along my way on that still evening under a sky that was gorgeous with hues of sunset, filling all the heaven and touching earth with a new beauty.

I thought again of Simon and his old dear.

Is life worth living? I said to myself.

Surely if anywhere it is *not* worth living, it is where one is burdened and ground down with poverty; where dreary and monotonous toil fills up every day and makes intellectual exercise not only difficult but almost impossible; where the years bring no promise of improvement, and in place of hope come growing ills, and the discomforts of poverty lead on to the harsher discomforts of the workhouse.—Think of Simon and his old dear *divorced*, not for any crime except that of being poor; not by the careful and learned decision of a court of justice, but by the word of a relieving officer! If anywhere life is not worth living surely it is here, when for the children

there can neither be any provision nor any chance of giving them a start toward something better than the parents' drudgery; when life thus burdened and bittered, is apt to vent its ill-temper at home, and is too easily led to increase the general misery by the temptations of the village ale-house. Now call in the doctors of the mind—the moralist, the philanthropist, the scientist. Sirs, what is to be done for a case like this? Education—alone—would make such a man more conscious of his hardship, and make the burden heavier. Culture is a poor lodger where poverty dwells, and can only deepen discontent.

Thank God, there dwelleth One amongst us Who is able to fill a life like this not only with satisfaction, but with deep abiding gladness; Who amidst such drudgery can make the man a true and earnest thinker; Who in these poor surroundings can soften and refine the life into brave endurance and tender gentleness; Who in such a narrow round can make room for lofty aim and noble living; and Who can brighten it all with a glorious and abiding hope.

For this our Blessed Friend and Brother dwelleth still amongst us, standing at the door and knocking, eager to come in and sup with us: 'I AM COME THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE, AND THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE IT MORE ABUNDANTLY.'

ROBERT BROWNING AS A RELIGIOUS POET.

BY ARTHUR W. SYMONS.

'I MUST claim for Browning the distinction of being pre-eminently the greatest Christian poet we have ever had.' So said Mr. Kirkman in his Inaugural Address to the Browning Society; and no doubt he startled many of his hearers by the assertion. It has been too much the custom to consider Browning's poetry solely in its secular aspect, and thus tacitly to exclude one of our greatest living singers from the long and glorious list of England's religious poets. It is not difficult to see that among the reasons which have conspired to produce this effect, the unpopularity of Browning is prominent. So many people are content to remain in ignorance of a contemporary genius because he is reputed to be obscure, and because they find him wanting in smoothness and sweetness, that a large section of the community can have no reasonable opinions at all upon such a subject as Browning's Christianity. But setting aside the merely ignorant misapprehension, what reasons can be assigned for the misapprehension of those who are certainly not ignorant?

I think that at the root of much mistake lies an erroneous conception of the basal principle of Browning's art. Browning is a dramatic poet, and as such he gives utterance, dramatically, to all manner of opinions; his own opinions, for the time, being held in abeyance or merged in those of the imaginary typical personality to which he acts as mouthpiece. We must guard against estimating him by any such purely dramatic passages. To do so were to insult the poet's art as well as to misjudge his religious belief. Browning himself warns us against it, when he says that his poetry is 'always dramatic in principle, and so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine.' In fact, we can only get at his real opinions and beliefs by taking as our standard the poems (such as *Christmas-Eve* and *Easter-Day*, *Epilogue to Dramatis Personæ*, *La Saisiaz* etc.) which are written manifestly

in propriâ personâ, and applying that standard to the impersonal dramatic poems. The mistake lies in reversing the process. Browning, more than any writer I know, is quick to see and helpful to interpret the least lurking germ of truth in the weedy seedplot of falsehood.

These seem to me the principal causes of the popular misapprehension of the spiritual element of Browning's poetry. I think it can easily be shown that in this great and subtle poet there is enough of the religious and spiritual, enough of the Gospel of Christ, to demand the attention and the thanks of Christians.

I find throughout Browning's works, everywhere a warm and unvarying belief in historical and spiritual Christianity; he everywhere asserts, or takes for granted, the truth of the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith; such as the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the certainty of an after-life, with rewards and punishments for those who on earth have wrought or purposed good or evil; together with a love for and worship of Christ—a Christ not mystical and impersonal, but God, not mere man though 'very man'—and the recognition of a spiritual need in man which can be supplied only by a power higher than nature. It must be remembered, however, that Browning is not a dogmatic or theological poet; his greatness lies in the fact that religious belief to him is not simply an intellectual form of faith, but a faith which emanates from the heart, overflooding and changing the whole of life; a faith entirely and intensely *personal*. His soul's ultimate outreach loses itself in God. Of Christ he says:

'That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe that feels and knows.'
—(*Epilogue* to *Dramatis Personæ*.)

And every soul that his art calls up before him for judgment, he judges, so far as in him lies, as he thinks God would judge: his visionary rewards and punishments are meted out to men, not for their deeds, but for their intentions. 'Thought is the soul of act,' he says; and caring only for soul, he cares only

'To bring the invisible full into play!
Let the visible go to the dogs—what matters?'
—(*Old Pictures in Florence*.)

It is this spirit which has inspired one of the noblest passages in that noblest of all his religious poems, —the wise and tender *Rabbi ben Ezra*:

'Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;

'O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice.

'But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount.

'Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.'

In the same poem we have a beautiful and very clear statement of another important truth, a truth ever-present to Browning, one of his firmest faiths:

'...All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;

Earth changes, but thy soul and
God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops:
Potter and clay endure.

'He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain
arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently
impressed.'

The idea here presented of life as merely a test of the soul's capacity and worth, is repeated, with slight varyings, in nearly all Browning's works. Take *Pacchiarotto:*

'Why complain? Art thou so unsuspicious
That all's for an hour of essaying
Who's fit and who's unfit for playing
His part in the after-construction
—Heaven's Piece whereof Earth's the
Induction?
Things rarely go smooth at Rehearsal.'

Browning is the cheeriest and heartiest of all poets, he

'.....finds earth, not gray, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.'
—(*At the Mermaid.*)

He says of the world:

'This world's no blot.....,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and
mean's good.'
—(*Fra Lippo Lippi.*)

And yet no poet has so profoundly felt the miserable irony of life considered as mere earth-bound existence. It is the promise of the future that makes it bright, the certainty of a higher perfect state where

'All we have willed or hoped or dreamed
of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty,
nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each
survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception
of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic
for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to
lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by
The lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once: *we*
shall hear it by-and-by.'
(*Abt Vogler.*)

Browning's conception of heaven is very beautiful and encouraging. To him, existence in heaven is not a state of *passive* rest, or of unchanging, ecstatic adoration; but a condition of aspiration and growth, where the soul can rise ever to higher heights, infinitely enlarging its faculty of comprehension as the field of intellectual vision presented to its new being enlarges. He looks forward to 'other heights in other lives,' where the knowledge denied here shall be granted us—and also the love. For one of the beautiful gifts of Browning's philosophy to those who, all life long, have been misunderstood and sad for lack of love, is this,—that in heaven, in the clear light of God's truth, all doubt and difference shall melt away, and the love lost or denied on earth shall be found there in its completeness: 'On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.' —(*Abt Vogler.*)

The key-note of Browning's system is sounded in the three words: 'God is Love.'

'So, the All-Great is the All-Loving
too—
Lo, through the thunder comes a human
voice
Saying, "O heart I made, a *heart* beats
here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in
Myself!
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive
of Mine,
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me Who have died
for thee!"'
—(*Epistle of Karshish.*)

Love is to him the principle of the universe; he sees

'...all thou dost enumerate
Of power and beauty in the world,
The mightiness of love was curled
Inextricably round about.'
—(*Easter-Day.*)

He knows, moreover, that in return for love, love is expected. Take, as example, the wonderful words in *Saul*:

'.... .It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
As Thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it.'

We know that Christ has connected with His 'first and great commandment' a 'second like unto it': 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This Browning has taken to heart very fully; and assuredly never would have asked Christ the question, 'Who is my neighbour?' There is room enough and sympathy enough in his heart for all mankind. Not otherwise, not by sheer force of genius, could he have written such works as lie before us under his name. Not alone to Shakespeare's intellect do we owe those men and women whose words have passed into our language, and their thoughts into the thought of the world. And Browning has taken up his dropt mantle. His sympathy is most penetrating and intense, alike to mankind and men; and it is to this magnetic gift, perhaps, that he owes much of his unexcelled skill of subtle heart-reading.

Among the purely personal poems of Browning, *Christmas-Eve* and *Easter-Day* are especially valuable, affording, as they do, the rare and important privilege of direct communion with the poet's soul. His consideration and contrasting, in *Christmas-Eve*, of Dissent, Roman Catholicism, and Atheistic Rationalism, afford us no slight indication of his opinions on religion and religious divisions. It is not my purpose to give here any account of the wonderful poem, but merely to indicate some characteristic opinions that I find in it on these three religious divisions.

Here, as always, Browning's innate and invariable charity manifests itself. Of Rome he says:

'There Faith's heart beats, though her head swims
Too giddily to guide her limbs,
Disabled by their palsy-stroke
From propping me. Though Rome's gross yoke
Drops off, no more to be endured,
Her teaching is not so obscured
By errors and perversities,
That no truth shines athwart the lies.'

In the discourse of the Göttingen Professor, the underlying good is harder to find; but Browning finds it. It is this: that when the critic has done his worst, and reduced the pearl of price to 'dust and ashes,' instead of bidding us sweep our faith to its 'natural dust-hole,' he makes him tell us to

'Go home and venerate the myth
I thus have experimented with—
This Man; continue to adore Him
Rather than all who went before Him,
And all who ever followed after!'

Browning adds:

'Surely for this I may praise you, my brother!
Will you take the praise in tears or laughter?'

But this is very low ground for praise, as the poet recognises: he sees that all the homeliness of 'Zion' —the Dissenting meeting—and all the presumption of the Papist, are better than the 'exhausted air-bell of the critic,' who '*leaves* no *air* to *poison*.' He takes his choice of the three in a manner which can surprise only those ignorant of his soul's earnestness:

'I then, in ignorance and weakness,
Taking God's help, have attained to think

My soul does best to receive in meekness
That mode of worship as most to His mind,
Where, earthly aids being left behind,
His All in all appears serene
With the thinnest human veil between.'

So he chooses the Dissenter's meeting-house, and 'puts up pencil and joins chorus

To Hepzibah tune, without further apology,
"The last five verses of the third section
Of the seventeenth hymn" of Whitefield's Collection,
To conclude with the Doxology.'

It is said by the Congregationalists that Browning really did sit for some years under the ministry of one of their Preachers, the Rev. Thomas Jones, the eminent Welshman.

In *Christmas-Eve* the poet's inveterate hate of Roman Catholicism, as a system, is outspoken, whatever he may say of the lurking good in it. I know few poems in our literature to equal, for bitter scorn and grimmest humour (a laughter that is sadder than tears), those two poems—*Holy-Cross Day* and *The Confessional*—wherein to Rome of the Middle-Ages and Rome of to-day is meted out her own full measure. In the latter, the natural, horrible working of the detestable system of espionage named in its title is laid bare with a vividness almost appalling. A girl is induced by the treacherous smoothness of 'an old, mild father' (her confessor) to reveal the political secret of her lover—in order that the Priest may pray for him and save his soul. The youth is arrested and executed; the girl goes mad, and in her ravings curses Priest and Pope: 'It is a lie—their Priests, their Pope, their Saints,' etc.

In this slight sketch, many of Browning's most characteristic opinions and most important poems are of necessity unmentioned. I cannot in this paper give any account of such nobly and intensely Christian poems as *A Death in the Desert*, *Easter Day*, the *Epistle of Karshish*, *Cleon*, *Prospice*, *The Boy and the Angel*, *La Saisiaz*, and many other treasures of the poet's genius; but must content myself with quoting a few stanzas from *Rabbi ben Ezra*, which, together with the verses already quoted from it, appear to me a succinct epitome of Browning's conception of Life—its meaning, its worth and its duties:

'Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain!
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

'For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' th' scale.

* * * * *

'As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made!
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age: wait death, nor be afraid!

* * * * *

'So, take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strains o' th' stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth; and death complete the same!'

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

BY ELLEN T. FOWLER.

FAREWELL, Old Year, farewell! thy tale is told,
The sun is setting on thy dying day,
And thou art teaching us the lesson old,
That everything, like thee, must pass away.

And yet we weep not that thy course is run,
That we no more thy hoary head shall see;
Because the glory of thy setting sun
Foretells the dawning of a Year to be.

We learn from thee that all things pass away—
Yet not with sadness is thy message rife,
Because we know that night shall end in day,
And death be swallowed up in better life.

We lose thy days of Autumn, dull and drear,
Thy Winter speeding fast on snowy wing,
And in their stead we find a glad New Year,
Bright with the golden hopes of Youth and Spring.

And such is Life: we lose a world of care,
Where dark'ning sorrows loom through doubt and mist,
To gain a City like to jasper fair,
With gates of pearl and walls of amethyst:

We leave life's sea, and all the storms thereof,
And all the griefs its raging tempests bring,
To gain a River's side, the streams whereof
Make glad the City of our Lord the King.

We leave the scene of wars that never cease,
To gain a Land where all the strife is o'er;
A Land where all is love and joy and peace,
And nations learn the art of war no more.

Old Year, farewell! thou tell'st us what is true—
That sunny Spring shall conquer Winter's might;
The Old shall fade away before the New,
And darkness vanish in the dawning light.

And hoary Time shall bring, as he rolls on,
To-morrows 'more abundant' than to-day;
Until the years for evermore are gone,
And all 'the former things are passed away.'

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, F.R.S., F.L.S., ETC.

THE conviction seems to be growing amongst mathematicians and astronomers that the comet which has been, and even as we write still is, bright and imposing, is indentical with the comets of 1880, 1843 and 1668; and that at its place of nearest approach to the sun it has been violently disturbed. Some two years ago Prof. Hind, on careful comparison of the paths of the three earlier apparitions of the comet now believed to be the erratic return of the same body, had observed that the coincidence in the paths was not only unusual, but if mere coincidence, it would constitute an unique case. The present advent of the comet in the same path is therefore a striking evidence of the value of this observation and insight. As this brilliant comet drew near to the sun, the presence of sodium was discovered, by the use of the spectroscope, in its spectrum, confirming what had been observed in Wells' comet, that the spectrum of a comet changes as it gets nearer to the sun.

It has been estimated that on October the 30th the comet's tail covered a space considerably greater than the mean distance of the earth from the sun; and that at a very low estimate it must be at least seventy millions of miles long.

It is not quite clear at present who is to be credited with the discovery of this great comet. Mr. Ellery saw a very bright comet on September 7th, but no observations are recorded on it until September the 10th. Mr. Finlay, however, of the Cape Observatory, appears to have been the first to actually observe it; and from that time to the period of its perihelion and disappearance in the sun's limb, it was under observation by this astronomer. No other comet has ever been seen so to disappear: its own brilliance, although so fiercely heated, being lost in the higher luminosity of the solar disc.

When first seen the nucleus was globular, but it has since become straight, and has been seen to divide into three parts, with considerable distance between them.

Prof. Tait has drawn the attention of students to this comet, to illustrate what 'natural philosophy' has done in the past, and what it is yet capable of achieving. The substance of the head, or nucleus, he said, had been proved with absolute certainty to be largely composed of sodium. Carbon and hydrogen were also present, their existence having been demonstrated with similar clearness. With regard to the questions, 'Where is it going?' and 'Is there any chance of its coming unpleasantly near us?' he says that it required only six or eight hours' observation for an astronomer to calculate in what path it was moving, and the rate of speed at which it was going; and to be able to do this was the outcome of centuries of study, based on the observations of matter and its properties. It had therefore been calculated to be forty or fifty millions of miles away: how did they measure this? The details were founded on patient observations from the time of the earliest astronomers, whose labours gradually led to an accumulation of facts from which there was found out the general form of the paths which the comets and planets described round the sun. Thus the laws of Kepler as applicable to all planetary motion, controlled by the laws of gravitation, gave them the laws of cometary bodies. It was, he points out, a singular result of the calculations as based on the more accurate means of observation, that this comet in its path had either grazed the sun's surface, or, more probably, had passed through the upper part of it, without, so far as yet appeared, having suffered any sensible alteration of its course. But how was it possible that a body like this comet *could pass through* an apparently solid body like the sun? Philosophers, he said, had come to believe that the upper part of the sun, and very possibly the whole of it, contained no liquid or solid matter; but that *it was merely a gaseous body*. So high was the temperature of the sun, that even at its centre, where the pressure upon its component parts must be enormous, it was merely a mass of hot gas kept together by attraction and gravitation.

Recent discoveries have been made by American geologists which give evidence, of what has been frequently pointed out in these Notes, that we can really fix no absolute date for the extinction of such an animal as the mammoth; and therefore should place no absolute reliance on data which proceed from an arbitrary assumption of such a date. Several mastodon skeletons have been discovered in Indiana, and in

one the marrow of the immense bones of the unfossilized beast was still fit for use; while the fat which encloses the kidneys had only undergone a chemical change which is well understood by organic chemists: while in another animal of the same kind there was evidence that it had during life consumed the grain and vegetation still found in the neighbourhood.

Professor Owen, who certainly is an authority on Palæontology, has given us the results of his study on the ancient skulls of the human race at present considered the earliest specimens known. He disputes altogether the existence of any evidence of a period of lower cranial development than is to be found at present in the human race. His examination of the human jaws of this supposed period gave him no evidence of a 'canine tooth,' as supposed; indicative of one in the upper jaw necessitating such vacancy in the lower series of teeth as we find in the apes. He obtained some skulls from the cavern at Bruniquel, now in the Museum of Natural History; and these show neither lower foreheads, nor higher ridges nor bosses over the eye cavity than do the existing races of mankind; and he says that, so far as his knowledge and experience go, there is no skull displaying the characters of a four-handed species, as that series descends from the gorilla and chimpanzee to the baboons, which exhibits differences of bony structure or dental character or arrangement on which specific and generic distinctions can be founded, so great, or so marked, as are to be seen in the comparison of the highest ape with the lowest man. In short, Prof. Owen affirms that he can find nothing in the fossil remains of man that indicates the existence of any race other than that now existing.

It is at times extremely interesting to observe nature along with an observer of it, and to note the unconscious zeal and simplicity with which he notes and gives account of what would be wholly different in its effect on the ordinary observer. Prof. Haeckel has been in Ceylon wholly in the pursuit of his life study, Biology, and he incidentally writes:

'My frugal dinner at an end, I usually took a solitary walk on the shore, or delighted my eyes with the sight of the illumination of the palm woods by myriads of fire-flies and glow-worms. Then I made a few entries in my note-book, or tried to read by the light of a cocoa-nut oil lamp. But I was generally quite tired enough to go to bed soon after nine o'clock, after another careful shaking of the clothes for the expulsion of scorpions and millepeds.

'The great black scorpion (nearly a foot long) is so common in Ceylon, that I once collected half-a-dozen in the course of an hour. Snakes exist also in great numbers. Slender green tree-snakes hang from almost every bough, and at night the great rat-snake hunts rats and mice over the roofs of the huts. Although they are harmless and their bite not poisonous, it is by no means a pleasant surprise when one of these rat-snakes, five feet long, suddenly drops through a hole in the roof into one's room, occasionally alighting on the bed. On the whole, however, my nights in Belligam were but little disturbed by animal intruders, although I was often kept awake by the howling of jackals and the uncanny cry of the devil-bird (a kind of owl), and other night birds. The bell-like cry of the pretty little tree-frogs which make their dwelling in the cups of large flowers, acted rather as a slumber-song. But I was far oftener kept awake by the whirl of my own thoughts, by the recollection of the many events of the past day, and the anticipation of that which was to come. A brilliant succession of lovely scenes, of interesting observations and varied experiences, mingled in my brain with plans of fresh enterprise and new discoveries for the morrow.'

SELECT LITERARY NOTICES.

The Witness of the Spirit. The Twelfth Lecture on the Foundation of the late John Fernley, Esq. By the Rev. Robert Newton Young. London: Published for the Proprietor by the Wesleyan-Methodist Book-Room. 1882.—We heartily congratulate the Lecturer, the Connexion, and the religious reading public, on the Lecturer's choice and treatment of his subject. A theme more suitable or more seasonable could scarcely have been found. 'The doctrine of "the (direct) Witness of the Spirit" is, and we hope always will be, strongly characteristic of Arminian Methodism, if happily not quite "peculiar to Methodism."' The Lecturer's fidelity to Methodist doctrine is worthy of a man who occupies so high a position in the Connexion, by the choice of his brethren, and who bears the thrice-honoured name of *Robert Newton—Young*. The Lecture has all the charm of that chaste, cultured, classic style which the Lecturer has at his command, and which so befits his character and cast of mind.

The *timeliness* of the Lecture is apparent; for what can be more appropriate to the present needs of the Church and of general religious thought than a demonstration of the *supernatural* as acting directly and effectively on the individual consciousness, as well as on individual character? Its absolute necessity to Methodism is well brought out: its potency as a main element in early Methodist preaching is shown with rare force and beauty.

The Work of the Spirit in the *Church* is wisely made the starting-point for the consideration of the work of the Spirit in the *consciousness* as well as on the *character* of the individual believer. Then we have the solid axiom: 'There is no such counteractant to loose and mischievous speculation as a sound religious life springing from direct and conscious communion with God. "He that believeth on the Son hath the witness in himself."' The Lecturer wisely eschews 'novelty of treatment,' or 'indulgence in speculation.' To use an expressive Scotticism, he warily *wins by* the *tempting* psychological problems which lie on the confines of his subject. Some might naturally desiderate, and even anticipate, a more *scientific*, as contrasted with *homiletic* treatment of the theme; but the Lecturer's scientific *method* will strike the reader more than it struck the listener: simplicity, fervour, unction, and 'a good time,' tending to give to the Lecture the air and feeling of a sermon. Mr. Young had, in any case, the right to treat his 'subject from the standpoint of the Christian believer.'

In our judgment he was wise in the selection of his standpoint. He loyally makes the Scripture the standard of appeal: even Wesley's *Sermons* and *Notes* are only referred to as affording clear and precise statements of the doctrine. He shows how the doctrine harmonizes with the whole tone of Biblical theology, whilst it meets the deepest requirements of the individual Christian. He proves powerfully that this truth is rooted in the experience even of the Old Testament saints, and pervades the teaching of the Apostles. He makes it plain that the *experience* of the Witness of the Spirit is not confined to Methodists, giving as examples Bishop Sanderson, Hooker and Henry Martyn. We should have been glad of an Appendix containing a *Catena* of such experiences, including the names of John Howe, De Renty, Bishop Butler, on his death-bed, and many members of the Society of Friends; accompanied by the scarcely less important and much more touching experience of dying Christians, such as Hannah More and John Ely, who, not having accepted it as a doctrine, yet passionately craved it as an experience at the approach of death.

The Lecturer judiciously includes within his horizon the whole *witnessing* work of the Spirit, giving a most happy and pregnant quotation from the first Fernley Lecture. He touches on the Spirit's work in the unconverted and even the unevangelized, in a way which might have satisfied Robert Barclay.

His examination of the key-texts on his great subject is fair, clear, thorough, workmanly. He exposes the untenableness of the Anglican interpretation which refers 'the sealing by the Spirit' (2 Cor. i. 22, Eph. i. 13, 14, iv. 30), 'to the act of Baptism, and its immediate complement "Confirmation."' He spends due pains on the *very* difficult text, 1 John v. 6—10: 'This is He that came by water,' etc. His exposition seems to us right in the main, but much too restricted in its range of application and allusion. He denies the reference of the passage to the significant incident given in St. John's account of the Crucifixion, or 'to the Sacrament of Baptism and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.' If it were as easy to see, or to show, how Christ '*came by blood*,' as the Lecturer shows that he '*came* by water' (in His own

Baptism), the text would be much less difficult to deal with. For ourselves, we can hardly think it possible that any one who had read St. John's emphatic, energetic, enthusiastic 'record' of what followed the drawing forth of the soldier's spear, could read this text without thinking, with instinctive vividness of that most *meaning* incident; or, if that incident did not fill his mind to the exclusion of every other idea, that he could avoid thinking of Baptism and the Lord's Supper as *witnessing* institutions.

The Lecturer dismisses, with just and holy scorn, the sacerdotal theory, which makes the believer's assurance rest mainly and directly on the Sacraments: a dogma which we have heard Dr. Hook expressly propound in his own church within so short a distance of the chapel in which this Lecture was delivered. Mr. Young deals next with 'the school of thought which denies that this witness is direct and independent.' He quotes Bishop Bull, as 'a distinguished representative of this school,' 'Thomas Scott the Commentator,' and Richard Baxter. This was the doctrine in vogue in the Anglican Church in Wesley's day, being set forth and maintained by such influential preachers and writers as Bishop Sherlock (in his sermon on Romans viii. 16). It was also the doctrine of the Scottish *Moderates*, as expounded by the Commentator Macknight. The Lecturer then points out the unsatisfactoriness of the 'view' which 'confounds assurance with faith,' and of 'the theory which admits the direct witness of the Holy Spirit of God, but only as a special privilege conferred on favoured individuals or at critical times.' He wisely and with characteristic modesty avails himself of the arguments of his Wesleyan predecessors: Wesley, Watson, Prest, Walton, Hannah, Pope, Clarke and Bunting, and also of incidental observations by Julius Hare, Archbishop Trench, John Smith (of Cambridge), Sibbes, Lucas, Stanley Leathes, Dorner, etc.; but his own remarks are quite equal to any of his quotations.

But our object is to call attention to this valuable tractate, not to give even a complete outline of it. We earnestly hope that it will recall the minds and hearts of Methodist Ministers and people to this blessed, vital doctrine.

The supplementary *Notes* add much to the value of the work: for a 'Work,' this unpretentious pamphlet is, none the less on account of its brevity. We are sorry not to be able to agree with the Lecturer in his defence of Wesley's repudiation of the word 'assurance' as destitute of Scripture warrant: admittedly against the strong stream of Lexical authority. We are rather surprised that Cremer was not consulted on this point, for who has a clearer claim to be consulted? His translation of πληροφορία is: '*only* with the meaning *perfect certitude, full conviction*, in N. T. and patristic Greek.' It is very curious and refreshingly edifying to find Wesley, in a passage quoted in Mr. Young's very next *Note*, saying, 'With regard to the assurance of faith, I apprehend that the whole Christian Church in the first centuries enjoyed it,' referring in proof of this to the writings of earliest Christian 'Fathers.'

There are two points, however, on which we think the Lecture deficient. We should have been glad to see a demonstration that *many* who deny the doctrine of the direct Witness of the Spirit, deny it only as a matter of theological terminology; since they are found affirming the self-same truth; only in embarrassed and somewhat stammered circumlocution; while many, moreover, enjoy the experience despite their denial of the doctrine, and deny the doctrine despite their enjoyment of the experience. The other shortcoming is an inadequate guarding of the doctrine against a too *stark* statement, which is, alas! too common, and is the occasion of very pitiable perplexity and pain to many Christians of the finer temperament and the higher life. We had hoped to see a reference to the discussion of this question in the Minutes of the *First* two Methodist Conferences; and an examination of Hooker's masterly Sermons on the subject, which are amongst the most judicious productions of 'the judicious Hooker.' It is plainly to these Sermons that Sir William Hamilton refers in the valuable extract from his *Discussions* given in *Note* C.

As mere *literature*, this Lecture is a credit to *Woodhouse Grove* first, and then to Headingley and Birmingham and 'the Connexion at large.'

A Popular Commentary on the New Testament. By English and American Scholars of various Evangelical Denominations. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. Vol. III. The Epistles of St. Paul. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. —In respect of clearness and intelligibility this volume fully vindicates its claim to be 'a popular commentary.' The exposition of the *Romans*—the work of Drs. Schaff and Riddle—contains not a few nice and just points of grammatical criticism which prove the truth of

Luther's principle, that sound theology is vitally connected with sound grammatical exegesis: *e.g.*, Romans i. 4, where 'the spirit of holiness' is, we think, conclusively shown to be a designation of the Divine nature of our Lord. The refutation of the Erasmian fancy with regard to Romans ix. 5 is also complete. The best quotations are from Meyer. The note on Romans ii. 14: 'For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, etc.,' is poor, and goes right off the plane of the Apostle's argument. We are told that here 'the theoretical effect of law is set forth!' But St. Paul is not dealing with 'the theoretical' at all; but, on the contrary, with the historical, the practical, the palpable, the undeniable.

The exegesis of these able expositors is in some crucial passages sadly warped by Calvinistic preconception, *e.g.*, Romans v. 12, etc. Here, in fact, a Calvinistic bias stultifies the text and the commentary alike. We are rightly told—'here Paul evidently views the human race as an organic unit. Adam and Christ, he conceives, sustain to it a central and universal relation.' And then, forthwith, what Christ 'has gained' is quietly and coolly limited to 'His people.' In like manner the whole preceding passage: 'Christ died *for* the ungodly, etc.,' is made to refer to Christians exclusively. On the latter half of Romans v. we find some very strong and well-put points, wofully enfeebled and confused by incongruous intermixture.

We could point out some pitiable specimens of the limping logic, and the hopping, hobbled exegesis of even that moderated modern Calvinism of which the most estimable Thomas Scott was the apostle. The doctrine of unconditional personal reprobation is indignantly repudiated, whilst that of unconditional personal election is clung to pertinaciously; the necessity of reconciling the repudiation of the one with the retention of the other belief is instinctively ignored. These learned commentators speak of 'the *wisdom* of following as closely *as possible* the words which reveal the cure.' We should say, the *obligation* and *necessity* of following with undeviating, conscientious and *absolute closeness* 'the words, etc.' The only *impossibility* of following the inspired words with the most scrupulous closeness results from a preconceived theological system which will not admit of close adherence to those words. Drs. Schaff and Riddle evidently know nothing of the writings of Wesley or Fletcher or any other Evangelical Arminian. Indeed, they seem to be unaware of the existence of Evangelical Arminianism.

The interpretation of Romans vii. 9, 'I was alive without the law,' presents but part of the truth. On viii. 1, 2, we are told that 'the Christian is free from condemnation, because he is freed from the law of sin.' But does not this make freedom from condemnation the sequence of freedom from the law of sin? which is literally preposterous, alike in the light of Scripture and of experience. Surely the 'for' in the second verse points out the *proof*, not the '*cause*,' of freedom from condemnation. On viii. 16: 'The Spirit itself beareth witness, etc.,' we are informed, 'For such assurance we *may seek*.' Does not this stop far short of the teaching of the passage? On viii. 22, etc.: 'The whole creation groaneth, etc.,' our commentators hit, in the main, the right track, and make some very good points, though some of their positions are weak and not well-stated. But the two learned professors have done their work on the whole with exemplary thoroughness.

The Epistles to the Corinthians are commented on by Dr. David Brown with his well-known solidity, shrewdness, and pointedness, and occasional piquancy. We come upon some happy touches, *e.g.*, on 1 Corinthians v. 12, 'What have I to do to judge them also that are without? do not ye judge them that are within?'—'and that surely is responsibility enough!' The exposition of this difficult passage shows true exegetical sagacity. The practical deductions are sound; but we cannot think that the directions concerning marriage in 1 Corinthians vii. are, on account of the peculiar state of the Church at that time, 'drawn with a precision more explicit than otherwise it would have been desirable to particularize.' Dr. Brown's style is sometimes unscholarly, as, for example, in the phrase just quoted: 'to *particularize*—a precision.'

Dr. Schaff's exposition of 'the Galatians,' and Dr. Riddle's of 'the Ephesians' and the Colossians, exhibit the already noted characteristics of those able exegetes. Dr. Riddle, however, like so many other expositors, misses the fine, grand point in Ephesians i. 18: 'What the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints;' and this by dint of refusing to take the words in their straightforward meaning. His note on Colossians ii. 23, 'Which things have indeed a show,' etc., is very happy, and is much strengthened by his quotation from

Braune. The best part of Dr. Lumby's exposition of 'Philippians' is his account of the various theories of the humiliation of Christ. His exposition of 'Philemon' is a good piece of exposition.

But the highest exegetical qualities exhibited in this volume are those of Dr. Plumptre in his notes on the Epistles to Timothy. It is enough to say that here he is, for the most part, at his very best. His treatment of the question of female preaching is a capital corrective of that of Dr. Brown; though he bends the stick a little too far on the other side. Dr. Brown overstates the matter as against Female Preaching; Dr. Plumptre understates it. But the very grave drawback from Dr. Plumptre's genuine gifts as an expositor, is the easiness with which he is beset by dogmatic prepossession. Thus, he attempts to find a warrant for praying for the dead from St. Paul's prayer for Onesiphorus, 'The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day.' But in order to this he is obliged to give the worthy disciple the hypothetical *coup de grace*, and to postulate 'the supposition,' 'the assumption,' that when Paul prayed for him he was dead: a 'supposition,' an 'assumption' for which he finds himself unable to produce a shred of evidence. It must be a drowning dogma which can catch at such a straw. Again, on 2 Timothy iii. 16: 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God,' we are staggered by the following comment: 'Every Scripture, so far as it is inspired, works for the completeness of the man of God, of the minister of Christ and of His work.' '*So far as* it *is* inspired!' What an indefensible gloss on, 'Every Scripture God-inspired!' We are told that, 'We can hardly think that St. Paul found it necessary to impress the abstract doctrine on the mind of Timothy. What was necessary was to impress on him the practical end.' But what *practical end* can be served by the introduction of this vague unsettling perversion of 'God-inspired Scripture' into 'Scripture *so far as* it *is* inspired'? In like manner our commentator thinks it his duty to add: 'It may well be believed that he (St. Paul) had no thought at the time that this letter of personal counsel and strong emotion would come under the category of the Scripture.' What a gratuitous belief! St. Peter knew that St. Paul was a writer of *Scripture*, and St. Paul knew it too; and Dr. Plumptre knows it, and admits it. Then what is there in 'personal counsel and strong emotion' to make an inspired Apostle have 'no thought' that an Apostolic epistle 'would come under the category of the Scripture?' *This* style of commenting is worse than worthless anywhere, especially in a '*Popular* Commentary,' and is greatly to be deplored in such a master of exposition as Dr. Plumptre. But, happily, the *Popular Commentary*, as a whole, is remarkably free from faults of this kind.

This volume abounds in instances of happy translation. It sustains to the full the reputation achieved by its predecessors. The reader is, as little as possible, perplexed with a multiplicity of conflicting interpretations. This combined work of English and American, and not undenominational, but many-denominational scholarship (which fact is itself highly interesting), demands the gratitude, and still more the attention, of both England and America, and of all the Evangelical Churches.

The leading questions with regard to the genuineness of St. Paul's Epistles are frankly and fairly approached, and succinctly, but sufficiently, discussed; and there is no weak surrender to the nibbling captiousness of destructive criticism. This volume, like the former volumes, is well printed and attractively presented; and is far too valuable to be hustled out of sight by the marvellous multitudinousness of good recent commentaries.

Hand-books for Bible-Classes: The Epistle to the Hebrews. With Introduction and Notes. By A. B. Davidson, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Hebrew, etc., in the New College, Edinburgh. T. and T. Clark.—In his Introduction, Dr. Davidson deals with such questions as refer to the persons to whom the Epistle was originally addressed, its occasion, its object, and its author. He does this concisely, yet with sufficient detail. On the first point his conclusion is: 'While nothing approaching to certainty can be reached, some community of the Dispersion in the East.....with a Hellenistic type of Judaism, best suits the circumstances of the case.' On the last question, after a brief survey of the varieties of hypothesis and conjecture on the subject, he can come to no decision, seeing serious difficulties in the way of every answer yet given to the question of authorship; but 'on the whole,' he inclines to the opinion 'that the writer of the Epistle was not the Apostle Paul.'

In addition to the *notes* on each successive clause, we have expanded remarks on *The Son; the Rest of God; the Word of God; the Priesthood of Christ; the Two*

Covenants; and 'Purge, Sanctify, make Perfect.' That on *The Son* was indispensable in order to relieve the unsatisfactoriness and the unsettling vagueness of the annotation on the grand first section of the Epistle. For Dr. Davidson's mode of handling this most important part of the Epistle is so unpromising, that if it had not been announced as the work of a man whose high scholarship and intellectual competence are established, one would have supposed it to be a trial-task of some 'prentice han'. One could not wish for an apter specimen of a style of commenting *un*suitable for a *Bible-Class*, than that of this opening section. But the remarks on *The Son* are happily very reassuring. The choicest part of this Commentary, in our view, is that which dwells on the sympathizing human nature of the Son. There are some touches of exquisite tenderness, as truthful as they are tender, and withal very edifying and encouraging. The other subjects of extended comment are very carefully worked out; but the observations on the Covenants are not marked throughout with the clearness and correctness necessary to a *Hand-book* for Bible-Classes. Dr. Davidson *creates* difficulties, though he makes many true and strong points.

Dr. Davidson, as we think unadvisedly, sometimes uses the word 'ideal' in a metaphysical sense, as an equivalent term for *heavenly* or *spiritual;* and thus gives a rather too philosophical cast to his explanation of 'figures of the true.' Some of his practical commenting is very happy, as on chapter xii. 14-17: 'Follow peace,' etc. The translation is also very good. Some of the Professor's expressions are uncouth, as when he speaks of God as '*removed far back of* all created worlds;' and his style is apt to be the poorest and most prosy when he affects the philosophical.

• *Faith Victorious: Being an Account of the Life and Labours and of the Times of the Venerable Dr. Johann Ebel, late Archdeacon of the Old Town Church of Königsberg. Drawn from Authentic Sources. By J. J. Mombert, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton.* — 'This work presents (1) The biography of a Lutheran clergyman but little known outside of Germany, but whose commanding intellect, interesting history, and apostolic zeal in the maintenance of pure Evangelical doctrine in opposition to the scepticism and deadness of German Christianity in the first third of this century, entitle him to the gratitude, etc. (2) An account of a phase of religious life in Germany, the existence of which is not generally known.....in countries of English speech.' (Preface.) This is a just description of the book before us. It is highly interesting, though very badly written; and that not only as to style, but still worse sometimes also as to spirit. The author is very far from being a master of the English language, though he expresses himself very forcibly at times; and he betrays an unChristian bitterness towards Ebel's opponents, in striking contrast with Ebel's own mental and spiritual habitudes—which indeed Ebel would have strongly condemned. This especially applies to his animadversions on Olshausen, which are palpably unfair. He makes Olshausen responsible for everything which another man writes, although that other man expressly declares himself alone responsible for his statements. He is most uncharitable in the imputation of bad motives to acts which may easily have been prompted by good ones. The biographer shows himself to be on a far lower plane of Christian feeling than that which his subject occupied.

Ebel was a noble man, and would have been a great one had he not in youth come under the influence of Schönherr; who also was a deep and subtle thinker, but was sadly too self-confident, and who, like so many other minds of his class, persuaded himself that he was philosophizing when he was, in fact, writing utter nonsense. He was one of those speculative theologians who, like some speculative men of business, are *too knowing by half*. Like Bushnell and other able men, he persuaded himself that he had special light from heaven, not supplementing Scripture merely, but even correcting its straightforward meaning. He mistook hallucination for inspiration. Ebel's letter to him on this point is admirable. Yet Schönherr's remarks on the *Limits of Thought* prove that he could present to others the boundaries within which he himself did not feel bound to keep.

The critic puts very clumsily, and therefore dangerously, the real significance of the acceptance by a candidate for the Christian Ministry, of a *Confession of Faith*, or his assenting to a doctrinal standard.

The biographer evinces, however, a keen insight into Christian experience, although he is baffled by some unexplained theory of baptismal regeneration, and by the strange notion that the New Testament terms 'perfect,' conviction of sin, and 'first-love,' are all descriptive of the same

states. He also makes an arbitrary distinction between the being 'awakened' and the being 'awake.'

In the quotations from Ebel we have some fine specimens of manly eloquence —sometimes spoilt by bewildering punctuation—as well as much instructiveness; and a rich strain of genuine Arminianism, occasionally reminding one of Vinet.

It would be an interesting and improving task to attempt to correlate the antithetic parts of Ebel's personality. He was evidently a saint, and a minister of a high order. In some things he was exemplary, as in his system of catechizing both old and young; in others, unfortunately peculiar, as in his discouragement of Prayer-meetings.

The Teaching of the Bible respecting the Way of Obtaining Eternal Life. By the Rev. John Venn, M.A. London: Elliot Stock.—Some years ago, Mr. Venn published a tract with the title, *Working for Eternal Life.* His friends strongly objected to the phrase and the doctrine it implied as unscriptural. This volume consists of twelve tracts in defence of the earlier publication. So far as the words themselves go, Mr. Venn gains an easy victory. The phrase bears too close a resemblance to John vi. 27-29 to be successfully objected to. The assault seems to have come from members of the Calvinistic section of the Established Church, from which Mr. Venn seems reluctant to separate. He follows the well-known lines of sound Arminian theology while he shows the necessity of good works—provided that there is time and opportunity for them—in order to salvation.

But though the argument is old, the minute and painstaking examination of texts is original, and repays study. Nevertheless, Mr. Venn's views are peculiar. Subtile distinctions divide them from other evangelical systems. The writer's ideas of the relation of faith to works sometimes appear to be precisely Methodistical, and at other times approximate more or less to the Canons of the Council of Trent. His difficulties spring chiefly from an attempt to reconcile his belief in the necessity of good works with an uncompromising form of the doctrine of final perseverance. He insists that good works maintain faith, rather than that faith produces good works. Of course, faith and works act and react on each other, but it is an inversion of the true order to put works before faith. Believing that the Saviour died for all men, he distinguishes between the presentation of the Atonement and its application, apparently to leave room for individual election and reprobation. It will be seen that we cannot accept all Mr. Venn's arguments or conclusions; but the book is of an excellent spirit, is an honest attempt to elucidate Holy Writ, and contains much that is stimulating and suggestive.

Fiji and the Friendly Isles. By S. E. Scholes. T. Woolmer. 2, Castle-street, City-road.—A most interesting book about a most interesting people; just the thing for juvenile Missionary collectors.

The 'Good-Luck' of the Maitlands. By Mrs. Robert A. Watson. T. Woolmer.—A thoroughly good tale, full of stirring and lively, but not improbable, incident, and with a well-conceived and well-sustained aim. Intelligent young people who at the outset of life are perplexed by its mysteries, will have their faith cheered, and their views cleared by its perusal.

Our Sea-Girt Isle. English Scenes and Scenery Delineated. By the Rev. Jabez Marrat. T. Woolmer.—This book has been written, says the Author, in order to 'interest young people in the natural beauties, monumental grandeurs, and historic names of their native land;' and certainly any young person who is fortunate enough to possess this volume, with its wealth of pleasantly given and most interesting information and variety of pictures, can hardly fail to lay it down without an intelligent and warm appreciation of old England.

Mr. Marrat has done his work excellently; and the get-up of the book is worthy of the style and the subject.

The Christian's Day: A Compilation of Scripture Texts and Verses of Sacred Song. By Fred. S. Wolvell. London: W. Mack.—A useful little book, containing judiciously-selected and arranged texts and verses of poetry, suitable to the various seasons and avocations of the day. The idea is a good one, and it has been well carried out.

Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary. New Edition, with additional Prefatory and Supplementary Notes by the Rev. Thornley Smith. Part 19. London: Ward, Lock, and Co.—We have already called attention to both the original Commentary as printed in this edition, and Mr. Smith's additional matter. He utilizes the space at his command to the utmost. He contrives to give in very brief compass a fair notion of the points wherein Dr. Clarke differs from orthodox exposition, and of the light which recent historical and geographical discoveries throw upon the text

OBITUARIES.

MRS. DULEY was born at Plymouth, in 1813, and died at Wellington, Somerset, January 5th, 1881. Her maiden name was Stanbury. When five years of age she was left fatherless. At the age of eighteen she removed with her mother to Plympton, and opened a school, early giving proof of that gift for communicating knowledge for which in her later life she was so distinguished.

As a child she was highly esteemed for her unselfishness, filial tenderness and high moral principle; but it was not until she reached the age of twenty-five that she became a decided and confessed follower of the Lord. The chief cause that led to this result was a visit from her uncle, the Rev. J. W. Cloake, a devoted Wesleyan Minister. His pointed appeals, his earnest prayers, the influence of his holy life, and the services he conducted in the village chapel where she worshipped, produced an impression which ultimately led to her conversion. From that time it was her ambition to be holy and useful. Worldly amusements, which were beginning to be a snare to her, she promptly and decidedly renounced, finding in the Lord a satisfaction and joy far above anything that the world could give. With her friend, Miss E. C. Duley, who was converted at the same time and through the same instrumentality, she began to work for Christ as a Sabbath-school teacher and collector for Missions. In one year their united efforts raised the Missionary income of the little Society with which they were connected from a few shillings to over £15.

In 1848 she was married 'in the Lord,' and settled in Wiveliscombe, Somerset. Mr. Duley, her husband, was highly intelligent, deeply spiritual, loved and looked up to by all who knew him, and, best of all, wise in winning souls. His influence over young people was most marked, and his services as a Local Preacher highly appreciated. Their united life was bright, but very brief. In little more than a year her loved ones, husband and child, were removed by death, and her new-found joy was gone for ever. But her trust was in God, and with a brave though sad heart, she battled with the difficulties of her most trying position, resignedly addressing herself to the task of earning her livelihood by her own exertions. In 1849 she removed with her aged mother to Rockwell Green, where for many years she efficiently conducted a flourishing school. In 1859 she opened the boarding-school at Wellington in connection with which her name is so widely and deservedly known. There, for more than twenty years, she continued to exercise, with remarkable success, that rare combination of gifts which so eminently fitted her for the duties to which she devoted herself with enthusiasm. Her aim was to educate as well as to instruct, to train as well as to teach, to stimulate and guide to habits of observation, enquiry, and careful thought.

In school-management she was unusually happy, uncompromising in firmness, yet gentle, self-possessed, and winning. Her pupils loved her, and were won not only to seek that knowledge which she knew so well how to make attractive, but above all to seek that piety which made her life, amid so many difficulties and sorrows, so bright and noble. Nothing gave her so much delight as the conversion of those whom she taught. Many who are now occupying useful and honourable positions in life, and many who are with her in glory, will never cease to thank God for the benefits conferred upon them through her instrumentality. Her chief sphere of labour was her school, but not there alone was her influence felt. Her kindness to the poor, her generous hospitality, especially to Ministers of the Gospel, her deep and active interest in the welfare of her own and other Churches in the town, made her a name that will not soon be forgotten. Her trust in Providence was a source of constant strength. When, after much prayer, she was about to take some new step, she would say confidently: 'It has been given me. I am sure it will succeed.'

Her last illness was long and distressingly severe; but her patience and courage were equal to the strain. Again and again she exclaimed: 'It is all right; all right.' When asked: 'Is Christ with you?' she replied: 'He has been with me all the time.' Frequently she was heard to say: 'One of the greatest sinners, saved by the greatest Saviour!' Not long before the end, when her physical powers were completely exhausted by intense and protracted suffering, a cloud of darkness and doubt for a brief space rested on her otherwise bright and cheerful spirit, but soon the shadows lifted and for ever fled away. After earnest prayer had been offered for the restoration of her peace, she fell into a quiet sleep. When she awoke the burden was gone, and with calmly confident joy she exclaimed:

'Glorious Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to Thee;

Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free;'

concluding with the last lines of the hymn:

'Thou hast my full ransom paid,
And in Thy wounds I rest.'

From that time, though in constant and distressing pain, her mind was kept in perfect peace. She entered into rest, January 5th, 1881. JOHN GIBSON (B).

MR. WILLIAM WALTERS, father of the Rev. William D. Walters, was one of a host of Lay Preachers who are of great importance in the economy of Methodism. His long journeys and active services in proclaiming salvation to perishing sinners, which successively ranged over several Circuits, prove him to have been an invaluable auxiliary to the mission of Methodism, especially at a time when Circuits were wider and Ministers fewer than at present. He was born at Kington, Herefordshire, in 1812, but removed to Hereford at a very early age. His godly mother was for many years a consistent member of the Methodist Society, and under her influence he soon became the subject of religious impressions, which deepened into decision for God under the powerful ministry of the late Rev. John Slater. After listening to an arousing sermon one Sunday evening, he returned home in anguish, with the arrow of conviction in his conscience. After groaning several hours in private for redemption, he found deliverance, and henceforth lived in the blessedness of the man 'whose transgression is forgiven.'

Three years after his conversion, Mr. Walters began to call sinners to repentance. The Rev. Samuel Fiddian took him by the hand, and gave him much counsel and help in the work of preparation for the office of Local Preacher. He gave proof of good preaching gifts, and entered into the work with great zeal and energy. He had a good command of language, his manner was earnest and fervent, and the congregations throughout the Circuit gave him a hearty welcome. Many will be the crown of his rejoicing in the day of Christ's appearing. He subsequently laboured with much zeal and success as a Local Preacher in the Monmouth Circuit, where walks were long, roads bad, and privations many. It often fell to his lot to travel fifteen miles and preach three times on the Lord's-day; but an ardent, self-denying zeal bore him up. He removed to the Pontypool Circuit in 1851, and continued to labour in the work of preaching with his accustomed diligence and vigour. He erected at his own cost a schoolroom which adjoins the Wesleyan Chapel, Pontnewynydd. He well-sustained the responsibilities, and successfully discharged the duties of Class-Leader, Circuit, Society, Poor, and Chapel Steward, and Treasurer of the Local Preachers' Travelling Expenses Fund, and of the Pontnewynydd Chapel Trust. The Bristol District Committee unanimously elected him as their representative to the Preparatory Committees of the Conference of 1875.

During his long affliction, whilst shut out from the public means of grace, the sweetest care which rested on his heart was still the cause of God, and his conversations, prayers and contributions showed his undiminished interest in its safety and welfare. His last hours were characterized by great peace. On the Monday previous to his death, one of the Ministers of the Circuit remarked, 'What a mercy that you have set your house in order, and done the work of preparation for a better world!' Again he replied: 'If I had to do it now, it would be too late; but thank God, it has been done some years past, and I have now great peace.' Death to him was evidently a gliding into life. On January 22nd, 1881, he entered into the joy of his Lord.

Mr. Walters' habit for the greater part of his religious life was to read the Bible through on his knees once in twelve months. He had stated times for secret communion with God, which kept him right in his public intercourse with men amid the stern realities of every-day life. It was to him a great pleasure to show hospitality to the Lord's servants for their work's sake. He was kind and generous to the poor, a good master, a devoted husband, and a true friend; his death was felt to be an irreparable loss by all classes of the community.

JOSEPH BAILEY.

MRS. SHEEN, of Bunbury, who died March the 15th, 1881, was a faithful 'servant of the Church,' and 'a succourer of many.' She was born at Huxley (Cheshire), in 1823, and in early life attended worship conducted by the Primitive Methodists in a neighbouring farm-house, and by the New Connexion Methodists in her own home. She was the child of rural Methodism, whose ranks she adorned to the close of life. The plain and faithful ministry of the Word wrought in her—at the age of sixteen—consecration to God and His Church, which laid the foundations of an exemplary Christian character; nor was

it ever known that either the multifarious duties of daughter, wife and mother, or the varied and painful afflictions through which she was called to pass, caused her to swerve from her sacred purpose of glorifying God, witnessing for Christ, and saving souls. For several years previous to her wedded life, she was in the habit of taking tracts round her native village early on the Sabbath morning—a work in which she took great delight, and which she diligently prosecuted in other places in subsequent years. She would sometimes, with a bundle of these 'silent messengers,' take her stand at the church-doors after the service, and would deliver them with a kindly appeal to the worshippers as they filed out, not excepting the clergyman, when she had good reason for believing that he lacked experimental godliness.

After her first marriage she removed to Rushton, when she at once joined the Wesleyan-Methodist Society, having hitherto been identified with the Methodist New Connexion. From Rushton she removed in 1855 to Bunbury, where for a quarter of a century she 'adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour.' About 1860 the Head of the Church sent a most gracious revival to His people at Bunbury, one result of which was that she opened her house on Friday evenings for special meetings for prayer and Christian instruction, conducted occasionally by the Minister, but mostly by the Leader. They were at the time a means of blessing to many.

Mrs. Sheen's solicitude for the prosperity of the work of God was as it were 'a fire in her bones,' and nothing gave her more joy than to hear of souls being saved. Her husband was an honoured and useful Local Preacher in the Tarporley Circuit. In some cases, her zeal for the salvation of souls carried her almost beyond the bounds of prudence; but she was always willing to 'become a fool' for Christ. Her life was an emphatic rendering of the lines:

'Too much to Thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for Thee.'

She was a firm believer in the power of prayer, and it was her habit to take all things, the little as well as the greater, to the Throne of Grace. She was diligent in reading the Scriptures, and Matthew Henry's Commentary. Her attention to the means of grace was exemplary. Although her home was about a mile from the sanctuary, it was her wont, when in health, to go three times to Bunbury Chapel on the Sabbath. Her visits to the sick and poor will long be remembered by some of them, whilst many are now walking in the way to heaven who have been helped through the strait gate by her spiritual counsels. Her *forte* as a worker in the Church was directing penitents to the Saviour. In 1876 her strong frame was attacked by an affliction which defied medical skill, and during the last twelve months was most excruciating. But though kept in the 'furnace' for four and a half years, and though the 'fires' were increased more and more up to the very last, she bore her sufferings with remarkable patience. Her faith never wavered, and she could ever sing:

'Not a cloud doth arise
To darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from
my eyes.'

From the first she had the impression that her sickness was 'unto death;' and though occasionally concerned as to the meaning and purpose of her sad affliction, yet she was always content to leave her case in the hands of God. When, as was often the case, pain prevented her sleeping in the night-watches, she would pray aloud for a long time. For some time before the end her conversation was confined to spiritual concerns, and no one could visit her without being spoken to plainly about eternal things. Her 'desire to depart, and to be with Christ' amounted to *longing*, yet she was willing, if she could glorify God, 'to abide in the flesh.' Her sick-room, as many can testify, was 'close in the verge of heaven.' Her interest in the Class-meeting was conspicuous to the end. One of the last things that brought comfort to her soul was the news of the conversion of a member of her family.

It was her frequent prayer that the Lord would take her at the last 'without a struggle'; and in this the Master indulged His faithful servant. Conscious to the very close of life, she gave distinct assurances to her friends that she was perfectly happy in prospect of death: that she was 'only going home.' On the morning of her last day on earth she was heard to pray, 'Jesus, forsake me not!' and after a brief repose and relief from pain, she smiled and said, 'Father!' waving her hand in token of triumph and adieu, and sweetly passed away.

ISAAC POLLITT.

MRS. HOWSE, of Witney, was the daughter of the late Mr. Richard Early, of Witney. Born in a Wesleyan family and surrounded from infancy by Christian influences and associations, she was

led when very young to give her heart to God, and to join the Church of her parents. Of that Church she remained an attached and faithful member till called away to the Church in Heaven. After her marriage, she, with her husband, Mr. Nathaniel Howse, went to reside at the Cape of Good Hope; but providential circumstances soon caused them to return to Witney. Here she was careful to give evidence of her love to Christ by diligent attention to the means of grace, and by efforts to promote the interests of true religion. She was heartily attached to the Ministers of the Gospel, especially to her own pastors. To them and their families she was ever pleased to show her hospitality. She took a deep interest in the religious welfare of her children, and on account of their conversion to God, and their happy association with the Church of their parents, she greatly rejoiced. Her last illness was short, but extremely painful.

In the afternoon of May 21st, she was suddenly seized with the illness which issued in her death on the morning of the 24th. A few moments before her spirit passed away, her nurse asked her if she felt she was 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' to which she bowed assent, and then fell asleep.

Her Class Leader writes, 'Mrs. Howse was always clear as to her acceptance with God. I have often heard her express her deep regret that, in some instances, she had not exercised proper control over her words and temper. Her conscience was scripturally enlightened and tender, and if she had any weaknesses in her religious character, no one knew them so fully as herself. She deeply felt the importance of spiritual things. She was always anxious to let spiritual concerns have their proper share of her thoughts and actions. She was marked by deep humility. When I was first pressed to take the Class of which she was a member, I strongly objected, on account of the great difference, in many respects, between myself and some of those whom I should have to lead. But I soon found that my objection was groundless. Mrs. Howse would open her mind to me as freely as if I had been her equal. She never seemed conscious of any superiority. She was heartily attached to the cause of God, especially that part of it represented by Methodism. This was evidenced by her diligent attention to all the means of grace which Methodism provides, by her cheerful efforts to promote its welfare, and her generous contributions in support of its various institutions.' T. C.

MR. ROBERT BARNETT, of Brindley Farm, in the Nantwich Circuit, was born in 1824. His parents feared the Lord. He was taught at home to fear God and keep His commandments; was sent to the Sunday-school and taken regularly to the chapel. In 1842 he was converted to God, and at once joined the village Class. In 1844 he was induced to attempt to preach at Faddiley. As a preacher, his loss will be keenly felt. Ever willing, he was ever acceptable: and when special efforts were being made for the awakening of sinners, no one was more ready to help, and few better qualified to lead penitents to the Lamb of God. As a husband he was loving and thoughtful; and he trained his children in the way they should go.

He was modest and unassuming, firm in his attachments, consistent in his life, and unwearied in his efforts to do good. He prospered in business by his industry and enterprise, his integrity and perseverance. He was a proof of the truth of that word, 'Them that honour Me I will honour.' He honoured the Lord with his substance, being generous to the poor and to the cause of God. His business engagements were many; yet he was ever present at the week-night service and the Class-meeting. To the poor he was a sympathizing friend to whom they could turn in times of trouble and perplexity. When he was known to be dead, the wail was heard, 'Our best friend is gone.'

He held many offices of trust in connection with the Church. He was for many years a valued and successful Leader. He was also Treasurer and Secretary to the Faddiley Sunday-school for more than a quarter of a century; and two years before his death he was chosen to fill the office of Circuit Steward, and performed its duties with his wonted zeal and fidelity. His affliction was short but very severe. He bore his sufferings with patient resignation.

In consequence of intense pain his words were few. However, he was heard to say, 'The angel reapers are coming;' then with great earnestness to cry, 'Thrust in the golden sickle, and heaven cries Harvest Home.' One of his sons said to him, 'Father, the Saviour has not left you, has He?' He instantly breathed, 'No, bless Him! No, bless Him!' These were his last words. He fell asleep in Jesus, June 3rd, 1881, aged fifty-seven years.

INDEX.

A French educationist: Madame Jules Mallet, 896
A Scotch Student: Peter Thomson, A.M., 197
An Italian pessimist: Giacomo Leopardi, 498, 700
Bampton Lecture for 1880...139
Bampton Lecture for 1881...835
Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, 1882...873

BIOGRAPHY. See also OBITUARIES.
Baker, Patience, 486
Blanch, Mr. Thomas, 311
Bryant, Mr. Thomas Wesley, 168
Calvert, Mary, 641, 721
Clarke, Mr. John, 575
Fisher, Mrs., 8
Hindson, Mrs. Grace, 797
Lakin, Major T., 309
M'Cormick, Mrs. Eliza, 894
Marriott, Mrs. Blanche, 175
Marsden, Mrs. George, 413
Mason, Mrs. Ann Elizabeth, 569
Nye, Mrs. Edward, 336
Richardson, Mrs. Hannah, 417
Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Israel, 889
Ryerson, Rev. Egerton, D.D., LL.D., 329
Sargeant, Mr. W., 171
Sneath, Mrs. Mary, 173
Southern, Mr. Samuel, 807
Symm, Mrs., 892
Symons, Miss Mary Helen, 629
Taverner, Mr. and Mrs., 481
Vickers, Mr. Benjamin R., 241
Waters, Mrs. Margaret, 801
Wilkinson, Rev. Samuel, 81
Wragg, Mr. Benjamin, 396

British Association, the fifty-second session of the, 783
Browning, Robert, as a religious poet, 943

Calvert, Mary, account of her life and work, 641, 721
Campello, Count Enrico di, 226
Canada, General Conference of the Methodist Church of, 928
Carlyle, Thomas, on Methodism, 146
China, Buddhism in, 512, 588
'Chinese Gordon' in Central Africa, 33, 130
Clarke, Dr. Adam, new edition of his Commentary, 397, 956—reminiscences of, at the time of his finishing his Commentary, 399
Comet, the 'new,' 870, 948
Conference Catechisms, the new, 729
Convent-life, modern, 914

DIVINITY. See also TEXTS FOR THE TIMES — *Conference Catechisms*— *'Links and Clues'*
A weighing of the words 'Catholic' and 'Universal,' 845
Outline of a sermon for Whit-Sunday (1 Corinthians ii. 12), 385
The Covenant Service, 12
The mysteries of providence (Job xxxiv 33), 206
The public worship and related problems, 650

Darwin, Charles Robert, 488
Douglass, Frederick, 'Life and Times of, 692, 749
Duke Paul of Wurtemberg among the German Methodists, 621

Egyptians, the modern, 933. See also *Gozo*
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, short sketch of his life and works, 494
'English literature in the reign of Victoria,' 578
Epidemic diseases, the cause and prevention of, 299, 386, 551
*Episode in the life of Mrs. T******, of U.S.A., a minister in the Society of Friends, 618
Evans, Christmas, the preacher of Wild Wales, 19

Farrar's (Canon) 'Last Words,' and the Laureate's latest poem, 54
Fernley Lectures for 1881 and 1882...72, 951
Firdausi, Abul Kasim, the epic poet of Persia, 786
Flechier, Rev. Adam, Bishop of Nismes, outline of a sermon for Whit-Sunday, by, 385
Fox, Caroline, of Penjerrick, extracts from the 'Journals and Letters' of, 276
France, the Jacobin conquest of, 432, 623

Garibaldi, Giuseppe, account of his life, 768
'*German culture and Christianity*,' 712
Gozo, and the war in Egypt, 859

'*Her Majesty's prisons*,' 123
Hindoos, the, as they are, 42
How to prevent the degradation of women and children, 220

India, woman's work in, 211; in the zenanas of, 290, 364—Medical missions in, 438, 505
Ireland, the condition and prospects of, 134
Irish Conference, Belfast, 1882...706
Irving, Rev. Edward, extracts from a sermon by, on the condition of Ireland, 137–139

Janes, Bishop, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 655

Kempis, Thomas à, and the Brothers of the Common Life, 825
King Thakombau and his guests, 87

Lay missions, 283

LEEDS, the twenty-three Wesleyan-Methodist Conferences held at: 1753–1772 ... 352 — 1775–1784 ... 445—1789–1793...520 — 1797–1806...608 — 1812–1830...668—1837–1866...768

Leopardi, Giacomo, 498, 700
'*Links and Clues*,' 302

LITERARY NOTICES. See also REVIEWS.
A Popular Commentary on the New Testament, 952
Aitken's 'God's Everlasting Yea. Divine Provision for Human Need,' 319
Anderson, Rev. John Henry, 'Memorials' of, 556
Anderson's (Dr. Robert) 'The Coming Prince,' 319

LITERARY NOTICES, continued.
Anecdotal Illustrations of the Gospel of St. Mark, 157
Baptism and the Wesleyan Conference, 718
Baxendale's 'The Preacher's Commentary on the Book of Ruth,' 794
Beet's 'Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians,' 875—'Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans,' 877
Bennett's 'The Two Paths; or, Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope" briefly Examined,' 320
Blencowe's 'Christian Positivism,' 479
Budge's 'The Barclays of Ury, and other Sketches of the Early Friends,' 317
Bullock's (Rev. C.) 'Hugh Stowell: a Life and Its Lessons,' 78
Bullock's (Dr. T. A.) 'Wild Africa,' 319
Burton's 'Manual of Methodism and of Wesleyan Polity,' 79
Chadwick's '"As One that Serveth." Sacred Poems,' 78
China's Millions, 1881...157
Clarke's 'Commentary on the Holy Bible.' New edition, 235, 956
Colwell's 'Mischievous Foxes; or, The Little Sins that Mar the Christian Character,' 556
Conder's 'Outlines of the Life of Christ,' 320
Davidson's 'Handbooks for Bible-Classes,' 954
Delitzsch's 'Old Testament History of Redemption,' 152
Dorchester's 'The Problem of Religious Progress,' 556
Dorner's 'System of Christian Doctrine,' 790
Fac-simile Reprint Collection of Psalms and Hymns. Charlestown, 1737; *and a Collection of Tunes set to Music, as they are commonly sung at the Foundery*, 1742...793
Fausset's 'Englishman's Critical and Expository Bible Cyclopædia,' 237
Finney, Charles James, 'Memoirs' of, 556
Fraser's 'The Speeches of the Holy Apostles,' 878
Fuller's 'Student's Commentary of the Holy Bible,' 792
Garland's 'Leaves from My Log,' 154
Geikie's 'Hours with the Bible,' 156, 795
Gibson's 'The Mosaic Era,' 78
Girdlestone's 'Christianity and Modern Scepticism,' 875
Godet's 'Lectures in Defence of the Christian Faith,' 79

LITERARY NOTICES, continued.

Graham's 'Scriptural Holiness: not sinless Perfection,' 157
Gray's 'Biblical Museum,' 157
Green's 'John Wesley,' 154
Griffith's 'From Sin unto Salvation,' 555
Hack's 'Self-Surrender,' 156
Hagenbach's 'History of Christian Doctrines,' 236
Hardy's 'Legends and Theories of the Buddhists Compared with History and Science,' 153
Harris's 'The Preacher's Complete Homiletical Commentary on the Old Testament,' 794
Harvard's 'Christian Baptism: Its Moral and Religious Significance,' 795
Hillier's 'Christianity, Science, and Infidelity,' 78
Holyoake's 'Life of Joseph Rayner Stephens, Preacher, and Political Orator,' 77
Hulme's 'Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Allin,' 153
Huntington's 'Christ in the Christian Year and in the Life of Man,' 153
Huther's 'Epistles of St. Paul to Timothy and Titus,' and 'The General Epistles of St. Peter and St. Jude,' 314
Ingham's (Sarson C. J.) 'Cædmon's Vision, and other Poems,' 794
Is Modern Methodism Wesleyan-Methodism? 313
Jenkins's 'Addresses and Sermons,' 399
John's 'Spiritual Power for Missionary Work,' 557—'China: Her Claims and Call,' 557
Lang's 'The Last Supper of our Lord, etc.,' 156
Maclachlan's (Mrs.) ''Notes on the Prophecies of Zechariah,' 320
Maclaren's 'Secret of Power, and other Sermons,' 796
Macpherson's 'Hand-Books for Bible-Classes: the Westminster Confession of Faith,' 155
Marrat's 'Two Standard Bearers in the East,' 317—'Our Sea-Girt Isle,' 956
Martensen's 'Christian Ethics, etc.,' 232
Mather, Arthur B., 'Happy Memories' of, 878
Mellor's 'The Hem of Christ's Garment, etc.,' 554
Meyer's 'Commentary on the New Testament,' 314
Mombert's 'Faith Victorious: an Account of the Life and Labours of Dr. Johann Ebel,' 955
Moon's 'The Revisers' English,' etc., 719

LITERARY NOTICES, continued.

Morison's 'Practical Commentary on the Gospel According to St. Mark,' 553
Murray's 'Help for English Readers to understand Mistranslated Passages in Our Bible,' 874
Newman's 'Days of Grace in India: A Record of Visits to Indian Missions,' 556
Œcumenical Methodist Conference, London, 1881, proceedings of the, 154
Pember's 'The Great Prophecies concerning the Gentiles, the Jews, and the Church of God,' 793
Polson's 'Monaco, and its Gaming Tables,' 556
Power's 'The Devil Drink Family'—'Who's Boss Here?'—'Good News Bad News,' 320
Presbuteros's 'Harmony of the Old and New Covenants the Proof of their Divine Inspiration,' 479
Punshon's 'Sermons,' 237
Records of the Past: With English Translation of the Assyrian and Egyptian Monuments, 78
REWARD-BOOKS: 'Those Boys,' 155—'Pleasant Talks about Jesus;' 'The River Singers;' 'Kilkee,' 157—'Beatrice and Brian,' 317—'Fiji and the Friendly Isles,' 956
Reynolds's 'The Philosophy of Prayer, etc.,' 78
Robinson's (Dr. T.) 'Book of Daniel,' 794
Robinson's (Rev. E. J.) 'Led by the Spirit: Memoirs of Mrs. Caroline E. Walker,' 555
Robjent's 'Bristol Nonconformist Sunday Services, etc.,' 79
Sankey's 'Sacred Songs and Solos,' 792
Saville's 'How India was Won by England under Clive and Hastings, etc.' 319
Scholars' Tablet-Books, 157
Sciarelli's 'L'Osservanza del Giorno del Riposo,' 479
Seeds and Saplings: Outlines of Sermons, etc., 79
Seymour's 'Hebrew Psalter,' 877
Smith's (Rev. A. O.) 'The Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D.: A Memorial Volume,' 717
Smith's (Mr. G.) 'Canal Adventures by Moonlight,' 157
Strathesk's 'Bits from Blinkbonny,' 557
Stuckenberg's 'Christian Sociology,' 318
Taylor's 'Freedom of the Will,' 319
The Deluge: a Poem, 79

LITERARY NOTICES, continued.

The Expositor, 317
The Homiletic Quarterly, 318
The Lord's Supper: Its Design and the Benefit it Conveys, etc., 318
The Methodist Sunday-School Tune-Book, 234
The Pulpit Commentary: Numbers: Revs. Thomas Whitelaw, M.A., and R. Winterbotham LL.B., 80–1 Kings: Rev. Joseph Hammond LL.B., B.A., 480—Leviticus: Rev. F. Meyrick, M.A., 480—Exodus: Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A., 792.
The Preacher's Analyst, 320, 792
The Preparatory History and Final Destiny of the Nations of Men, 320
The Very Words of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, 156
Three Hundred Outlines of Sermons on the New Testament, 878
Tophel's 'Work of the Holy Spirit in Man,' 875
Townshend's 'The Great Schoolmen of the Middle Ages,' 317
Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy,' 157
Tyson's 'Expository Lectures on the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans,' 400
Van Oosterzee's 'Theology of the New Testament,' 554
Venn's 'The Teaching of the Bible respecting the Way of Obtaining Eternal Life,' 956
Walker's 'Hand-Books for Bible-Classes. Scottish Church History,' 796
Walsh's 'Modern Heroes of the Mission Field,' 317
Was John Wesley a High Churchman? 313
Watts's 'Newer Criticism and the Analogy of the Faith,' 232
Wathinson's 'Mistaken Signs; and other Papers,' 154
Watson's (Mrs. R. A.) 'Crabtree-Fold,' 155—'The "Good Luck" of the Maitlands,' 956
Weivell's 'The Christian's Day,' 956
What Might have Been, 557
Williams's 'Manual of Natural and Revealed Theology,' 235
Wilton's 'Sungleams,' 316
Young's 'The Witness of the Spirit. The Fernley Lecture for 1882'...951

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, sketch of his life and works, 368
Lowder, Charles F.: sketch of mission work in East London, 841
Lynch, Rev. T. T., preacher and poet, 603

M'Farland, 661
Mallet, Madame Jules, glimpses at the life and work of, 896
Mechanism of flight, 143
'*Memories of old friends*,' 276
Methodism and modern culture, 26
Methodism, Thomas Carlyle on, 146

'*Natural Religion*,' 904
Neology, the hymnology of, 419

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, 69, 476, 550, 714, 948.—See also *Mechanism of flight*, *Epidemic diseases*, *British Association*, and *Comet*

OBITUARIES. See also BIOGRAPHY.

Ashcroft, Mr. William, 879
Atkinson, Mr. Joseph, 634
Banks, Mr. Thomas, 160
Barnett, Mr. Robert, 960
Bowyer, Mrs., 560
Bramford, Mrs., 638
Bromley, Mr. William, 239
Craven, Mrs. Margaret, 239
Dickinson, Mrs., 557
Duley, Mrs., 957
Farr, Mr. Henry, 638
Gorle, Mrs., 636
Hoskings, Mrs., 640
Howse, Mrs., 959
Kay, Mr. Robert, 237
Labrum, Mr. William, 239
Larer, Miss Elizabeth Ann, 238
Leadlay, Mrs. Mary Ann, 632
Mackinnon, Mr. William, 639
Morcom, Mr. Thomas, 635
Nelson, Mr. John, 158
Norton, Mr. John, 633
Oates, Mr. George, 240
Perkins, Mrs. Charlotte, 557
Potts, Mr. Richard B., 558
Ripoll, Catalina Gamundi y, 634
Sergeant, Mrs. Martha, 238
Sheen, Mrs., 958
Stevens, Mr. John, 237
Stott, Mrs., 800
Thackray, Mr. Joseph, 636
Thomas, Mrs., 559
Trerise, Mr. John, 634
Walters, Mr. William, 958
White, Mr. Thomas, 635
Whitehouse, Mrs. Jane, 560
Williams, Mrs. Ann, 159
Wordsworth, Mr. Thomas, 560

ORIGINAL POETRY:

An improvised prose poem on seeing a magnificent sunset at Ilkley, 757
Ascension Day, 375
Christmas, 927
Farewell to the Old Year, 948
Fate, law, and Christ, 519
'*For me and thee*,' 445
Gennesaret, 927

ORIGINAL POETRY, continued.

Grotius in the chest, 660
Heaven, 206
Jericho : the two visits, 869
Propitiation, 283
Revelation xxii. 14...789
Sonnet, 313
Sorrow on the sea, 108
The Lord's-day, 620, 720
'*The peace of God, which passeth all understanding*,' 756
The sacred spring, 384
The thrush, 313
This year, 53

Public worship and related problems, 650

Raleigh, Dr. Alexander, record of his life and character, 184

REVIEWS. See *Bampton Lectures ; Campello, Count Enrico di ; Carlyle, Thomas ; 'Chinese Gordon ;' Clarke, Dr. Adam ; Convent Life ; Douglass, Frederick ; English Literature, etc. ; Evans, Christmas ; Farrar, Canon ; Fernley Lectures ; France ; 'German Culture, etc.' ; 'Her Majesty's Prisons ;' Hindoos ; Jones, Bishop ; Kempis, Thomas à ; Leopardi, Giacomo ; 'Links and Clues ;' Magyarland ; Mallet, Madame Jules ; 'Memories of Old Friends ;' 'Natural Religion ; 'Neology ; Raleigh, Dr. ; Staël, Madame de ; Tennyson ; Thomson, Rev. Peter, A.M. ; Thorold, Bishop ; Tongan Isles ; Vinet, Alexandre ; Western Palestine*

Ryerson, Rev. Egerton, D.D., LL.D., biographical sketch of, 329

Samoa, a glimpse at, 534, 596

SKETCHES FROM LIFE : SIMON JASPER : We hear of a hero, 49—Simon and his 'old dear,' 51—Simon tells how he was born and proceeded to grow up, 109—The parish apprentice, 190—Aunt Phœbe was right, 267—Stowcombe, 375—Simon has a new master, 459—Simon tells of his conversion, 543—He begins to preach, 679—Tokens for good, 685—Ups and downs, 774—'Pack to back and back to pack,' 849—'Your Heavenly Father careth for you,' 854—Sunset, 939

Smith, Rev. Gervase, D.D., recollections of, 465—'Memorial Volume' concerning, noticed, 717

Speech-day at the Leys, 63

Staël, Madame de, Dr. Abel Stevens' Life of, 96

Story of a successful mission, the 741, 818, 917

Tennyson's 'Despair,' review of, 54

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES : The power and assurance of the Gospel (1 Thessalonians i. 5), by the Rev. George Douglass, LL.D., 1—Divine agency and human co-operation in repentance (Acts v. 31, xi. 18, xvii. 30), by the Rev. Joseph Wood, M.A., 114—The universe, the law and grace (Psalm xix.), by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, 161—'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt' (Luke viii. 38, 39), by the Rev. John Dury Geden, 251—'A faithful Creator' (1 Peter iv. 19), by the Rev. Henry J. Piggott, B.A., 321—'Judgment to come' (Acts xxiv. 25), by the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken, M.A., 401—'Life worth living' (Philippians i. 21), by the Rev. Eustace R. Conder, D.D., 528—'The law of Christ' (Galatians vi. 2), by the Rev. Dr. Stacey, 561—The relation between holiness and worship (Psalm xciii. 5, xcvi. 9), by the Rev. W. Henry Thompson, 687—'The Mammon of unrighteousness' (Luke xvi. 9), by the Very Rev. J. S. Howson, D.D., 757—Human righteousness only attainable by submitting to 'the righteousness of God' (Romans x. 3, 4), by the Rev. F. W. Bourne, 810—The conditions of an efficient profession of piety (Psalm li. 15), by the Rev. A. B. Bruce, D.D., 881

TEXTS ILLUSTRATED.

Job xxxiv. 33	206
Psalm xix	161
Psalm li. 15	881
Psalm xciii. 5, xcvi. 9	687
Luke viii. 38, 39	251
Luke xvi. 9	757
Acts v. 31, xi. 18, xvii. 30	114
Acts xxiv. 25	401
Romans x. 3, 4	810
1 Corinthians ii. 12	385
Galatians vi. 2	561
Philippians i. 21	528
1 Thessalonians i. 5	1
1 Peter iv. 19	321

Thomson, Rev. Peter, A.M, sketch of his life and character, 197

Thornton, Rev. William L., M.A., on the mysteries of providence, 206

Thorold's, Bishop, Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Rochester, 177

Tongan Isles, notes on the, 260, 346

Vinet, Alexandre, 455

Wesley, Rev. Charles, as a satirist, 861—notices of, in connection with the Leeds Conferences, 356—360

Wesley, Rev. John, sympathy of, with education and culture, 28, 29—notices of, in connection with the Leeds Conferences, 352—363, 445—455, 520—523—references to, in connection with the Book-Room, 392, 393—'Life' of, noticed, 154—Work on, noticed, 313
Wesleyan Chapel Fund Report, 1881...231
Wesleyan Home-Mission and Contingent Fund Report for 1881...150
Wesleyan-Methodist Book-Room and Conference Office, enlargement of the, 391
Wesleyan-Methodist Conference, Leeds, 1882...708
Western Palestine, the survey of, 338, 425
Young men's improvement-classes, 583

LIST OF THE PORTRAITS.

January, Rev. George Osborn, D.D., President of the Conference 1863 and 1881.
February, Rev. George Dickenson.
March, Rev. John Watsford, President of the Australasian Conference 1878—1881.
April, Rev. William Wilson.
May, Rev. George W. Olver, B.A.
June, Rev. James D. Dodgson, President of the Victoria Conference, 1880.
July, Rev. J. Alexander Armstrong.
August, Rev. James A. Macdonald.
September, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.
October, Rev. Peter Featherstone.
November, Rev. Frederic W. Macdonald.
December, Rev. John Bate.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES: 'The Law of Christ.' By Rev. Dr. Stacey, Ex-President of the Methodist New Connexion 561

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF ANN ELIZABETH MASON. By her Husband, the Rev. Joshua Mason 569

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF JOHN CLARKE, ESQ., OF DAIRY-HILL, IRELAND. By Rev. W. Lindsay 575

'ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE REIGN OF VICTORIA.' By Rev. J. T. SLUGG 578

YOUNG MEN'S IMPROVEMENT CLASSES. By Rev. William Unsworth 583

BUDDHISM IN CHINA. SECOND PAPER. By Rev. F. J. Masters, of Canton 588

A GLIMPSE AT SAMOA. CONCLUDING PAPER. By C. F. Gordon-Cumming 596

THE REV. T. T. LYNCH, PREACHER AND POET. By Rev. Jabez Marrat 603

THE TWENTY-THREE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CONFERENCES HELD AT LEEDS. FOURTH PAPER: 1797-1800. By Rev. John Nayler 608

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MRS. T*****, OF U.S.A., A Minister in the Society of Friends. Communicated by Rev. G. O. Bate 618

POETRY: The Lord's Day. By James E. Vanner 620

DUKE PAUL OF WURTEMBERG AMONG THE GERMAN METHODISTS 621

THE JACOBIN CONQUEST OF FRANCE. By Annie E. Keeling. (*Concluded.*) 623

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF MARY HELEN SYMONS, OF BARNSTAPLE 629

OBITUARIES: MRS. MARY A. LEADLAY—MR. JOHN NORTON—CATALINA GAMUNDI Y RIPOLL—MR. JOHN TREBISE—MR. JOSEPH ATKINSON—MR. THOMAS WHITE—MR. THOMAS MORCOM—MR. JOSEPH THACKRAY—MRS. GORLE—MRS. BRAMFORD—MR. HENRY FARR—MR. WILLIAM MACKINNON—MRS. HOSKINGS 632–640

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THE FOLLOWING EDITORIAL ARTICLE APPEARED IN

The 'CHRISTIAN GLOBE,' of May 11th:—

CONSUMPTION v. Mr. G. T. CONGREVE'S TREATMENT.

'A VERY interesting and remarkable case of a young lady restored to perfect health under Mr. Congreve's Treatment, after all hope had been abandoned, has recently come under our notice. We believe she was induced to apply to him on the recommendation of Rev. H. W. Jackson, B.A., of Bow.

'When this patient first consulted Mr. Congreve (of Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London), the history and statement of her case contained the following particulars:

'She had first been prostrated by rheumatic fever. This left a cough for years (the father and mother and other relatives had died of chest complaints). Severe hæmorrhage set in. Since then she had been gradually failing, and when she first applied to Mr. C. she was rapidly getting worse. Hectic fever and flushings prevailed. There was dark greenish-yellow expectoration; spasmodic breathing; severe palpitations; loss of flesh all over the body; swelling of the feet and ankles had been followed by extreme weakness of the legs and general debility. In fact, there was every sign of a speedy breaking up.

'In this emergency her sister (Mrs. M—, of North Bow), wrote saying: "We have tried allopathic and homœopathic treatment without benefit; but we have heard of such a vast *amount of good derived from yours in* DIFFICULT CASES, we are anxious to do our utmost."

'The "utmost" *was* done; for she commenced with Mr. Congreve's medicine, accompanied by the use of a tonic and outward applications to the chest and side, and in the first month gained much strength. In every month afterwards there was progressive improvement. In six months Dr. Brown examined her at Coombe Lodge. The cavity in the right lung had healed, but the left lung was weak. She continued under Mr. Congreve's care till the Autumn of last year—the result being as testified in the following letters written to Mr. C., and which we have seen ourselves:

"*December* 12*th*, 1881.

'"DEAR SIR,—I can never thank you enough for your valuable medicine. It has done wonders for me, in God's hands. I began it when *all hope for me was given up*; and now, after a little more than a year, I am so well I seem to wonder, *Can it be possible that I am the same person?* May God spare you for many years.—Yours ever gratefully, S. A. S."

'The patient continues well. In a letter dated April 14th, she says:

'"Thank you very much for your kind enquiry. I have cause to be deeply grateful to you. *It seemed ever impossible I could ever recover*, but God blessed the means used. *I am now better than I was before, and persons who knew me can hardly believe that I am the same.*"

'We can vouch for the genuineness of this case, having investigated it ourselves, and recommend every consumptive, and every person of weak lungs, or delicate habit, as well as those who are far gone in chest disease, to obtain Mr. Congreve's book.'

N.B.—Mr. Congreve's work on Consumption, Sixpence (post-free); or Large Edition, cloth, 1s. 3d. (post-free), may be had from his residence, Coombe Lodge, Peckham, S.E.; or from E. Stock, 62, Paternoster-row, E.C. [74

SEPTEMBER, 1882. Price Sixpence.

The Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine.

Portrait: REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MARY CALVERT. By Rev. G. Stringer Rowe	641
THE PUBLIC WORSHIP AND RELATED PROBLEMS. By Rev. J. W. Burn	650
BISHOP JANES, OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. By S. E. G.	655
MAGYARLAND. By Rev. B. Burrows	661
THE TWENTY-THREE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CONFERENCES HELD AT LEEDS. Fifth Paper: 1812-1830. By Rev. John Nayler	668
SKETCHES FROM LIFE: Simon Jasper. Chapter IX.—He Begins to Preach. Chapter X.—Tokens for Good. By Rev. Mark Guy Pearse	679, 685
TEXTS FOR THE TIMES: The Relation between Holiness and Worship. By Rev. W. Henry Thompson	687
FREDERICK DOUGLASS. By William Nichols	692
AN ITALIAN PESSIMIST. Concluded. By Rev. W. L. Watkinson	700
THE IRISH CONFERENCE, BELFAST, 1882. By Rev. Oliver M'Cutcheon	706
THE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CONFERENCE, LEEDS, 1882. By Rev. W. L. Watkinson	708
'GERMAN CULTURE AND CHRISTIANITY.' By M. A. G.	712
NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE. By Rev. W. H. Dallinger, F.R.S., F.L.S., etc.	714
POETRY: Grotius in the Chest. By William Nichols	660
SELECT LITERARY NOTICES: Smith's (Owen) 'The Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D.: A Memorial Volume'—Baptism and the Wesleyan Conference—Moon's 'The Revisers' English'	717–720

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'Every person of weak lungs or delicate habit, and all who have friends or relatives suffering from Cough, Expectoration, Short Breathing, or any other Chest Symptom, should at once read this book for themselves.'—*Christian Herald*, June 28th, 1882.

CASE OF A YOUNG LADY AT LINCOLN.

The case of Miss HOPWOOD, of Lincoln, came under my notice through Mrs. Smith, of 28, St. Andrew-street, Lincoln (Mrs. Smith herself having been a patient of mine, recommended by my old friend and correspondent, the late Rev. W. Rose, of Horncastle). She writes me as follows:—

'January 25th, 1882.

'Miss Hopwood had been confined to the house for twelve months. To all appearance she was in the *last stage of Consumption. All medical aid had failed.* My husband urged her to try your treatment. She did so, but with little faith at first. However, in a very short time she began to mend. *She has now quite recovered, and is married, and enjoys good health.* I know of many others who have found the good effects of your remedies.

'I wish to add that I have received marvellous benefit also from your treatment myself. You are welcome to publish these facts.'

REMARKABLE CASE OF MISS A. G., OF SLOUGH.

This lady came to see me at Coombe Lodge, July 18th, 1881. Having lost one brother in consumption, and the case of another brother having been put under me several years after that, and he having got well, she was encouraged herself to become a patient; not, however, until she had been eight months struggling with the disease under the family doctor, and had found all means fail. On examination there was serious disease in the right lung. The symptoms were constant cough (of eight months' standing), expectoration of blood with phlegm of a yellow, green, and purulent character, very bad night sweats, pains in the chest, with difficult breathing, loss of flesh and loss of strength, both increasing rapidly of late. On the whole, the appearance of the case was most critical, and certainly hopeless under ordinary medical agency.

The patient recovered, and is a married. In writing me from Folkestone recently (and this letter will be shown to any patient visiting me) she says: 'I am infinitely better since taking your invaluable medicines as you directed. I am quite strong compared to what I was before following your excellent advice.' [10]

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

MARY CALVERT. (*Concluded*). By Rev. G. Stringer Rowe 721

THE NEW CONFERENCE CATECHISMS. By Rev. Dr. Rigg 729

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MISSION. PART I. By C. F. Gordon-Cumming 741

FREDERICK DOUGLASS. (*Concluded*). By William Nichols 749

AN IMPROVISED PROSE POEM ON SEEING A MAGNIFICENT SUNSET AT ILKLEY. By Rev. John Burton 757

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES: 'The Mammon of Unrighteousness.' By the Very Rev. J. S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester. 757

THE TWENTY-THREE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CONFERENCES HELD AT LEEDS. CONCLUDING PAPER: 1837-1866. By Rev. J. Naylor 763

GARIBALDI. By Rev. Richard Green 768

SKETCHES FROM LIFE: Simon Jasper. CHAPTER XI.—UPS AND DOWNS. By Rev. Mark Guy Pearse 774

THE FIFTY-SECOND SESSION OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION. By Rev. W. H. Dallinger, F.R.S., F.L.S., etc. 783

FIRDAUSI, THE EPIC POET OF PERSIA. By Gustave Masson, B.A. 786

POETRY: 'The Peace of God, which Passeth all Understanding.' By Rev. Thomas Thompson, M.A.—Revelation xxii. 14. By B. T. Fowler 788, 789

SELECT LITERARY NOTICES: DORNER'S 'SYSTEM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE'—FULLER'S 'THE STUDENT'S COMMENTARY OF THE HOLY BIBLE'—THE PULPIT COMMENTARY—PEMBER'S 'THE GREAT PROPHECIES,' ETC.—FAC-SIMILE REPRINT COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS, ETC.—INGHAM'S (SARSON C. J.)—'CÆDMON'S VISION, AND OTHER POEMS'—BAXENDALE'S 'THE PREACHER'S COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF RUTH'—GRIKIE'S 'HOURS WITH THE BIBLE'—HARVARD'S 'CHRISTIAN BAPTISM,' ETC.—MACLAREN'S 'SECRET OF POWER,' ETC., ETC. 790—796

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. HINDSON, late of Alford 797

OBITUARY: Mrs. Stott 800

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THE FOLLOWING CASE IS SELECTED FROM THOSE APPEARING—ONE EVERY WEEK—IN THE WEEKLY JOURNALS:—

CASE OF A SCHOOLMASTER IN ESSEX.—BOTH LUNGS DISEASED.

Mr. A—— K—— (who, for private reasons, requests me not to publish his name, but is willing for me to privately refer to him), came to Coombe-lodge for examination in June, 1879. He had been ill for a year. Haemoptysis had twice occurred. In the previous month he had brought up half-a-pint of blood, and in April again. The expectoration (a greenish yellow) was still tinged with it. The breath was distressing on the shortest exertion. Dropsical swellings (a very ominous sign at certain stages of the complaint) had supervened. There was *decided disease in the upper lobe of the left lung, also in the apex of the right, while other parts of the lungs were not in a healthy state.*

The Balsam was ordered, with an application of iodine, the use of my liniment (No. 103), and a mixture for the haemoptysis.

The patient gradually progressed. In short, he writes me, September 9th, saying he was *so much better that he had been on a yachting expedition.* All his symptoms had improved.

The patient persevered for two years, I think. But had he not done so, in all human probability he would have died long before that time. Two years' perseverance in such a case, although the improvement may be slow, is not a hard thing (the medicine costing probably one-fourth of an ordinary doctor's bill, and being moreover very simple and pleasant). In this special instance a longer perseverance than in many cases was necessary. These remarks and the particulars of this case, may be useful for the encouragement of some who, unless they receive speedy manifest benefit, are downcast and lose hope.

I have just received a letter from the patient (July 7), of which I give a brief extract or two:—*'Your Balsam saved my life*, and now, whenever I get a little cold it never fails to relieve after three doses. ...*I feel* (humanly speaking) *that I hold my life in my hand while I have the Balsam by me*...I am now able to carry on my profession, and can *walk 14 or 15 miles with little fatigue*...I have no cough, have a good appetite, and am *quite restored*....This letter is the *outcome of gratitude* to you for my present state of comparative health....I have recommended your medicine everywhere, and have never found it fail to give relief.'

Times for Consultation at Coombe Lodge are TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY MORNINGS ONLY. (Country patients had better select one of the two former days).

Mr. CONGREVE begs to announce that his Son-in-Law, J. ALEX. BROWN, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., is now associated with him.

[100

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CONTENTS.

PAGE.

TWO TYNESIDE METHODISTS: MRS. WATERS. By Rev. R. W. G. Hunter.—MR. SAMUEL SOUTHERN. By Rev. R. Cooke ...801, 807

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES: Human Righteousness only attainable by Submitting to 'the Righteousness of God.' By Rev. F. W. Bourne 810

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MISSION. II. By C. F. Gordon-Cumming 818

'THOMAS A KEMPIS AND THE BROTHERS OF THE COMMON LIFE.' By Annie E. Keeling 825

THE BAMPTON LECTURE FOR 1881. By Rev. T. Ogden Taylor... 835

CHARLES F. LOWDER: A Sketch of Mission-Work in East London. By Rev. F. J. Nance, M.A..... 841

A WEIGHING OF THE WORDS 'CATHOLIC' AND 'UNIVERSAL.' By Rev. W. H. Rule, D.D. 845

SKETCHES FROM LIFE: Simon Jasper. CHAPTER XII.—'PACK TO BACK AND BACK TO PACK.' XIII.—'YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER CARETH FOR YOU.' By Rev. Mark Guy Pearse 849, 854

GOZO, AND THE WAR IN EGYPT..... 859

CHARLES WESLEY AS A SATIRIST. By Rev. G. R. Osborn..... 861

THE 'NEW' COMET. By Rev. W. H. Dallinger, F.R.S., F.L.S., etc... 870

THE BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND..... 873

POETRY: Jericho: The Two Visits. By Rev. Thomas M'Cullagh... 869

SELECT LITERARY NOTICES: MURRAY'S 'HELP FOR ENGLISH READERS TO UNDERSTAND MISTRANSLATED PASSAGES IN OUR BIBLE'—TOPHEL'S 'THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN MAN'—GIRDLESTONE'S 'CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SCEPTICISM'—BEET'S 'COMMENTARY ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS,' ETC.—SEYMOUR'S 'HEBREW PSALTER'—FRASER'S 'THE SPEECHES OF THE HOLY APOSTLES,' ETC., ETC. ..... 874—878

OBITUARY: Mr. William Ashcroft..... 879

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The FOLLOWING CASE is Selected from those appearing (one every week) in various WEEKLY JOURNALS:—

CONSUMPTION IN ADVANCED STAGE.

(*Reprint from the 'Christian Herald'*)

'Some time since the attention of the readers of the *Herald* was directed to the marvellous case of a schoolmaster in [illegible] both of whose lungs were diseased, [illegible] whose life was saved and health [illegible]. We must find space for one equally marvellous, reported by a well-known Baptist minister:—

'REV. SOLOMON S. ALLSOP, BURTON-ON-TRENT.

'(This case has not been published before.)

'In a letter dated August 14, Mr. Allsop says:—

'"Here is a recent case of the wonderful effect of Mr. Congreve's Balsam [illegible] young person, about 16 years of age, [illegible] apparently in the *last end stage of consumption*. The medical men gave her a *fortnight to live*, and *then she would die*. A friend urged your treatment, and [illegible] have been its wonderful effects that she [illegible] only *lived*, but is *now in good health*, [illegible] able to attend to the domestic duties of a farmhouse.

'"I have another case you shall [illegible] soon."

'In a second letter, dated August [illegible] Mr. Allsop says: "I am anxious you [illegible] should do all the good possible. [illegible] therefore append my name." [illegible]

DECEMBER, 1882. Price Sixpence.

The Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine.

Portrait: REV. JOHN BATE.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES: The Conditions of an Efficient Profession of Piety. By Rev. A. B. Bruce, D.D., Professor of Divinity, Free Church College, Glasgow 881

MEMORIAL SKETCHES: MR. AND MRS. ISRAEL ROBERTS. By Rev. J. Olphert.—MRS. SYMM.—MRS. ELIZA M'CORMICK. By Rev. William Gorman 889, 892, 894

A FRENCH EDUCATIONIST: GLIMPSES AT THE LIFE AND WORK OF MADAME JULES MALLET 896

'NATURAL RELIGION.' By Rev. J. Robinson Gregory 904

MODERN CONVENT-LIFE. By L. F. 914

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MISSION. (CONCLUDING PAPER.) By C. F. Gordon-Cumming 917

POETRY: Christmas.—Gennesaret. By Horace D. Woolley.—Farewell to the Old Year. By Ellen T. Fowler 927, 948

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA. By Rev. E. Barrass, M.A. 928

THE MODERN EGYPTIANS By Rev. John Hutcheon, M.A. 933

SKETCHES FROM LIFE: Simon Jasper. CHAPTER XIV.—SUNSET. By Rev. Mark Guy Pearse 939

ROBERT BROWNING AS A RELIGIOUS POET. By Arthur W. Symons 943

NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE. By Rev. W. H. Dallinger, F.R.S., F.L.S., etc. 948

SELECT LITERARY NOTICES: YOUNG'S 'THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT'—A POPULAR COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT—DAVIDSON'S 'HAND-BOOKS FOR BIBLE-CLASSES'—MOMBERT'S 'FAITH VICTORIOUS'—VENN'S 'TEACHING OF THE BIBLE RESPECTING THE WAY OF OBTAINING ETERNAL LIFE'—MARRAT'S 'OUR SEA-GIRT ISLE'—DR. ADAM CLARKE'S COMMENTARY, ETC., ETC. 951–956

OBITUARIES: Mrs. Duley—Mr. William Walters—Mrs. Sheen—Mrs. Howse—Mr. Robert Barnett 957–960

INDEX TO THE VOLUME 961

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This patient (J. K.) applied to me first in December. He had suffered for years with great debility, following a severe attack of pleurisy. To this succeeded hemorrhage, recurring at intervals.

In October of last year the report of the physician who sounded him was, 'Upper lobe of right lung diseased;' and the treatment consisted of Phosphites, Cod Liver Oil, and Iodine applied externally. But the main thing was wanting, and so in December last he first applied to me, and had full advice and medicine. In a month the cough was better, appetite improved, sleep better, breathing better, hoarseness removed, the patient stronger, and night perspirations ceased.' Altogether the patient continued my advice probably seven months, since which the letter, from which the above quotation appears, has been forwarded me by Mr. Lewis.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

		PAGES.
GOD, OUR FATHER: Father, Son and Holy Spirit		1-4
God is Infinite 3	God is Everywhere 4	
God is Eternal 3	God knows All Things 4	
God is Almighty 3		
MAN: The Image of God		5-10
How God made Man 5	The Fall into Sin 8	
The Command of God 6	Sin and The Curse 9	
The Temptation to Sin 7	The Free Gift of God 10	
OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST: Son of God, God and Man		11-28
Good Tidings of Great Joy .. 12	His Resurrection 22	
The Babe of Bethlehem 14	The Ascension 24	
Son of Man: Son of God 16	The Day of Pentecost 26	
His Words and Works 18	Mediator and Judge 28	
His Sufferings and Death 20		
THE HOLY SPIRIT: Lord and Giver of Life		29-32
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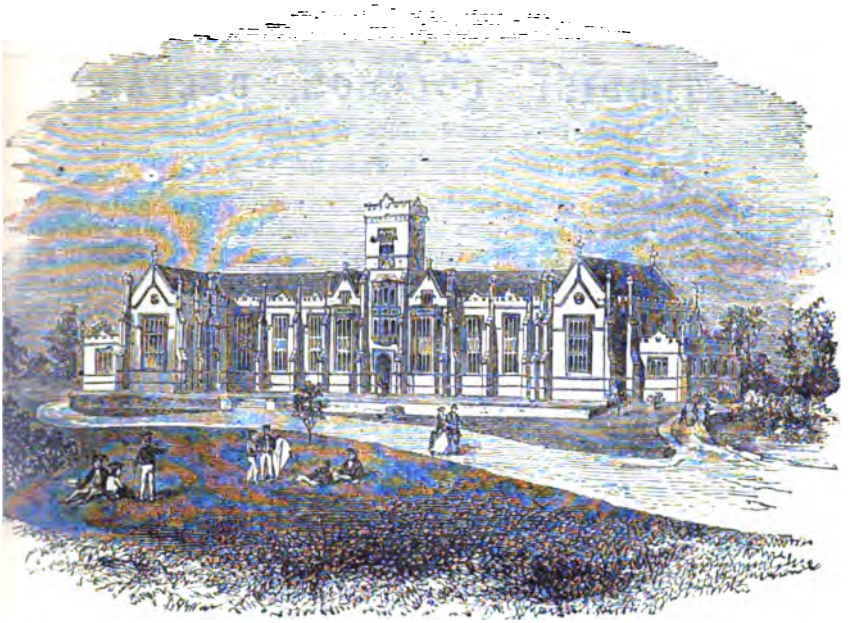

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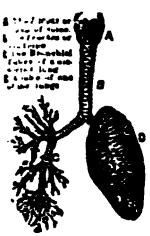

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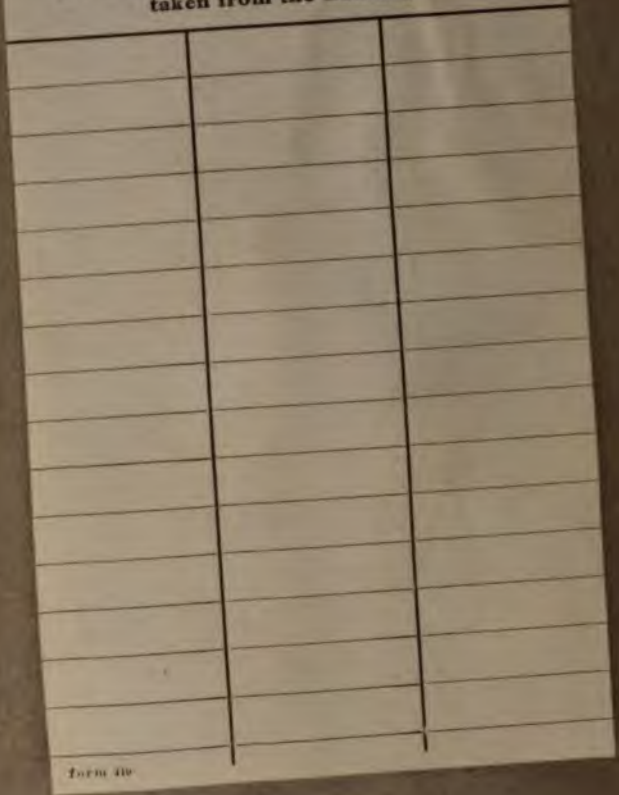

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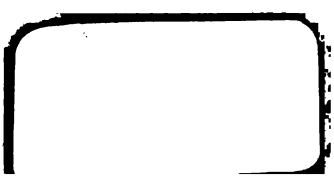

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